August 12, 1939

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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A Short Novel of These Times

BY FREDERICK HAZLITT B

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AUGUST 12, 1939

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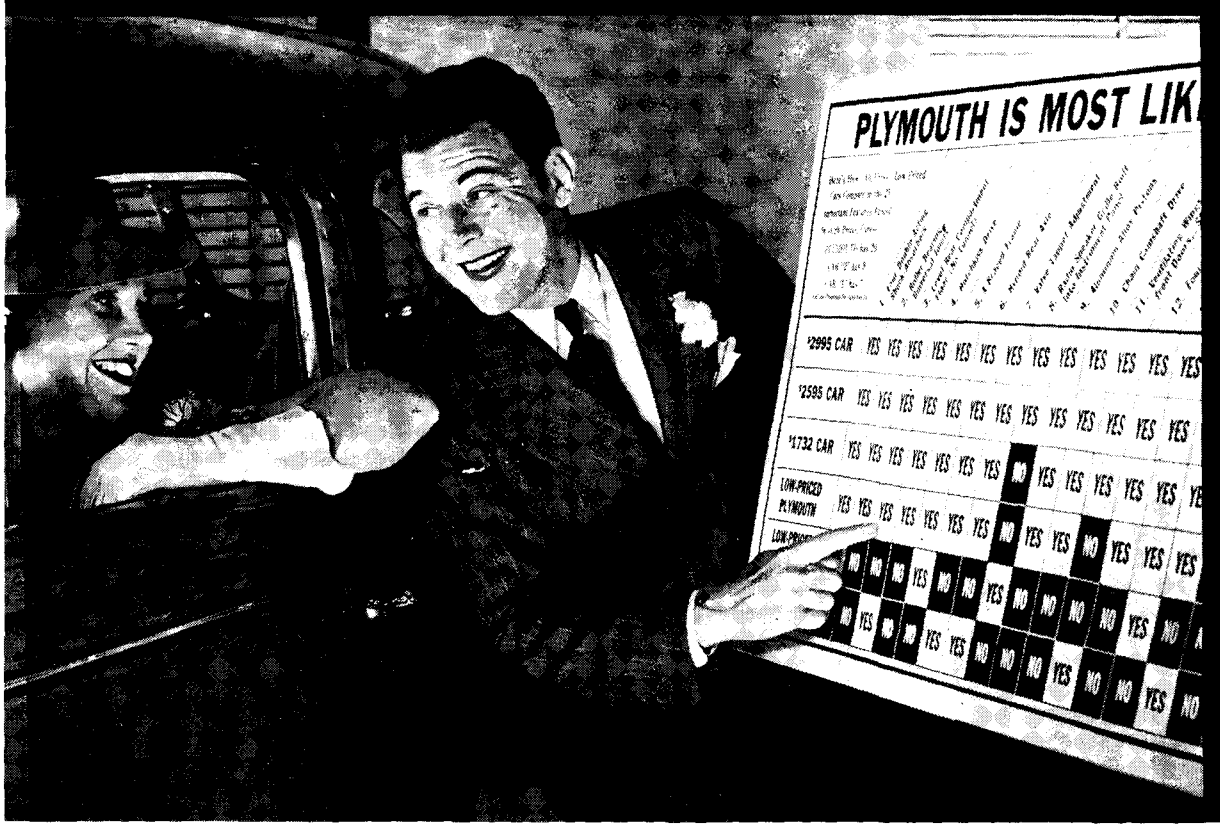

Plymouth Wins in Quality with No Close Second

GO SEE THE QUALITY CHART THAT TELLS THE FACTS ABOUT "ALL THREE" QUALITY!

OF 25 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN MOST HIGH-PRICED CARS...

Plymouth	*Car "2"*	*Car "3"*
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OF "ALL THREE" low-priced cars, Plymouth has a 2 to 1 lead in important quality features found in high-priced cars.

High-priced cars *do* resemble each other in 25 important features. But Plymouth *alone* among "All Three" *low-priced* cars gives you so many of these features.

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EASY TO BUY. Now is the time to trade. Your present car will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price—balance in low monthly instalments. See your Plymouth dealer! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Next Week

"IT'S nice to be old," said Little Dick, his soft-shod feet, which didn't reach the floor, playing with *each other*. "*You don't have to* bother about anything."

And Little Dick, who is His Excellency, Luren Dudley Dickinson, governor of Michigan, smiled his gnomish little smile. He is eighty years old and the job of being governor was not his idea. It is the Lord's way, Little Dick explained. The story of the strangest governor Michigan ever had is told next week by Walter Davenport, just back from visiting Little Dick in Lansing.

IN NEW YORK Police Department records, the murder of Dutch Schultz, underworld boss, is listed as unsolved. Actually he was shot by one of his most trusted lieutenants, and the dramatic irony of his death is disclosed for the first time by J. Richard (Dixie) Davis in the fifth chapter of "Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now."

MARGERY SHARP, author of "The Nutmeg Tree," leads the fiction list with the story of a sophisticated male dancer who looked like a prep-school cheerleader. The course of the story is smooth as an old-fashioned waltz but the turns are sudden and surprising. The title is "Face Value."

THE farmers in and around Vigo County (relates Grover Jones) called Misty "The Wild Woman," but she wasn't exactly that. She was just a big, handsome girl who had overlooked completely the job of being a woman. She learned that job the hard way, after she got a boughten dress and her first pair of shoes. The story of Misty is a thick and meaty slice of Americana.

IT'S our notion that about the most tactful men in the world are the professional bug exterminators. We got the notion from reading "Insect Menace," by J. D. Ratcliff, and from no other source.

MILDRED CRAM'S story, "Pioneer Lady," is a tale of lacquered fingernails, champagne, airplanes and ranch life. "Wedding in the Clove," by Burke Boyce, is a Revolutionary War romance. Harold Taubman writes of Leopold Stokowski, and Howard W. Turtle of a "Shooting Gal," who busts so many clay pigeons that men won't compete against her. Continued novels by Erich Maria Remarque and Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and the Short Short Story by Frederic Mertz make the long and (begging your pardon) short of it.

Collier's

August 12, 1939

This Week

SHORT STORIES

H. VERNOR DIXON
Clear and Unlimited. Time schedules aren't important when life's at stake. Page 14

JACLAND MARMUR
Without Malice. The captain can take orders, too. Page 21

WALTER BROOKS
Another Little Drink. Reform begins at home and ends with romance. Page 22

THOMAS McMORROW
The Big Numbers. A dollar will get you a fortune. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
She Didn't Know Joe, by Paul Jones. Page 18

SERIAL STORIES

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Some Like It Here. The first of six parts. United States vs. The Corrigans. Page 9

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
Flotsam. The sixth of twelve parts. Flight to Switzerland. Page 20

ARTICLES

BRUCE BARTON
You and the Next Administration. Gloomy times ahead for the next President. Page 12

J. RICHARD (DIXIE) DAVIS
Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now. Part four of the exciting story of the "Kid Mouthpiece." Page 16

JIM MARSHALL
Hot Stuff on Ice. Summer skating is big business. Page 19

HENRY F. PRINGLE
Rolling Up from Rio. Carmen Miranda, the señorita from Brazil. Page 23

QUENTIN REYNOLDS and ROLAND COLLONS
Casey Jones Was the Rounder's Name. On a big eight-wheeler of a mighty fame. Page 26

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Miniature monographs. Page 6

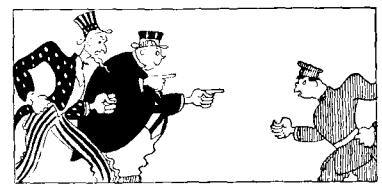
EDITORIALS
Stamping Out the Surpluses.
So You Don't Pay Taxes? Page 54

COVER LAWSON WOOD

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Any Week

THIS trifle comes secondhand. We relay it from a British politician of considerable renown who asked us whether we'd "be above doing a service to our fellow Americans." Naturally we said we were eager to. "Very well, then," said he, "advise them to beware of a well-laid plan to involve the United States in a war with Japan." We asked him the name of the plotter. "England, of course," he replied. "If we British can wangle it, you Americans are going to wake up one morning with a Far East war in your laps. Then, we English can go ahead appeasing Germany in peace."



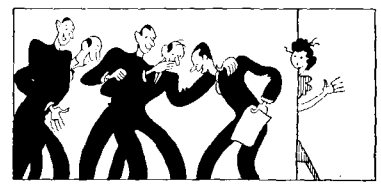
BUT this didn't surprise us much. It wasn't nearly as much of a shock as the "elegantly dressed woman from New York" got when she heard what Mrs. A. L. Shellenberger of Paris, Illinois, said to Mr. Shellenberger in a Tampa, Florida, department store. As Mrs. Shellenberger was stepping out of a crowded elevator her husband asked her if she wanted any money. Mrs. Shellenberger said that she did not. Whereupon the lady from New York yelled from the back of the car: "Operator, don't close that door. Let me out of here. I want to see that woman who doesn't want money. That's a sight one sees only once in a lifetime."

FROM La Lima, Honduras, comes news of an exceedingly healthy character. Not long ago we published a stirring serial by Lawrence G. Blochman—The Resounding Skies. Therein Mr. Blochman wrote that the Messrs. William Walker, Lee Christmas and Guy Molony—all of them gaudy gentlemen of a lamented age, all of them heroes of *many a banana revolution* in the tropics, were all dead. From Mr. V. E. Scott comes the invigorating news. Says he: "Colonel Guy Molony is alive and well. He lives in San Pedro Sula, gets along nicely with his fellow men, leads a quiet life."

AND we'd lead a nice quiet life, too, if it weren't for our almost superhuman efforts to please our customers. Some weeks ago large numbers of you were demanding that we cease printing our cartoons back to back, as that makes it difficult to cut them out and paste them in scrapbooks. We offered the suggestion that scrapbook compilers buy two copies. And that seemed to irritate. And now there's that banging on our doors again. If we don't print the cartoons back to back the cartoon snippers find that large sections of reading matter are deleted. Of course, you might read first and clip afterward. Or we could ask you to buy three copies. There are moments when we could almost wish that this magazine weren't as good as it is. And you can imagine how discouraging it is to realize that it's going to be even better.

A FRIEND of ours—Mrs. Jo Fernley of Los Angeles, California—reports that a lady with a pretty lengthy shoplifting record was haled into court, caught, as the detectives thought, red-handed. She carried a large handbag, which the court found to be completely empty. Lacking the goods on the lady, she was discharged. But before she departed, the court—a venerable gentleman—asked her why she carried that large empty handbag. "Just for show," replied the lady. "Like that pretty young girl in your car with you last night, Your Honor."

FOR some time Miss Gerry O'Neil of Syracuse, New York, has been studying the top of this page. She discovers the names of "seventeen men—editors and associate editors —and one lady." The life this lady must lead, surrounded as she is by what Miss O'Neil calls "seventeen mugs," is a matter of some concern to Miss O'Neil. "I refer to Miss Larkin as a lady," says Miss O'Neil, "because she'd have to be a lady in company like that. In fact, she'd better be a lady. I used to be the only gal working for a wholesale plumbing house. I could tell that Larkin woman something."



AND yet nothing, any place, could be more conservatively respectable than this establishment. We were visited not long ago by an English lady, who, we gather, expected to find us wearing chaps, riding bucking horses from room to room and punctuating manuscripts with sawed-off shotguns. She departed looking a trifle disappointed. The lads all had their hats off. "Why," said she, a trifle bitterly we thought, "you're almost gentlemen."

BUT not quite, thank Heaven! W. D.

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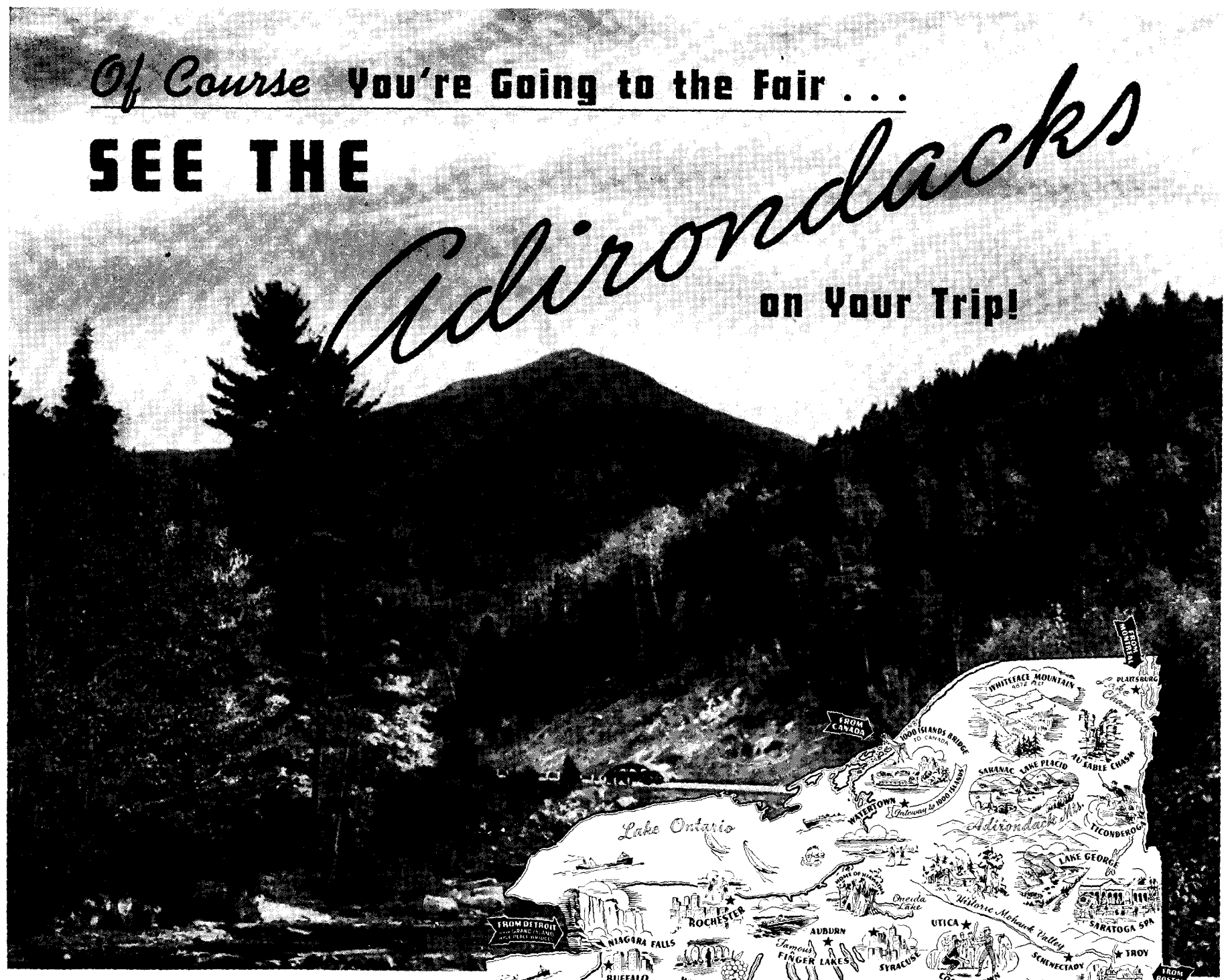
Of Course You're Going to the Fair . . .

SEE THE *Adirondacks* on Your Trip!



Drive to the roofpeak of the Adirondacks—nearly a mile in the sky—over the famous Whiteface Mountain Veteran's Memorial Highway. Count 60 lakes, see the Green Mountains, the White Hills, the St. Lawrence Valley, the far-spreading Canadian landscape and five American states.

MAYBE you'll never have the opportunity again. Maybe this will be your *only chance* to see the beauties of the Empire State. And you'll never really know America until you have revelled in the scenery that spreads like a gigantic back-drop across this vast and inspiring state.

See 50,000 square miles of mountain, lake and river country . . . with an incredibly lovely shoreline washed by the blue waters of Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, Lake Champlain and the Atlantic. Ride through America's second largest forest preserve. Talk with Iroquois Indians, the most famous warriors of the Red Men.

Revel in the beauty of the Finger Lakes, the historic Mohawk, the majestic Hudson. Visit West Point, Sleepy Hollow, Rip van Winkle's bowling alley. And hear the roar of Eternity in the thundering voice of Niagara.

New York State is too big to be seen casually. You must pick your way—choose the spots that interest you most. That is why the State Publicity Bureau has prepared a special World's Fair folder to help you. It is filled with maps and pictures, enabling you to choose practical and picturesque through trips, or glamorously beautiful side excursions. Write for the folder now—*it's free.*

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☐ Descriptive pictorial book of the travel and vacation attractions in New York State.

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GET RID OF

DANDRUFF

WITH LISTERINE!

Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff... scalp becomes cleaner, fresher, healthier

Are you afflicted with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others? Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in the laboratory and in clinics where a substantial majority of sufferers obtained marked relief within a single month.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so often in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, and hair an antiseptic bath which kills in large numbers the queer, bottle-shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which causes dandruff and removes the loose ugly flakes.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. They have brought delightful and amazing results so many times. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

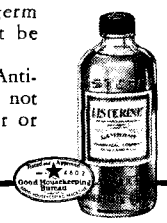
And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, infection is always possible—so take precautions by massaging with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day*. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

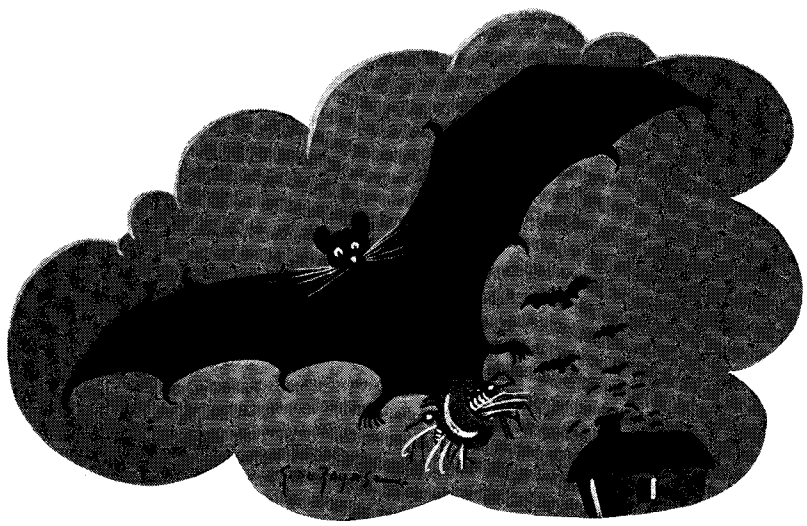
Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE

THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR

DANDRUFF



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The only animals known to carry their lunches on journeys are certain species of bats, notably the *Pipistrellus pygmaeus*. They curl their tails into pouches, fill them with insects and feed while in flight.

In New York State a notary public can have a man sent to jail when he refuses to appear and testify, without reasonable cause, as a necessary witness to the execution of a conveyance of real property. Moreover the obstinate gentleman may be held, without bail, until he does testify.—*By Murray J. Androvette, Tottenville, Staten Island, New York.*

Many homes, hospitals and factories in France, Denmark and a number of South American countries have their interior walls painted a light blue in the belief, which is growing rapidly and seems to be well-founded, that house flies shun rooms decorated in this color. —*By Ottilie Fleckenstein, Providence, Rhode Island.*

On the day before a Chinese funeral, the family of the deceased purchase and burn a number of paper representations of horses, boxes of money, extra clothes and servants, which he will need in the next world. Incidentally, the shops selling this merchandise are usually known as "hell-equipment stores."

Polar bears are the champion long-distance swimmers among land mammals. It is not uncommon to find them at sea as far as forty miles from land or an ice floe. —*By Jim Chamberlin, Alameda, California.*

In northern Ireland it is a serious offense, punishable by a fine, to wear or carry an Easter lily on Easter Sunday, as this flower is a symbolic reminder of the unsuccessful Easter rebellion in Dublin in 1916. —*By Mamie Dennis Barnes, Albany, California.*

Despite the fact that he was mentally deranged, Associate Justice Henry Baldwin (1779-1844) of Pennsylvania was allowed to serve for fourteen years on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States because its members can be impeached only for misconduct.—*By Stewart McAllister, Los Angeles, California.*

Like water, the pressure of air increases with depth. For instance, if a mine shaft were thirty-five miles deep, the air at the bottom would be about one thousand times as dense as that at the earth's surface, or heavy enough to float several kinds of wood and even water. —*By V. Metler, Dallas, Texas.*

In several towns along the Italian Riviera, a balcony is considered to be such an essential decorative feature of a house that those without one usually have a painted substitute, some being made more realistic by the inclusion of the family wash, which is generally hung to dry on such railings.—*By Harry Isaacs, New York, New York.*

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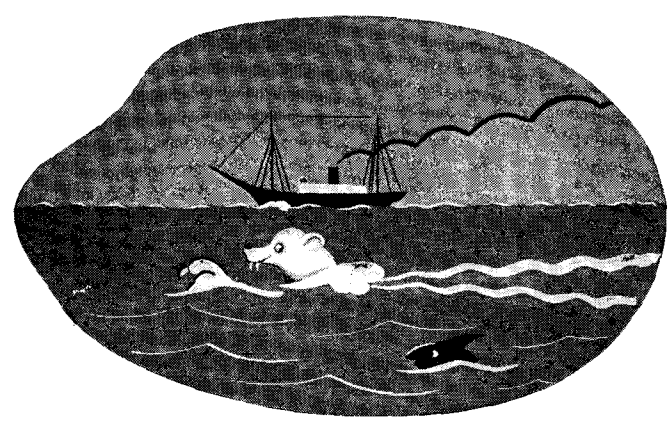

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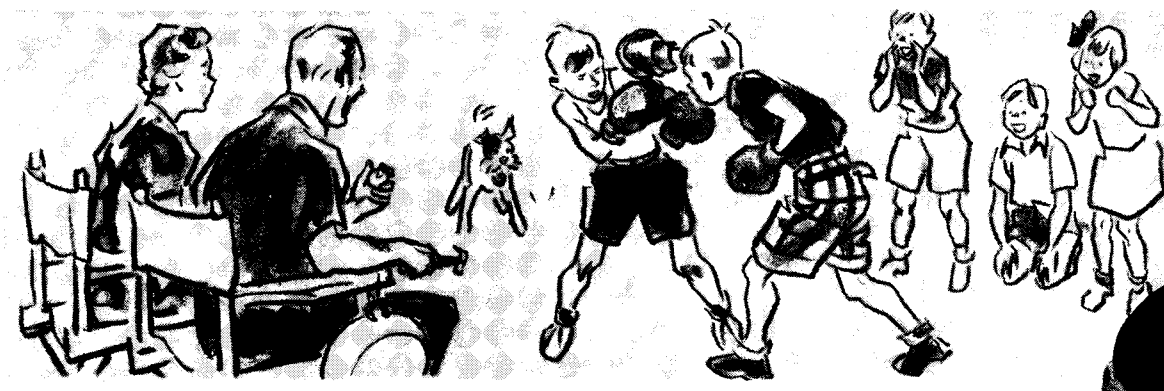
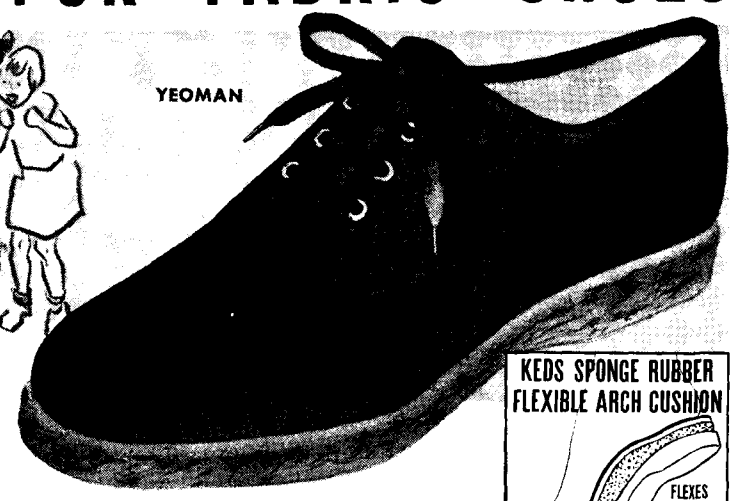
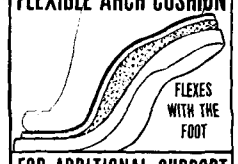
SUMMER CLOTHES CRY OUT FOR FABRIC SHOES



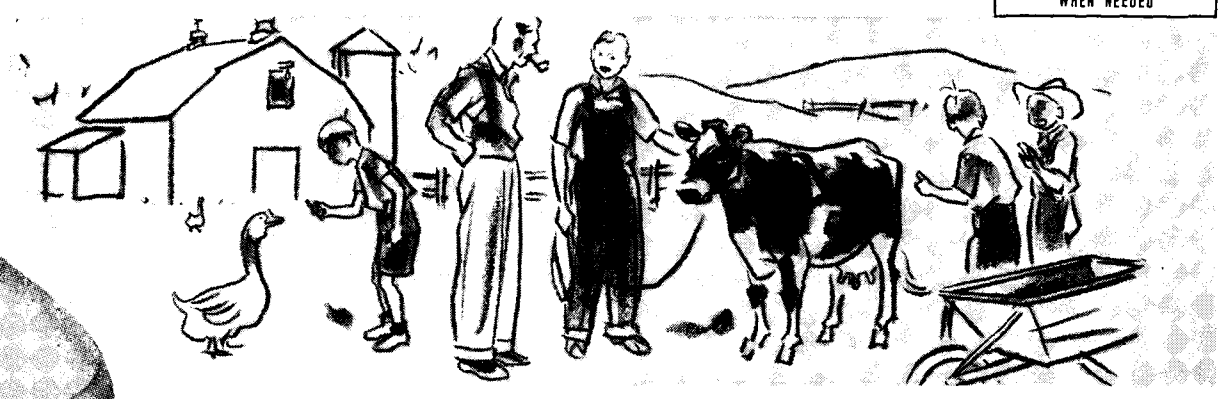


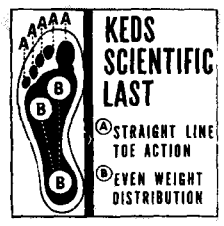
KEDS SPONGE RUBBER FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION



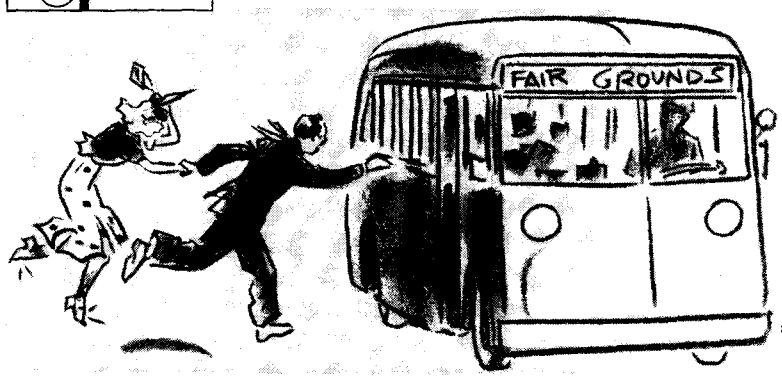
FOR ADDITIONAL SUPPORT WHEN NEEDED

BAREHEADED — HIS SHIRT OPEN — HE WEARS SLACKS OR OLD PANTS — AND RELAXES RIGHT DOWN TO HIS FEET

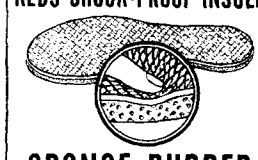




THESE LATER-DAY COLORFUL FABRIC AND RUBBER SHOES ARE RIGHT BECAUSE THEY ARE SUITABLE AND COMFORTABLE

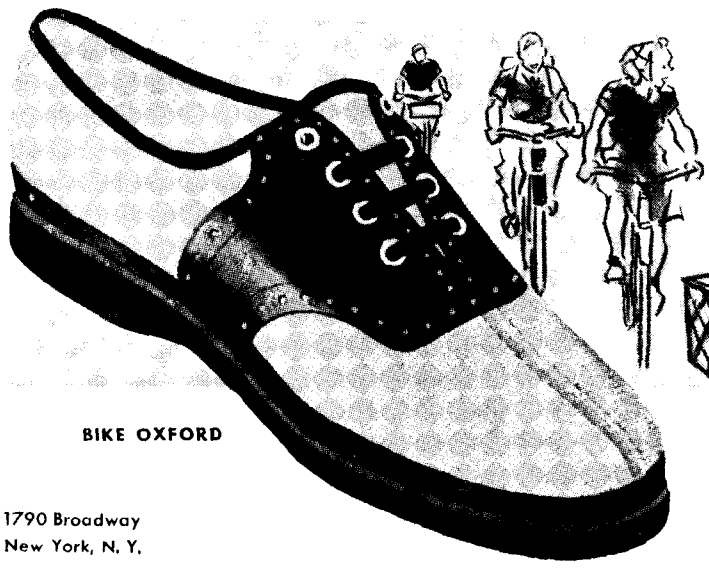


KEDS SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE



SPONGE RUBBER CUSHIONING

THEY PLEASE THE EYE, THEY SERVE THE FEET, THEY CAN ADD TO THE ZEST OF EVERY LEISURE HOUR



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keds

STOP AT YOUR SHOE STORE TODAY — TRY ON KEDS OF THE MANY SOLE TYPES — THE VARIETY WILL SURPRISE AND PLEASE YOU

1790 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

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Copr. 1939, H. J. Heinz Co.

The Good Green Earth

WHEN Heinz finds a place where the good green earth is bountiful, where the summer sun conspires with the soil and rain to yield finer harvests, we settle down and become a part of the community.

For in making Heinz foods there is always a race against time to capture flavor at its peak.

We prefer not to buy vegetables in the open market. All Heinz tomatoes, for instance, must be grown from our own seedlings. These plants have been crossbred and cultured for over 50 years, resulting in superior tomatoes for Heinz and profitable harvests for the grower.

There are Heinz kitchens in many places. Located always near the fields where the soil is rich and fruitful, these kitchens become great food centers around which revolve the economic lives of thousands of people. Farmers grow their finer produce with the help of Heinz agricultural experts. Entire cities contribute to the goodness of Heinz 57 Varieties. The local banker, the postmaster, the doctor, the men at the railroad station, the waitress in the restaurant — all have a direct interest in Heinz. And therefore it is only natural that we should be as proud of these fine American communities in which Heinz is located as the citizens are of Heinz!

Thus, many of the pennies you spend for Heinz foods find their way back to people in busy little cities and help build a better standard of living for the families of men who work for you there.

We are always grateful to that Good Green Earth which transforms tiny seeds into rich harvests with the magic wave of a season — and grateful to the men who woo the earth to gain for us the prize products that make our fine foods possible. We have always been close to the miracle of growth and thus learned long ago that a good seed properly planted and carefully tended will bring a good harvest. Perhaps that simple knowledge applied to our own business has helped us to be guests at your family table for 70 years. 57

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Collier's

The National Weekly for August 12, 19

FREE PU

I've done some-
my own country, at
leas[illegible]ppens? You discover that a Fascist cabal in Washington openly snubs your sister and refuses to cough up a paltry fifteen million bucks. Democracy . . . Ha!

Some Like It Here

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Beginning the adventures of those fighting Corrigans. Just pick a cool spot, make yourself comfortable, and prepare to have fun reading about them

MRS. DANIEL J. CORRIGAN, nee Diana Breck-Nelson of Victoria, B. C., had exhausted her patience with the United States of America. The precise, the historic moment when Mrs. Corrigan's patience gave out found her, as she often feared it might, on the patio of Los Corrigana, the family ranch in Texas.

There had been other crises between Mrs. Corrigan and her country-by-marriage, such as Mrs. Corrigan's discovery (1929) that a New York department store had copied a Paris frock that had cost her $350 for "the only original model." This tragic situation Mrs. Corrigan had managed to face bravely in the Corrigan Park Avenue apartment; and when (1933) her son Shane announced his engagement to a part Indian manicurist, the atmosphere of Barnstable, Cape Cod, had steadied her. Even Mr. Landon's defeat (1936) had the balm of a winter in Miami. But this final and irreparable break between Mrs. Corrigan and the United States had come upon her in Texas where, as she had long since learned, there was no balm.

Tapping her right foot ominously, Mrs. Corrigan handed a letter to Miss Edith Chivers, her secretary.

"The last straw!" she announced.

"Oh, relly?" Miss Chivers gasped, taking the letter.

"They'll see!" Mrs. Corrigan said.

She watched Miss Chivers read the letter, not without a certain grim satisfaction. Miss Chivers gasped again, shuddered, frowned twice, bit her lip and then tossed her head angrily. She was a slight and taut young woman with a thin red nose and rheumy gray eyes. Mrs. Corrigan's husband D. J., her daughter Peggy, and her son Shane were, occasionally, responsive to her dramatics. But mere responsiveness was not the phrase for Miss Chivers. She *twanged*.

"Insultin'! Delibretly insultin'!" said Miss Chivers now.

"The final insult, Edith."

Mrs. Corrigan, a large, blowsy personage with vague blue eyes, surged to her feet and snatched the letter. Then, while Miss Chivers shiveringly admired, Mrs. Corrigan tore the letter to bits, allowing the debris to be swept away by a sturdy Texas wind. But its offensive message—a warning that Mrs. Corrigan must pay four thousand six hundred fifty-one dollars and eighteen cents for attempting to smuggle two rose-quartz statues of Pekingese dogs through a port of entry, to wit: San Francisco—remained, like the memory of a corpse, in Miss Chivers' orderly British mind.

"B-but, darling, isn't it a crim'nal offense?" she quavered.

This question caused Mrs. Corrigan to blink vaguely.

"If it isn't, it ought to be!" she said. "Writing me a letter like that. But I shan't bother to prefer charges against them." Then, Mrs. Corrigan gathered herself together. "I am leaving the United States—forever!"

"N-not really?"

"Yes, really. I think we shall sail on Thursday. Yes, that is definite, Edith."

Miss Chivers knew a dozen reasons why this would be impossible; but the grand drama of her employer's announcement charmed her. Eight years

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Poor little rich girl . . . that was just a laugh line at a night club. The heck it was! What use was it to be rich in this terrible, awful United States? Where did it get you? It got you in love with a handsome, brilliant New Dealer who thought being rich was a crime

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

of playing audience to Mrs. Corrigan, who acted many parts on many stages, had not exhausted Miss Chivers' avid appetite.

"But, darling, p'raps they'll apologize—and give you back the dogs."

Mrs. Corrigan waved aside any amends that the customs service might offer, frowning momentarily at a Texas bluejay that was making a noise on the patio wall.

"I shall accept no apology, my dear," she said, "this is not the hasty decision of a moment. I have been years coming to this decision—years!"

"It *is* a dreadful country—"

"Awful, simply awful—what I've been through!" And, chancing to catch a glimpse of Los Corrigana in the midst of her gesture, Mrs. Corrigan pointed accusingly. "Look at it! Just look at it!"

LOS CORRIGANA spraddled in cockeyed fashion across two hummocks and an arroyo a good day's journey for a horned toad from the town of Constitution, Texas. Its grounds, intended to be a reproduction of an estate that Mrs. Corrigan had seen in Sussex, had been laid out by a Scottish landscape architect named Dowdney who, pocketing a $6,500 fee, sniffed twice and returned to his native heather.

As Mrs. Corrigan had often complained: "Nothing seems to behave *intelligently* in Texas." The turf of the formal deer park was of grass imported from Bermuda but no amount of weeding could keep chaparral out of it. Moreover, quoting Mrs. Corrigan again: "We had two deer, but one got shot by a poacher and a rattlesnake bit the other, poor soul." Cactus and mesquite insisted on growing in the stave-thicket hedge from southern France and bluebonnet crowded out the sickly Holland tulips around the central fountain.

"The fountain did come from Amalfi, Italy," Mrs. Corrigan used to say, plaintively, "but dust gets in the water and makes it look like that. Not *our* dust—from Oklahoma."

To any visitor so rude or so unwary as to be caught looking askance at the great house of the estate, Mrs. Corrigan had always striven to be delightfully casual in the English manner. The house, she would remark, had started out to be a Venetian palazzo, replica of one in which Mrs. Corrigan had been entertained by a titled although impoverished Italian family. Returning to Texas with the plans, Mrs. Corrigan was overwhelmed by a sequence of events of which, perhaps, her own description is best:

"I left the blueprints in my sewing basket, my dear, and when I got back after talking on the long distance to Peggy there was that wretched little Mei-Mei chewing them. No, I shouldn't speak so of Mei-Mei—dreadfully hurt by a porcupine, my dear—the veterinarian says Pekingese have not the nose for attacking porcupines—or was it the *nose* he said?

"Anyway, about the house. What one has to put up with in this country! The architect D. J. sent from Chicago pieced the blueprints together very stupidly and I cabled the D'Allessios but they had gone to Tunis. I got the left wing built when D. J. came back from Alaska and said he didn't like the Venetian motif. So *that* wing is modified Spanish. And then Shaney came home from Technology and said he wouldn't live in either of those wings so his father let him build that adobe primitive or something you see over by the swimming pool. And *then,* my dear, Peggy came home from Mexico City and wanted a

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Cape Cod cottage. Yes, that's it—she wanted it off by itself but I insisted on attaching it by a pergola—so much safer on dark nights with all these Mexicans wandering about.

"Of course, *I* never did approve of maintaining a legal residence in Texas; but D. J. says he made his money in Texas oil and must be loyal to the state. I fear it's all rather a mix-up.". . .

Looking as Los Corrigana, now, with Miss Chivers shuddering at her elbow, Mrs. Corrigan's eyes filled with exasperated tears.

"Oh, I've tried, I've tried so hard!" she said. "Thirty-one years—the best years of my life—wasted on this wretched country!"

"Too ghastly, darling—relly."

Then, Mrs. Corrigan saw the huge silken Stars and Stripes, made in Czechoslovakia, which floated from a tall staff in the center of the lawn. This flag had been flown at half-mast by D. J. Corrigan's orders ever since the Gold Decision.

Mrs. Corrigan bristled.

"Edith!"

"Right beside you, darling."

"Tell Koba I want that flag turned upside down!"

"Upside down . . . relly?"

"At once. I wish to express my utter contempt."

Miss Chivers gasped satisfactorily; but her reaction was not quite what Mrs. Corrigan expected.

"I'll attend to it myself, darling," Miss Chivers said. "After all, Koba is a Japanese, y'know."

Mrs. Corrigan stared.

"A Japanese? Of course he's a Japanese. What ever are you talking about?"

"It'd look better if I did it, relly."

"Oh . . . very well." Then Mrs. Corrigan saw the official envelope, which had escaped destruction by hiding among the litter on the magazine table. She picked it up by a corner, as one might pick up a snake by its tail.

"Edith!"

"Right here, darling."

"Burn this. But first I want you to take three telegrams—got your pad?"

"Right-ho!"

Facing the patio with a fair resemblance to Miss Ethel Barrymore preparing to shoot a stage lover, Mrs. Corrigan dictated:

"To D. J. in New York. Ready? Patience exhausted stop am leaving for England Thursday stop hope you can accompany children and me love Diana. Got that?"

"Right-ho, but—"

"DON'T interrupt. To Shaney in Chicago. Ready? Am leaving for England forever Thursday stop protest against official tyranny stop suggest you join me unless otherwise detained love Mother. Got that?"

"Yes, darling—"

"Now, let's see—where's Peggy this week?"

"Washington. Visiting the Jarvises."

"To Peggy in Washington. Ready? Impossible for me to tolerate United States longer stop mind made up so don't argue stop meet me New York Thursday prepared for permanent residence abroad love Mother. Got that?"

Miss Chivers nodded, frowning somewhat dubiously at her notes.

"Oh, yes—wire Shaney two hundred dollars and Peggy a hundred and twenty-five. And book passage for all of us—"

"B-but, darling, are you sure they'll all understand? I mean to say, you're rather cryptic."

Mrs. Corrigan waved a hand gracefully.

"I'm quite as explicit as *they* ever are, my dear," she said.

And Mrs. Corrigan would have swept magnificently into the Venetian palazzo wing of Los Corrigana had not Miss Chivers remembered one of the several practical objections to Mrs. Corrigan's immediate departure from the United States.

"These customs people, darling," she said. "It's a perfectly atrocious injustice, I know—but they have billed you for practic'ly a thousand pounds—"

Halting, Mrs. Corrigan sniffed. She looked a little hurt, feeling that Miss Chivers' usually reliable sense of drama had blundered into anticlimax. Mrs. Corrigan was punctilious about settling with creditors, no matter how unworthy.

"I have taken that into account, Edith," she said calmly, "and know exactly how I intend to proceed. When we are established in England I shall write them a letter—I am too angry to do it now—and I shall remind them that those rose quartzes are worth eighty-seven hundred dollars. They may subtract their blackmail penalty and mail me a check for the difference, retaining the dogs." Again, Mrs. Corrigan's voice rose to the true climactic note: "After being in the American government's hands, I would not give those dogs house room!"

So saying, Mrs. Corrigan achieved her exit.

Miss Chivers wept softly, from excitement, and then drying her eyes, went to her typewriter to prepare the telegrams.

IT IS a truism accepted by sober historians that coincidence has played a vital role in the affairs of men and nations.

Young Mr. Shane Corrigan, for example, had decided to abandon the United States of America to its dolorous fate at the very moment, or thereabouts, that Miss Chivers was dispatching his mother's telegram.

"It's all over—finee!" he announced, intensely, as he emerged from a locker-room telephone booth at the University Club. "Peggy says the War Department isn't interested and the Navy Department wouldn't even give her an interview!"

"That's tough, kid," said Joe.

"Tough! They don't know what they're losing!"

"You ought to get your dad to work on them," Joe said. "All it takes is influence."

"D. J.? Ha . . . I wouldn't ask *him* to bury me!" Shane Corrigan cried, even more intensely.

He was a very intense young man. He had his mother's flair for the dramatic and her sandy hair; but his nervous drive he had inherited from D. J. Corrigan.

"Come on and have a drink," Joe said.

Shane glared wildly.

"Drink! Yes, that's what they'd like me to do. So they could say, later on, that they'd turned down the ravings of a drunken bum. No, thanks, Joe!"

Joe, a mild and stolid Swede who taught physics at the University of Chicago, possessed a maddeningly literal and matter-of-fact mind.

"Well, let's take a walk, then," Joe said.

"Walk! Ha!"

Bestowing upon Joe a look that withered and shriveled and blighted, young Mr. Corrigan tottered to a bench in a corner of the locker room and sat down heavily. He cursed, removed a rubber handball and glove, hurled them on the floor; then, moaning faintly, he rubbed his hair with his hands.

Joe sat down and lighted a cigarette.

"You can't help it if they're dumb," he said.

"Dumb! If it was only that!"

Shane might have forgiven the United States government for dumbness. That was to be expected. But the action of the War and Navy departments in haughtily rejecting his invention was beyond forgiveness. What it amounted to was either criminal negligence or treason. And Shane, just now, was inclined toward the latter view. For his invention, if it worked, would give the United States absolute protection from air raids. And who were they to say it would not work, if properly developed at a cost of only $15,000,000, with some likelihood of shading that figure a little? Four profs at Chicago, including Joe, who never kidded anybody, had passed on the idea.

No, they could not excuse themselves before the bar of history by such quibbling as the assertion that the invention was but a mathematical theory on paper. Great Scott, what did they expect of a fellow only eleven months out of Technology. . . .

"Feel better now, kid?" Joe asked.

"Better! Just a slight headache!"

. . . Ha, a slight headache. This was no headache, this was the final disillusionment. It had been bad enough when Stalin started purging old Bolshevists and a fellow just ran out of excuses and finally had to leave the party as Shane had been obliged to do his sophomore year at school. It was worse when a man discovered that the Ethiopians kept slaves and ignored warnings to stick to guerrilla warfare, so that Shane, in his junior year, regretted the sympathy he had wasted on Haile Selassie. Then had come this Spanish tragedy, enough to cause any intelligent American liberal in his senior year at Technology to say "Tweedledum and Tweedledee." So what was left for a man to follow? Only democracy, only poor old broken-down democracy. . . .

"How's for a game of pool, Shaney?" Joe said.

"Shut up, you Swede farmer!"

So what did that get you? First, you had to make the final break with your old man, who was a Fascist, and work like hell for science so nobody could rib you for belonging to one of the sixty ruling families. You had to live in an apartment over a delicatessen store on the South Side or be snubbed as an Economic Royalist by all the gang doing postgrad work at Chicago U. You had to use all the money you could beg, borrow or steal from your mother and Sis Peggy to carry on your research work for the invention. And then, just when you get the thing licked, except for practical application, and you say to yourself: "I've done something for the masses in my own country, at least," what happens? You discover that a Fascist cabal in Washington openly snubs your sister, poor kid, and refuses to cough up a paltry fifteen million bucks to save American women and children from being bombed. Democracy. . . . Ha! . . .

Shane jumped to his feet.

"I'm going to give it to China!" he said.

Joe blew some smoke through his nose.

"Right now?" he said.

At this point a Negro club attendant handed Shane his mother's telegram.

"Ha! . . . they've reconsidered—"

BUT as he read the message a great bitterness puckered his normally cynical frown. In silence, he handed the telegram to Joe.

"I'd like a trip to England right now," Joe said. when he had read it. "Tell her you've just adopted a son."

This levity infuriated Shane.

"Ten thousand Swedes crept through the weeds and fumbled one Norwegian!" he said. "Yes, I *should* go to England and give it to the Tories. That's very good—poor Mom—she flees official tyranny to live in England. Ha!"

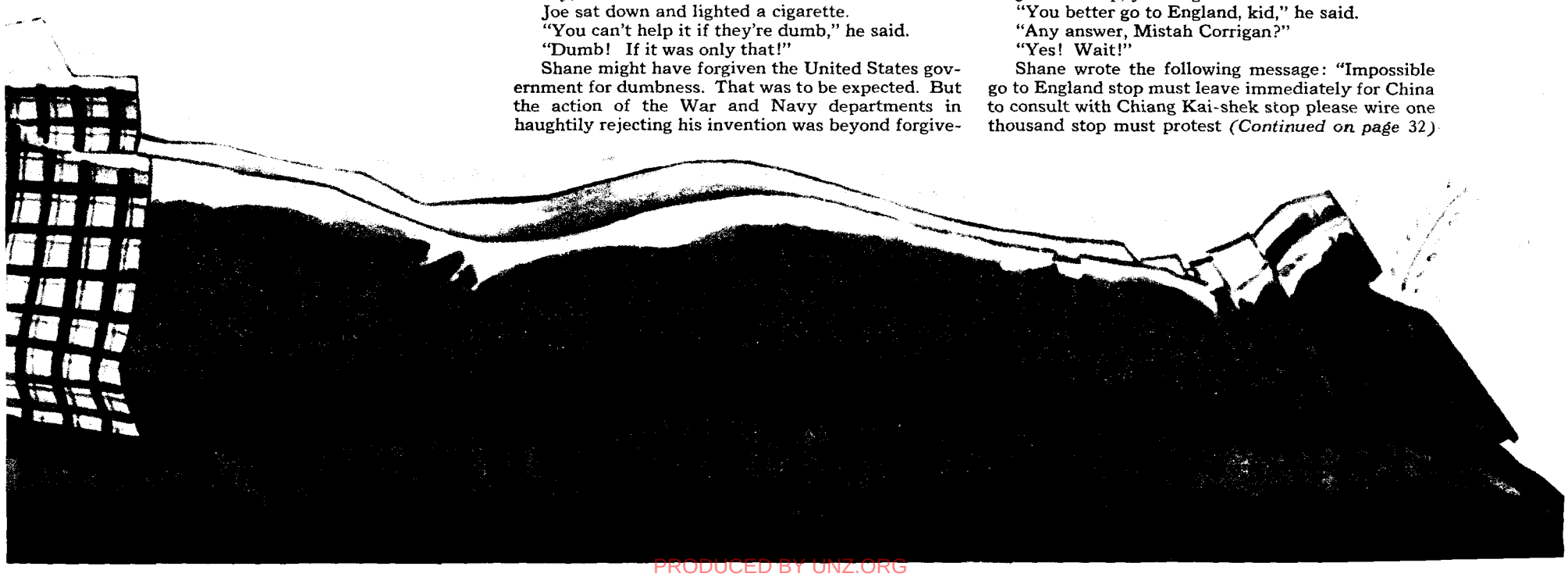
Joe stood up, yawning.

"You better go to England, kid," he said.

"Any answer, Mistah Corrigan?"

"Yes! Wait!"

Shane wrote the following message: "Impossible go to England stop must leave immediately for China to consult with Chiang Kai-shek stop please wire one thousand stop must protest *(Continued on page 32)*



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You, as a voter, are very much on the minds of Washington, D. C., nowadays

You and the Next Administration

By Congressman Bruce Barton

CARTOONS BY EDMUND DUFFY

Congressman Barton thinks it's high time you considered what government extravagance has done to you. Undoing the harmful effects of six spendthrift years won't be easy, he says, and tells you why the next President, if he's a Republican, won't be a very popular person

THE time is fast approaching when you are about to become a very important person again.

Once more you will step up onto the platform where the ballot box is waiting and the candidates for President, Vice President, the Senate and the House of Representatives will pass respectfully before you. You are very much on their minds, believe me. No move is made, no word uttered at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue, without a mental bow in your direction and a glance at the newspaper polls where your reactions are recorded.

One of the candidates for your favor, unless the political guessers are wrong, will be Mr. Roosevelt. In his speech before the retailers in May he proclaimed that the New Deal—which is himself—must be allowed to carry on his spending policy because it is doing you good. My purpose is to try to convince you that his spending policy must not be carried on, and that Mr. Roosevelt must not be re-elected, because they are both doing you harm.

Every day the administration's extravagance is eating into your savings-bank account, your insurance policy and the value of your home. These statements are capable of simple arithmetical proof.

Consider first your nest egg in the savings bank. Correspondence with one hundred presidents of mutual savings banks in various parts of the country reveals that the average rate of interest paid on deposits in 1933 was something over 3½ per cent, and is now around 2 per cent. There are about 43 million individual savings accounts, yours among them, and they total 23 billion dollars. What does it mean when the annual interest on 23 billion dollars is cut 1½ per cent? Answer: a yearly loss to depositors of $345,000,000. Multiply that figure by the six years of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, and you arrive at the staggering total of $2,070,000,000.

Like most other figures with which we congressmen now have to deal, this shrinkage of $2,070,000,000 is beyond the average human comprehension. Let us split it up into understandable units by asking how many $5,000 homes could have been built with this six-year loss in savings. Answer: 414,000.

If, therefore, the interest rates on savings accounts had stayed at the 1933 level, our savings-bank depositors would have the same amount on deposit as six years ago, the country could have built 414,000 new homes, with vast employment of all sorts of labor, and the depositors would be annually more "secure" in the amount of $345,000,000.

Or, translate it into even more human terms:

An elderly couple, by a lifetime of small economies and self-denials, have accumulated $10,000 which, at 3½ per cent, meant $350 a year. They now find their annuity cut to $200, and no one can prophesy how soon it will be cut again.

A young man and his wife opened a savings account for their daughter at her birth. The banker gave them a convincing talk on the marvels of compound interest; he pointed out that $1,000 at 3½ per cent compound interest would be $5,585 in 50 years. Now they discover that the $1,000 at 2 per cent will be $2,692, or less than half as much.

So the banks are thronged with depositors asking: "What has happened? Why has the rate been cut?"

The answer, summarized from the letters written me by savings-bank presidents, would read about as follows:

The value of money at any given time, like that of anything else the people use, depends upon the relation of supply to demand. The United States Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board have made money cheap by pumping huge issues of government paper into the banks, where it becomes the basis for vast amounts of credit. By this course of action the administration has increased the money supply. At the same

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time business restrictions, high taxes and the fear of the cumulative effect of unsound government financing have discouraged long-term investment. Men who own factories are not buying improved machinery or rebuilding or expanding their plants because the outlook for future profits is too obscure. So there is no business *demand*.

Businesses, as well as state and local governments, take advantage of this situation to refund their issues of 4 per cent or 4½ per cent or 5 per cent bonds with 3 per cent or 3½ per cent issues. Even at these rates high-grade bonds are scarce and the savings banks are driven into governments whose yield is not enough to cover the running expenses of the bank and provide a dividend to the depositors of even 2 per cent. Banks that in 1933 had less than ⅓ of 1 per cent of their funds in obligations of the government now have as high as 33 per cent. They do not like this situation. Their officers lie awake nights worrying about it. They must not pay out to their depositors more than the net income on the banks' investments after expenses, and so they cut the interest rate.

One president gives an example of what "refunding" means. The public utilities of his state have 737 millions of bonds outstanding, about 45 millions more than in 1933. Yet the interest yield is 8¼ million dollars less than in 1933. This means 8¼ millions a year out of the pockets of the savings-bank depositors whose money is invested in the bonds. Folks unfortunate enough to have their savings in the common stock of these utilities are, of course, even worse off; they are being nicked annually to the tune of $23,877,000 in higher local, state, and federal taxes.

Policyholders Pay the Penalty

Now turn to life insurance, another angle of the same picture. One of the leading companies submits this table to show that as the rate of earnings on investments has dropped, the dividend rate to policyholders has tapered down from 1.8 per cent to almost zero.

Year	*Rate of Earnings on Investments*	*Policy Dividend Rate*
1932	4.56%	1.8%
1933	4.25%	1.5%
1934	3.85%	1.3%
1935	3.60%	1.1%
1936	3.50%	0.6%
1937	3.36%	0.4%
1938	3.27%	0.2%

The total assets of all the life-insurance companies in the United States are about 26½ billion dollars. A reduction of 1.29 per cent in the interest rate (as shown above) equals $342,000,000 a year.

I yield the floor to the president of a company in Kansas whose comment is typical of others:

"When Chairman Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board argues that a national debt of 40 billions is no worse than the 1929 debt of 18 billions, because interest rates are lower, he is talking nonsense. . . . Every insurance policyholder is penalized by the lowered earnings on the companies' investments. Particularly tragic is the situation of beneficiaries—widows, children, or old people—for whose support the proceeds of policies have been left on deposit with the companies. Where they formerly received about 5 per cent annually, they now receive approximately 3½ per cent.

"This is, of course, the same thing as a tax of 30 per cent on their income, and you can well imagine the difficulty that we have in explaining this reduction to them, and the tearful sessions that such explanations involve. Even if it were true, as Mr. Eccles claims, that a debt of 40 billions is no greater hardship than the 1929 debt of 18 billions, because the interest rate has been forced down, it still has been my old-fashioned experience that a $2 debt is just twice as hard to pay as a $1 debt."

Real-estate mortgages, always a favored form of investment for savings banks and insurance companies, have not fared well. Many of the best properties have been refinanced at lower interest rates; less desirable ones, when foreclosed, are hard if not impossible to sell.

One president of a real-estate board reports that the HOLC is taking over homes in his county at the rate of 100 a month. He adds: "These 'used' homes are offered at prices that seem unbelievable when compared with what they cost, or, in many instances, what they are actually assessed for; but they are not tempting bargains when the prospective buyer begins to investigate and finds the tax burden that he will have to assume."

From Boston comes the report that the gross sales price of all the parcels handled last year by the members of the Real Estate Exchange was less than one half the gross assessment. In other words, the homes and office buildings when sold brought less than 50 per cent of what the city said they were worth.

A suburban realtor complains that it is very hard to persuade young couples to buy homes. "The average man on the street, though he may not have a college education, is no fool. When he sees the government debt rising higher and higher, he knows it will some day have to be reduced. That means taxes. Why should he 'stick his neck out' in buying a home, only to have his investment eaten up by the tax collector?"

Taxes that Hurt Everyone

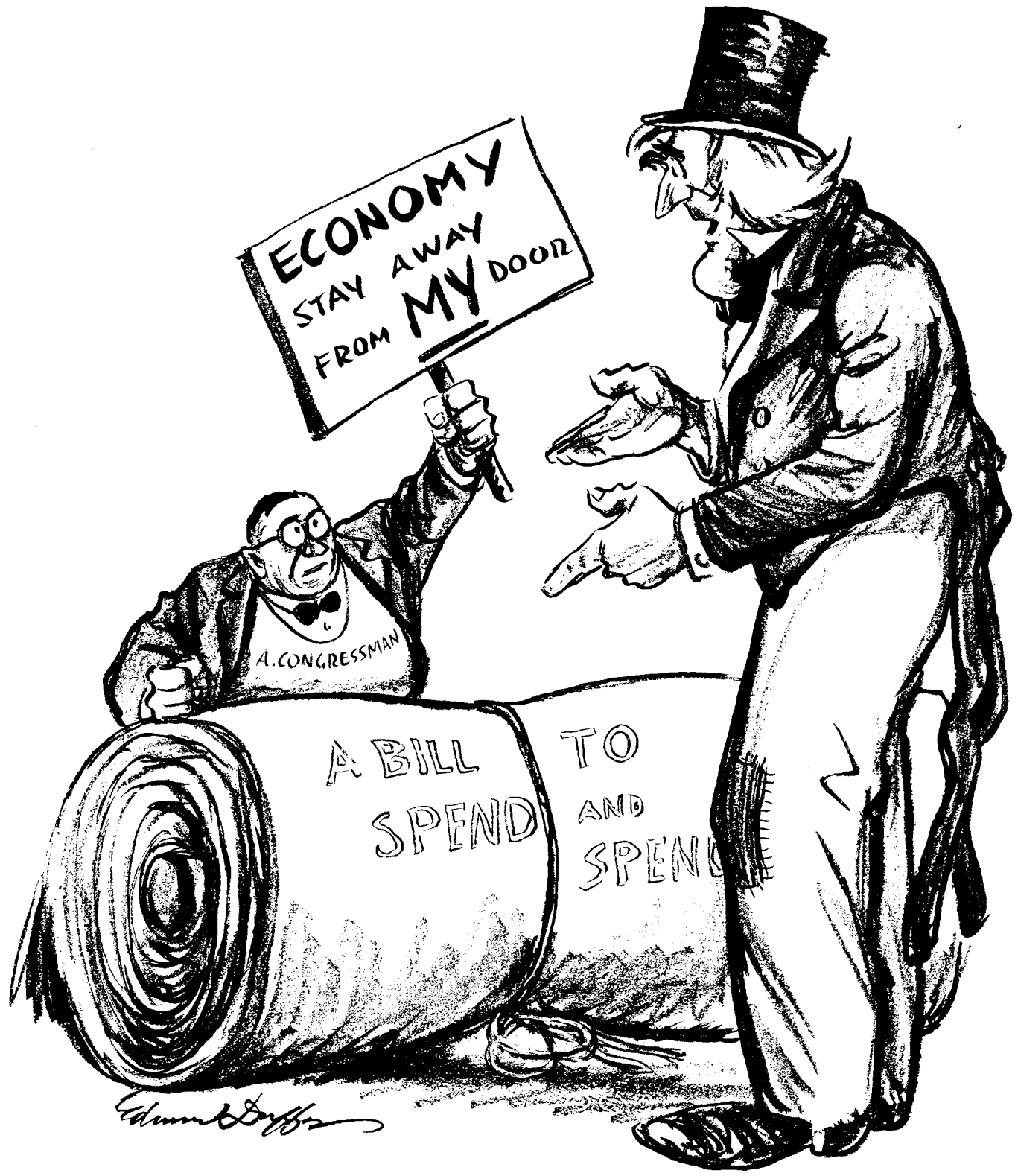
A philosopher as well as a realtor, this man deserves a couple more paragraphs. He says:

"It surprises me that members of labor unions, and unskilled workers, don't wake up to what extravagant government is doing to them. They will never get back to steady work until the government quits spending and resolves to be less of a burden on the earnings and savings of its people. In the town where I reside men who are brokers, doctors, and the like, are now taking care of their own lawns and gardens, and are not paying for the help that used to perform these tasks. They are renting floor-scraping machines and scraping their own floors, and varnishing them themselves. These men are painting their homes—in fact, they are performing a thousand and one jobs that they would ordinarily employ skilled workers to perform because their real income has been reduced through direct, indirect and hidden forms of taxes.

". . . Just one more word. Taxes are not only immediately influencing our expenditures—they are affecting our mode and our method of life. The day of the seven-, eight-, nine- and ten-room house is gone forever. It probably will never come back. This is *not* due to the smaller family; most of my friends want larger houses, but they cannot afford them—for every additional room means more taxes. All other things being equal, the addition of two rooms to a six-room house means a 33⅓ per cent increase in taxes."

The officials of the American Federa-

(Continued on page 46)



Every congressman is in favor of economy, provided, of course, that it starts somewhere else

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Clear and Unlimited

By H. Vernor Dixon

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

Here are fourteen people who thought Time was at stake. And three who knew that the gamble was more important—it was for Life

SENIOR-PILOT ALBIN CARLESON read the operations report while leaning against the tail group of the twin-engined Barlin. The soft floodlights of the airport cast their glow from the gleaming metal sides of the ship to the paper and it was not difficult to read, if held at the proper angle.

The night was clear. There was no moon, but the stars were out in full force. A good night for flying.

Carleson finished the report and lit a cigarette. His high cheekbones stood out prominently in the sudden flare of the match and the almost platinum blondness of his closely cropped hair came into relief. The light blueness of his eyes, also, was intensified and for a second they were hard pinpricks of light. Carleson was like his eyes: hard.

Bert Benham, the co-pilot, came out of the administration building, nodded to Carleson and swung into the plane. The stewardess, "Sissy" Lewis, leaned out the door and asked where number eight was. The pilot nodded toward a short, paunchy figure approaching the plane. Number eight, more widely known as J. L. Dubois, utilities magnate, stopped in front of Carleson and pleasantly smiled at him.

"You're a different pilot, aren't you?"

Carleson told a white-faced Sissy, "It's up to you. Arrange it so none of the passengers become suspicious"

"Yes, sir. The stewardess is the same you had from New York, but the co-pilot and I replace the last crew. We take the ship on from here to Burbank."

"I see. That makes three different crews for the coast-to-coast run. Why is that?"

"Fatigue, sir. Now, if you will get aboard . . . The dispatcher is flashing the signal."

"Of course. Sorry to hold you up."

Seat number eight went up the gangway into the cabin and Carleson followed him, closed the door and threw on the safety catch. He turned to the stewardess and asked, "How are things, Sissy?"

"Oh, all right." She smiled wanly at him and passed a slim hand over her eyes. "Tired, that's all. I don't like these night runs so well. If the passengers would all get in their berths, then I could grab a few winks myself. But there are always three or four who insist on sitting up and keep asking me questions all night just to pass the time. There are five in this flight."

"That's tough. Any notables?"

"TWO of the sitter-uppers. See 'em up the aisle?"

Carleson saw a man and a woman talking with their heads close together and said, "Uh-huh. Who are they?"

"Well, the woman is Susan Colin and the man is Stephen St. Claire. They're married and star together on the stage. Everybody knows Colin and St. Claire." The pilot nodded. Sissy remarked, "I understand she's on her way to Hollywood to star in a picture . . . without him. How do you like that?"

Carleson chuckled and said, "That's probably what they're arguing about. Well, we gotta get off. Drop in the office now and then and say hello. We won't be too busy."

"Okay."

The pilot went up the aisle, his broad shoulders touching the berth curtains on either side, nodded to the legitimate stars as he passed them, to J. L. Dubois and to two other men sitting up. He passed into the "office," slammed the door, dropped into his seat and nodded to Benham. "Everything check?"

"Yes, sir. Only Martin's flight report says to watch the starboard prop. The bite is not so hot on the take-off."

"Aw, nuts. That's an old Martin complaint. He never allows enough for torque, so he's always blaming it on the starboard prop. No trouble there; don't worry."

Benham grinned at him and his teeth flashed whitely in the instrument dial luminescence of the dark cockpit. Old Albin Carleson never missed. Always knew what he was talking about. No wonder the guy was senior pilot of the line. It was good to fly with a man like that. Benham nodded his head with satisfaction, then clamped on the earphones and turned his attention back to the complex instrument board before him.

Carleson watched out the window. The dispatcher's last flash was a thin point in the dark. Carleson opened the engines almost wide, snapped the tail up and then slowly brought it down. The huge ship floated off the ground and they were in the air.

The lights of the field dropped away below them; then the lights of the city were under the wing and then they were gone. . . .

The tone of the engines became deeper and grew in volume to a throaty hum. Benham listened to them, then retracted the wing flap and the wheels. A dial on the instrument board showed the flap to be back in position, but the dial for the wheels still showed DOWN. Benham reached for the control and at that moment the dial registered UP. He scratched his head, grunted and shrugged his shoulders. Nothing to worry about, at least. The wheels were up in the engine nacelles, or the dial would not register. But they had taken a long time in coming up.

Carleson had been watching him, but now he turned his head away, checked the altitude of the plane on the artificial horizon and adjusted the flettner flap to level flying. He turned the control of the plane over to the gyro pilot and made out his flight report. All okay. He relaxed.

The co-pilot was yawning. "Sleepy, Bert?" Carleson asked.

Benham jerked his head and answered, "Oh, no. I was just thinking about being up here and how nice it was. . . . By the way, the landing gear seemed to come up a little slower than it should."

Carleson's eyes jumped to the reading on the oil pressure gauge for the retracting apparatus. It registered five hundred, which was all right. "Shouldn't have had any trouble," he said. "Are you sure they came up slow?"

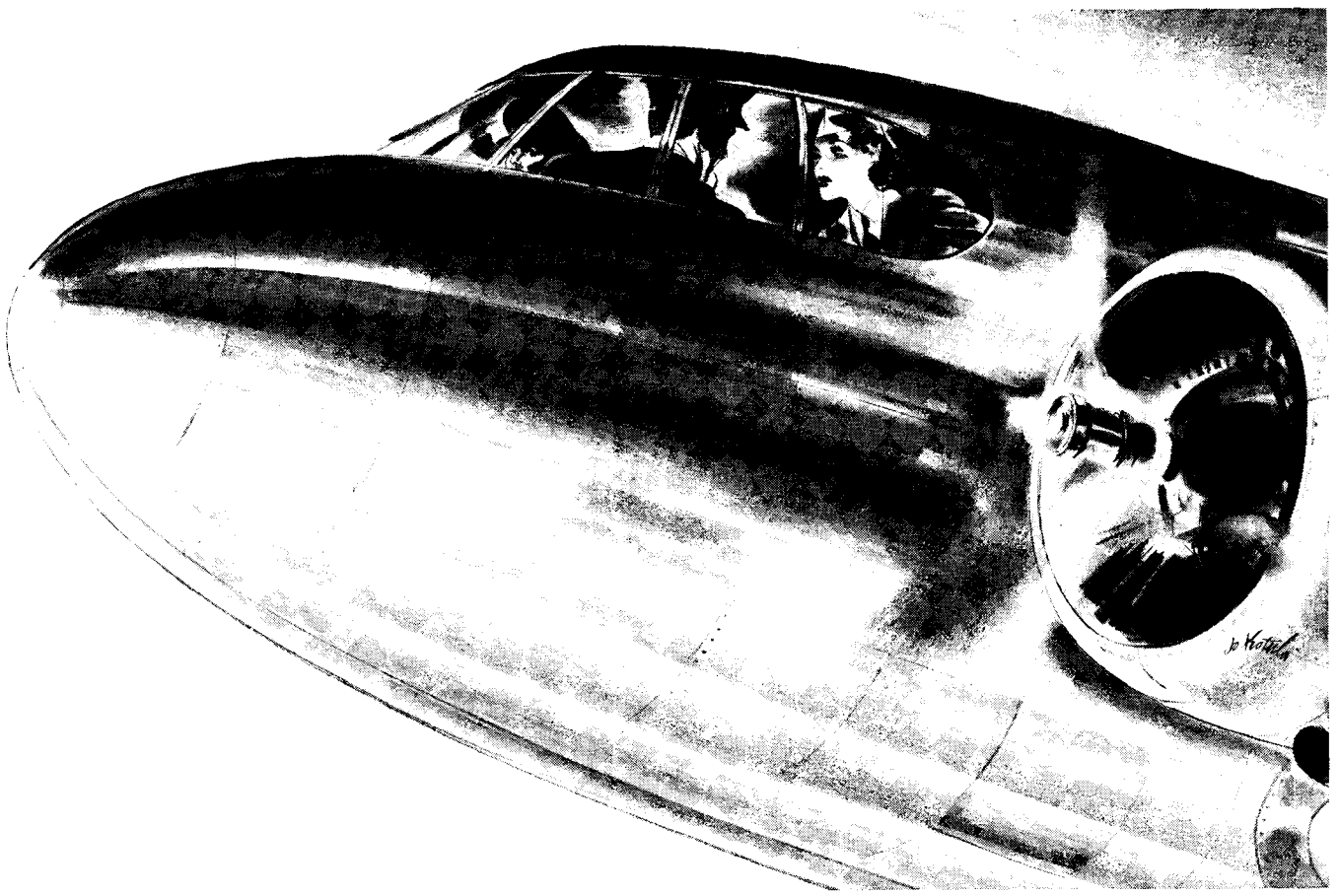
"Sure. I thought they weren't coming up at all, but they did."

Carleson looked at the position indicator. "Run 'em up and down once and get it out of your mind."

"Okay."

The co-pilot pulled out the knob to let down the wheels and the two of them waited. Nothing happened. The dial still showed the UP position. Benham jerked the knob back and forth and still the position indicator showed UP. He looked once at Carleson, then reached for the hand crank, the emergency apparatus, and tried to turn that. It refused to budge. He sweated at it for a moment, then turned to Carleson and said, "The wheels are stuck."

Carleson grimly nodded his head and stared out into the night, trying to puzzle out what to do.



STEPHEN ST. CLAIRE was saying to Susan Colin, "You are a hellcat, Sue. But I adore you. Honestly, I do. . . . Won't you listen to reason, please? I admit that I followed you onto this plane to argue with you. But it was for a purpose. I'm in love with you and I don't want you to leave me. All this nonsense about Hollywood and Reno . . ."

Sue drew in her breath sharply and for a second looked tenderly at her husband. Then her eyes hardened and she said: "You made it impossible for me and I had to get out. This will be a nullification of everything you and I stand for. That is why I am doing it."

"You hate me that much?"

"Yes. During the last year you have become absolutely impossible to live with and even more so to work with."

He placed his hand on hers and said, "Sue, I'll admit I was wrong about everything. I was horrible. I was a beast. I ran about with other women. I got drunk. I insulted you in public. I beat you. I . . ."

"Ah, if you only had."

"Oh, what's the use?"

He threw up his hands and was silent.

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Carleson spoke into the mike: "Carleson calling . . . Carleson calling . . . four two eight three . . . Carleson calling."

He switched to receiver and a voice came back: "Go ahead, Carleson."

"Carleson calling . . . four two eight three . . . two hours and five minutes east of Burbank. . . . Altitude five, three hundred . . . clear and unlimited . . . what's the weather? . . . Come back, please."

"Okay, Carleson. Clear and unlimited. Joe says to use the north runway. Come back."

"Carleson calling . . . four two eight three. . . . Get this, Ed. The retractable landing gear is stuck in the nacelles. Can't run the wheels down at all. Understand? Gear is stuck. Probably something sprung. Got it? Come back."

"Calling four two eight three. You kidding, Albin? Have you tried the emergency crank? Try it and come back."

"Carleson calling. The emergency crank won't work, either. I tell you something is sprung. Have the crash wagon on the field, a fire engine and a couple of ambulances. Fourteen passengers. That makes seventeen, including the three of us. Have seventeen stretchers ready. And I am not kidding. Got any advice? Come back."

"Calling Carleson. No advice at present. Prepare for a belly landing. We'll have everything ready on the field. Do not notify passengers. Anything else? Come back."

"Carleson signing off. Nothing else. Just have those ambulances there. That's all. Signing off."

HE SWITCHED off and turned to Benham. "They get panicky," he said, "when something like this happens. Blamed efficient and all that, but the thought of us coming in without wheels will drive them crazy. That's why I had to make sure they got everything right. We really won't need those stretchers."

"Ever made a belly landing before?"

"I have never had a crash of any kind."

"I see. And we won't need the stretchers, eh?"

Carleson lapsed into silence and bitterly thought of the vagaries of mechanical things. A belly landing, he knew, was a tricky proposition, especially with a ship fully loaded. The plane was constructed to withstand such a landing, if it could be kept under control on the ground. That was the catch. The slightest swing upward of the tail and it would go over. At a landing speed of seventy miles an hour, going over would be fatal . . . to someone.

He turned to Benham and said, "Take over while I go back in the cabin."

"What's up?"

"That dial may be wrong. The wheels could be down."

"Naw. If they were it would show on the air speed."

"I'm going to take a look just the same. Take over."

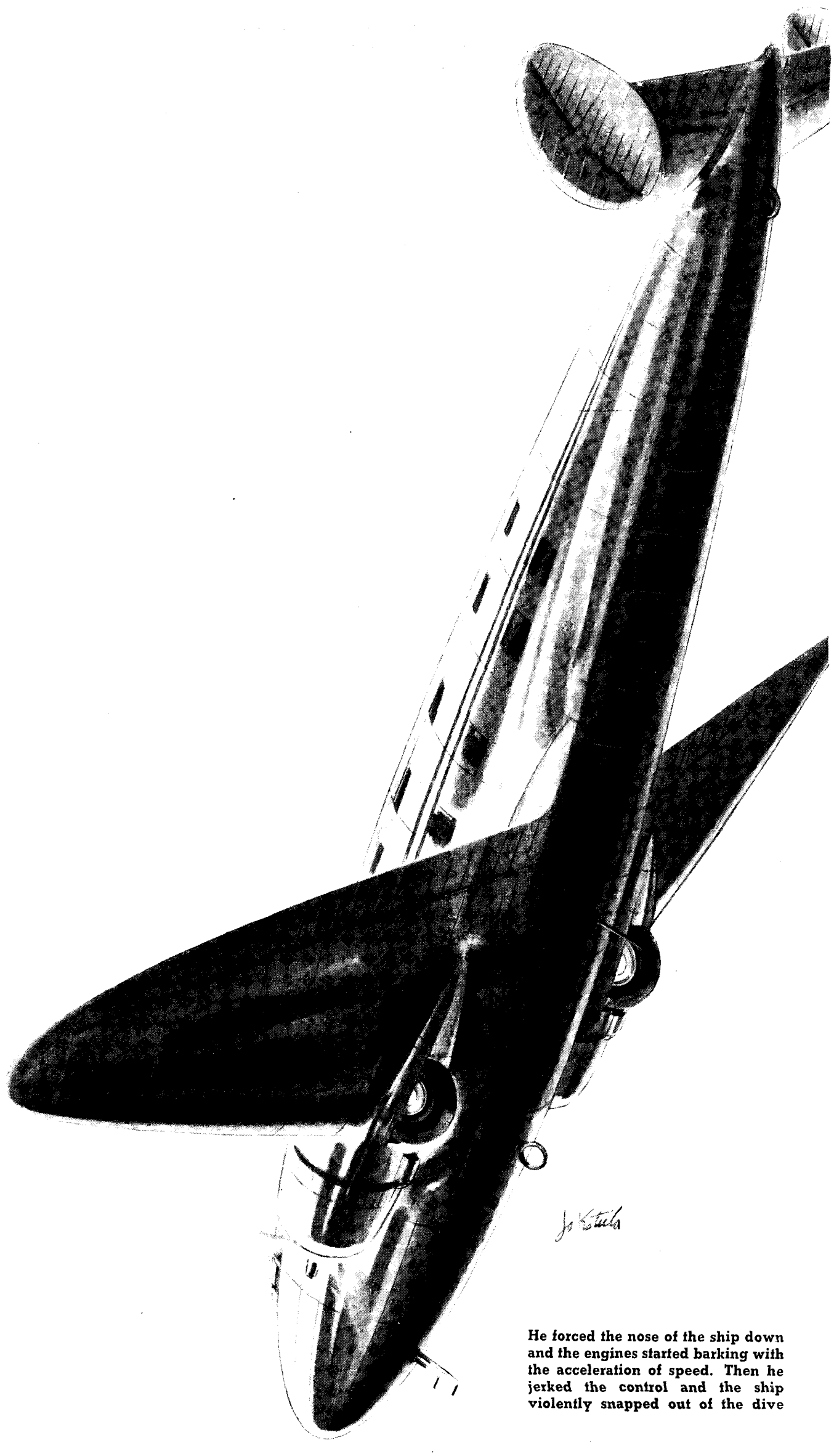
He opened the door of the cockpit, stepped back into the cabin, and walked to the far end, where there was a small window. He stopped there, leaned against the cabin wall and peered out through the window. From that point he could see under the low wing. The flames from the exhaust lit up that portion of the wing at the center section. The wheels were not down.

He straightened up and Sissy came out of the washroom and smiled at him. "Anything up, Albin?"

"No. No. Just curious about something. . . . Sissy, drop up to the office in about an hour. I want the berths made up sooner than usual."

"But we don't fool with the berths. They're made up when we land."

(Continued on page 41)



He forced the nose of the ship down and the engines started barking with the acceleration of speed. Then he jerked the control and the ship violently snapped out of the dive

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Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

By J. Richard (Dixie) Davis

After he beat a federal income-tax case, Dutch Schultz's arrogance became maniacal. He killed his best friend to satisfy a whim; boasted that "any guy who can lick the government can lick anybody." Those last mad days are described by Schultz's trusted "kid mouthpiece"

IV

DICK, the Dutchman has given himself up. He's in jail here in Albany."

"What!" I shouted into the telephone. I made it sound as surprised as I could. That was an act for the benefit of the federal men who were tapping my wire. "When did he surrender?" I demanded.

"This morning. He wants you to come up right away." It was Jim Noonan talking, the lawyer who was handling the Albany end of Dutch Schultz's income-tax case. Of course I had arranged the surrender, but I didn't want the wire-tappers to get proof that I had been seeing the Dutchman, a fugitive from justice.

"I'll be right up!" I cried. I jumped into my car, which was waiting, and told my chauffeur to get from New York to Albany as fast as we could go. We burned up the road. Burning up the road right after us was a federal man. In those days they were trying to watch our every move.

As we tore up the Hudson, a new period in my life was beginning, and I was glad. For two furtive years now, while Schultz had been hiding out, I had been slipping around to back doors, trying to settle the case, trying to fix it. Now it was to come out in the open before a jury. If I could have foreseen the blood and terror of that next year I wouldn't have been so eager to see the Dutchman free.

Schultz had made up his mind the night before to surrender. It was a cold plunge for him to take, for they had a strong case, and they were out to send him to prison for ten years, like Waxey Gordon and Al Capone. It was a cold, bleak, rainy night late in 1934 and we were with him in his hide-out in New York City, when suddenly he had jumped up and flailed his arms above his head.

"Looking at these damned four walls will drive me nuts," he exploded. "Come on, Lulu, I'm going to surrender and I'm going to do it tonight. Drive me up to Albany right away."

Schultz Didn't Like Jails

So the millionaire gangster had got himself all dolled up in one of his $35 suits, a bit tight for him now, and put on his brightest necktie, and started out in the cold, wet darkness for the drive upstate.

"We'll beat this thing, Dick," he had called back dismally. "But bail me out."

The reason for going to Albany was a tricky legal point we had figured out. Schultz had been indicted in New York, but because his legal residence was in the Bronx he claimed Albany was his tax-collection office. Much to the surprise of the federal prosecutors, we made them try him in that district.

It would have been duck soup to convict Schultz in New York City, but upstate he was not so notorious. Also we had a better opportunity in a smaller town to get jurors to see things our way. New York City is so big that it has more sin than other places; but people do not generally understand that, for the same reason, it has a lot more civic virtue too, and its law-enforcement agencies are better equipped to combat skulduggery.

When I got to Albany that day I found the Dutchman behind the bars, a dismal case of galloping jitters. He was desperately afraid of prison.

"Bail me out!" he cried. "I can't stand these creep joints. Get me out!"

But we soon found bail was not so easy. The Dutchman himself had plenty of money, but we could not use it, because the government would grab it for taxes. Nor could we get money from any other mob. We had to have $75,000 with a respectable pedigree, and it took us a month to get it.

Once he had been bailed out, Jimmy Hines of Tammany Hall, the Dutchman's political associate, arranged with a politician in Troy to let Schultz stay there without being bothered by the police. Schultz took a house in Troy, and his wife and baby went there to live with him; but for a sort of office, where he could be near Jim Noonan in Albany, Schultz took a suite in the old Harmony Hotel in Cohoes.

I soon regretted bitterly that we had ever bailed Schultz out. During the last two years Schultz was in hiding Bo Weinberg had run the mob, and everything went smoothly. But now the Dutchman was messing into things himself, ruling with a high hand, drinking himself crazy. I already have told you about that mad night in Cohoes, when he pulled his gun and shot Julie Martin right before my eyes. From then on all of us knew we were at the mercy of a homicidal maniac.

An Effort to Stop Dewey

Believe me, I wanted to get out of it all. But I couldn't. I knew too much to be allowed to quit. I was a prisoner of fear, fighting for the liberty of a man whom I now hated, whom I knew as a dangerous, uncaged beast.

And in the midst of it, I had to fight for my own self-preservation. For a New York County grand jury suddenly broke away from the domination of the Tammany district attorney and began a real investigation of Jimmy Hines' relations with our mob. The grand jury's dramatic exposé brought the appointment of Thomas E. Dewey as special prosecutor, and I was right in the spotlight, the guy with his neck out. I knew that Dewey was a bad guy, from our standpoint, for I had seen him operate as a prosecutor in federal court. I warned Hines that Dewey would ruin us, and Jimmy said he would try to stop the appointment, but he couldn't do it.

Schultz was tried for income tax in Syracuse in April, 1935, and we succeeded in winning a disagreement of the jury. Schultz had worn out his welcome in Troy and he was unpopular everywhere in New York State. So I arranged with the right people to let Schultz stay in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and not be bothered. He took up spacious quarters in a hotel there and started to live the life of a country squire. He had his horses sent up from a boarding stable in New York. He went out riding every day; he had a massage expert to give him his rubdowns; he reveled in all the pleasures that had been denied him while he was a fugitive from justice.

I stayed away from Bridgeport as much as I could. I was thoroughly sick of Schultz, and I also had other matters to keep me busy. I had fallen head over heels in love. The girl was Hope Dare, the most beautiful redheaded show girl in the world, and we had gone to live together. Being married had never hindered me from playing around with the girls on Broadway, but this was different. Something permanent hap-

FOR THOMAS

Thomas E. Dewey, who was hated and feared by Dutch Schultz. Davis tried to stop his appointment as special rackets prosecutor by warning Jimmy Hines. Dewey later convicted both Davis and Hines

WIDE WORLD

George Weinberg, marked for killing when he tried to get out of the racket after Schultz murdered his brother

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pened to Hope and me. At that time we were practically on our honeymoon.

But sometimes I had to go see the Dutchman, lording it and holding court among his mobsters there in his hotel suite, and it was frightening. They were like a pack of snarling wolves. Schultz took delight in stirring up trouble among them.

"See, that's the way to do it; I've got 'em going," he said to me one day. "That's the way Napoleon did, kept his generals fighting among themselves. Then none of 'em got too big."

Schultz was jealous of Bo Weinberg, chafed at Bo's friendliness with the big downtown mobsters. If he had only known it, Bo was an extremely successful minister of foreign affairs, maintaining friendly relations with menacing

Otto Biederman, known as Abba Dabba, a wizard at figures whose job was to see that the pari-mutuel pay-off figures on which policy winnings were based were never unfavorable to Schultz's bank

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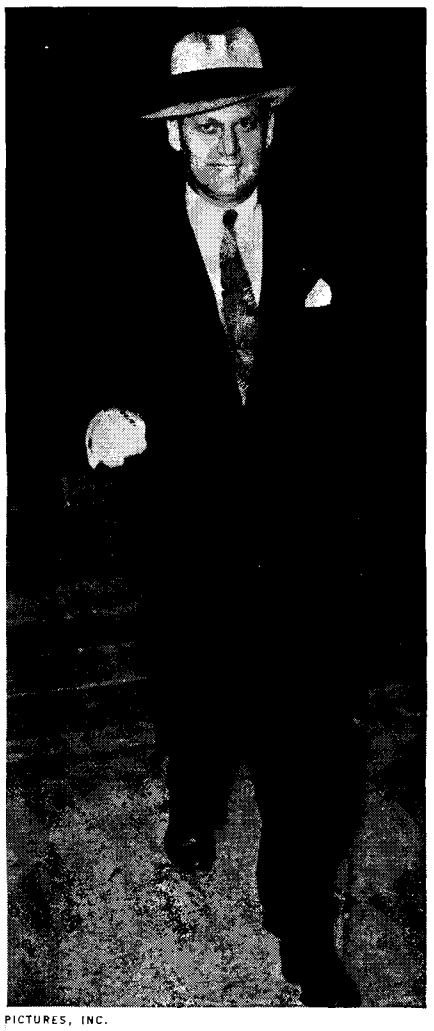

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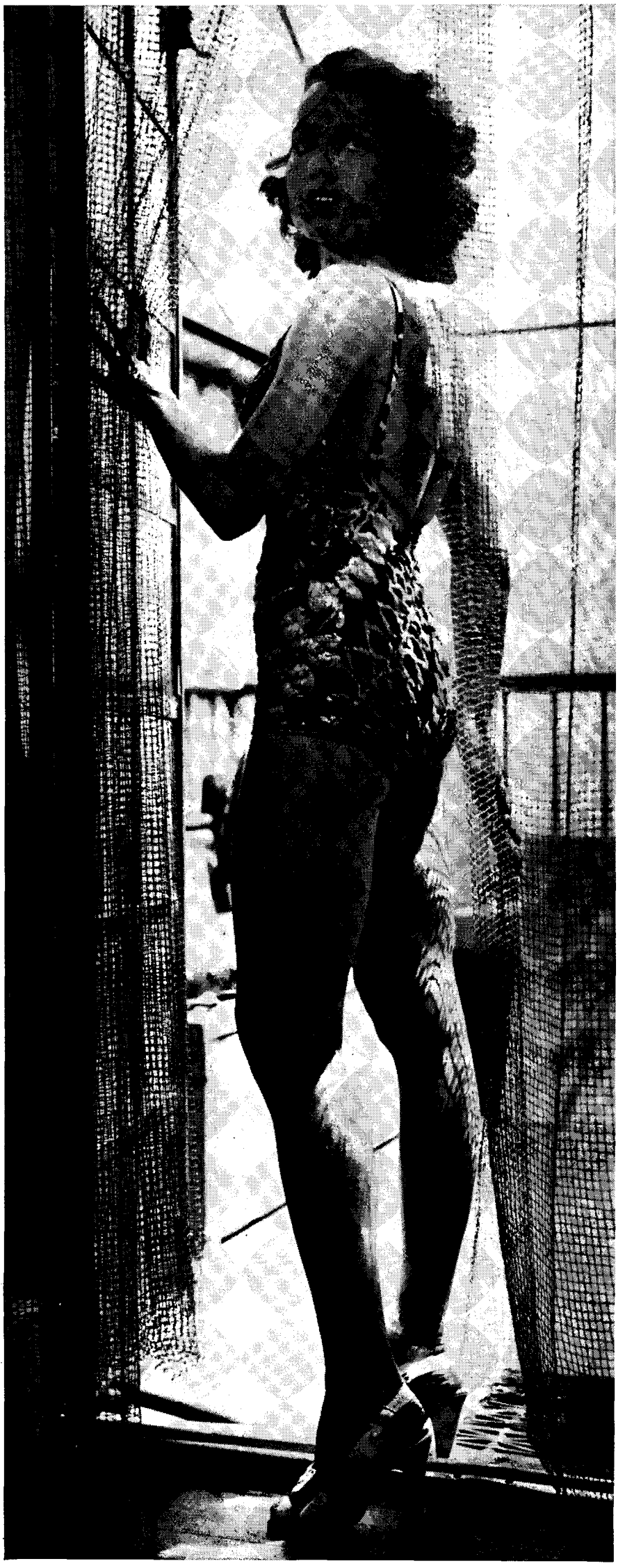
Milton Bernard, Schultz's accountant, escaped death through Davis' pleas when suspected by Schultz of cheating



IFOR THOMAS

Hope Dare, the redheaded show girl who was Dixie Davis' sweetheart during his association with Schultz, urged him to abandon the racketeers. They plan to marry when Davis is released from jail

powers. But the Dutchman, suspicious, couldn't see that.

"Bo," he said one day, right in front of us all, "you're just another man in this mob. No boss or nothing."

I saw a quick red flush run up Bo's neck, saw a quick glance of satisfaction between Lulu Rosenkrantz, the Dutchman's bodyguard, and Abe Landau, his new, trusted right-hand man. Talk about palace politics around a dictator—we had plenty of it!

"These johnny-come-latelys are gettin' all the gravy," Bo would complain. Lulu and Landau had come in after the Coll war. Lulu was a big, tough slob, but he had no police record, and could have a pistol permit. That was disgusting to Bo.

"Lulu is the Dutchman's boy-scout bad man," Bo used to say.

Lulu and Landau knew how to drop hints and excite suspicions. And blustering Bo's loud mouth was his great liability. He would talk big about the Dutchman, and then word of it would be carried back to Schultz.

Often, in those days, I saw Schultz fondling a gun, and talking eagerly about using it. He slapped his horse Sun Tan on the neck one day affectionately.

"You know this horse threw me when I was learning to ride him," he said. "I limped for a week. Dick, if I'd had my gun I'd have shot the damned beast."

The Guy Who Licked the U. S.

Schultz used to sit cursing Dewey, as he read in the papers about the racket investigation. He hated Dewey, blamed him for getting the income-tax indictment against him.

In August, Schultz had his new trial, at Malone, a small town in far northern New York, with a jury of farmers; and by some strange combination of guile and luck we managed to win him an acquittal. It was the worst thing that ever happened to him. From then on he was completely off his top. He thought he was the most powerful guy in the world.

"Any guy who can lick the government can lick anybody," said the Dutchman.

Day to day I got reports from Bridgeport on how ferocious he was getting. One day Milton Bernard came to me, white as a sheet. He was Schultz's accountant, and mine, and the Dutchman had sent word he wanted to see him. Abe Landau had been telling tales about Milton, and the Dutchman was furious.

"I don't want to go up there," said Milton.

"If he wants you he'll get you, no matter whether you go or not," I said. "You've either got to go up there, Milton, or take to the woods entirely."

"Will you go with me?" he begged.

"I don't want to, but I will," I said. I was always getting dragged into these things, because people thought I could influence Schultz. So we went to Bridgeport and it was even worse than I expected. The Dutchman was sitting there with blood in his eye, and I could see the bulge of his pistol.

"You been clipping me," he said to Milton.

"Arthur," I said, "there's one thing nobody has ever been able to say about you, and that is that you're not fair. You're the fairest fellow in the world, and the trouble is that you don't understand all the things that Milton has to do."

So I launched myself into a speech. I have been in tight spots in my legal career, but never one worse than that. There was the Dutchman, judge, jury and executioner. Dutch had advanced large sums to Milton for expenses in various tax adjustments, and now he

(Continued on page 29)

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She Didn't Know Joe

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. SCHUCKER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IN APRIL, the baseball experts gave the club a good chance for the pennant, but by the middle of July, everybody knew they couldn't finish better than fifth. Eddie Logan, the first baseman, lost his batting eye and slipped fifty points, a 20-game pitcher developed a persistent sore arm, and Joe Train, the shortstop, after fifteen brilliant years, was beginning to slow up.

On a hot midweek afternoon, the team was playing at home, and Ruth Train, Joe's wife, was sitting with Mrs. Logan, along the third-base line, in the lower tier of the almost empty grandstand. Because their husbands had come up to the big time together, Ruth and Mabel in the early days, when they were both married to rookies, had been drawn into a kind of defensive intimacy, which even fifteen years could not convert into real friendship.

Not that Mabel and Eddie weren't nice people, Ruth thought. But they were different from her and Joe. Sort of close and cagey. Of course, having no children made a big difference in the way they could live and the money they could save. They didn't need a big place, they didn't have to buy clothes and pay dentist's bills for four kids, and so on. To say nothing of helping Ruth's brother through college, and taking care of Joe's people.

You couldn't really say that Mabel and Eddie were tight. They just played their cards close to their chests.

Looking out over the hot diamond, Ruth could see the perspiration soaking through Joe's shirt as the boys went through infield practice before the game.

"You ought to say something to that husband of yours," Mabel observed. "He's telling that kid Nelson everything he knows."

Joe had one of the utility infielders with him down at shortstop, showing him how to handle himself on fast double plays. "Well, you know," Ruth said amiably, "Joe takes an interest in these young fellows. He likes to see them develop. He says Nelson's the best prospect he ever saw."

"Sure he is," Mabel agreed. "That's what Eddie thinks, too. But you don't notice Eddie showing him how to play first, do you? The boss asked Eddie, and Eddie told him he couldn't teach Nelson anything, the kid was too dumb."

"I guess Joe didn't think of that," Ruth murmured.

"Well, he ought to," Mabel said. "It's all right for him to help people out, maybe, but he don't have to help them take his job away. He ought to use his head like Eddie does."

"Joe uses his head."

"DON'T get mad," Mabel said placidly. "I'm only saying it for your own good."

"I know." Mabel was right, Ruth thought. In a moment of panic, she saw Joe released, and then a long succession of minor-league teams, on the way down, till they reached the clubs where you rode in busses, and had to help sell tickets. Then what? The semipros, maybe. And then what? Nothing.

The game was about to start, and the players went out to their positions. "What did I tell you?" Mabel exclaimed. "Look who's playing short!"

The infield looked dim through the mist in Ruth's eyes, but she saw plainly enough that Joe was out of the line-up, and Nelson was in. He looked good, too, as he picked up a scorching grounder, and threw his man out to end the first half-inning. When the home team batted, Joe went down to coach at third base. Nelson hit fourth, in Joe's old spot, and with a runner on first and two out, he tripled against the scoreboard.

Ruth got up then. "Look, I just remembered," she said hastily. "I have to run. I let the kids go to the movies for the early show, but I ought to be there when they get back."

It wasn't true, because you could always trust the children to stay in, and if Joe had been playing she would have stayed to the end and driven him home. When she got to the house, she had plenty of time to lie down, and think things over. Joe, she knew, was through.

Poor Joe . . . no matter what Mabel said, you couldn't get mad at him. You might want to hate him for being so simple and generous, but you just couldn't do it.

At six o'clock, she heard Billie come in from the movies. "Hey, Mom!" he called.

"What is it?"

"I saw Pop down at the cigar store. He says we're going to move. Out to the Coast. Won't that be swell?"

"That'll be wonderful, dear."

"And, hey, Mom—!"

"Run along and play, Billie. Mother wants to rest." The boss wasn't wasting any time, she thought bitterly. Get rid of the deadwood, kick it away as fast as you can. And all the other clubs must have waived on Joe, or he couldn't be sent out of the league. That meant he was through, all right. Why couldn't he have done what Eddie did? . . .

WHEN Joe came into the room, she said only: "How did it go?"

"Swell. That kid Nelson came through fine for me."

"For you?"

"Yeah. I told Mac he was ready, and I was a little worried. But he did fine. He'll be all right."

"Yes . . . But how about us?"

"I told Billie to tell you," he said, pulling off his coat. "You'll like it out there on the Coast. They got a good club, too. With me at shortstop, we're a cinch to win the pennant."

"That'll be wonderful," she said, unable to control her bitterness. "A minor-league shortstop's job. And then what? What's going to become of us?"

"What's the matter with you?" he protested. "I'm going out there as manager. Our Number One farm. If I make a good record, I ought to be managing a big-league team in a couple of years."

"Oh, Joe!"

"Sure. I thought Billie told you. The boss says he likes the way I work with players. This is the big chance, kid, and I don't see how we can miss. The team's weak at first base, but that's all right. I got them to give me Eddie Logan."

"I thought Billie told you," he said. "This is the big chance, kid, and I don't see how we can miss"

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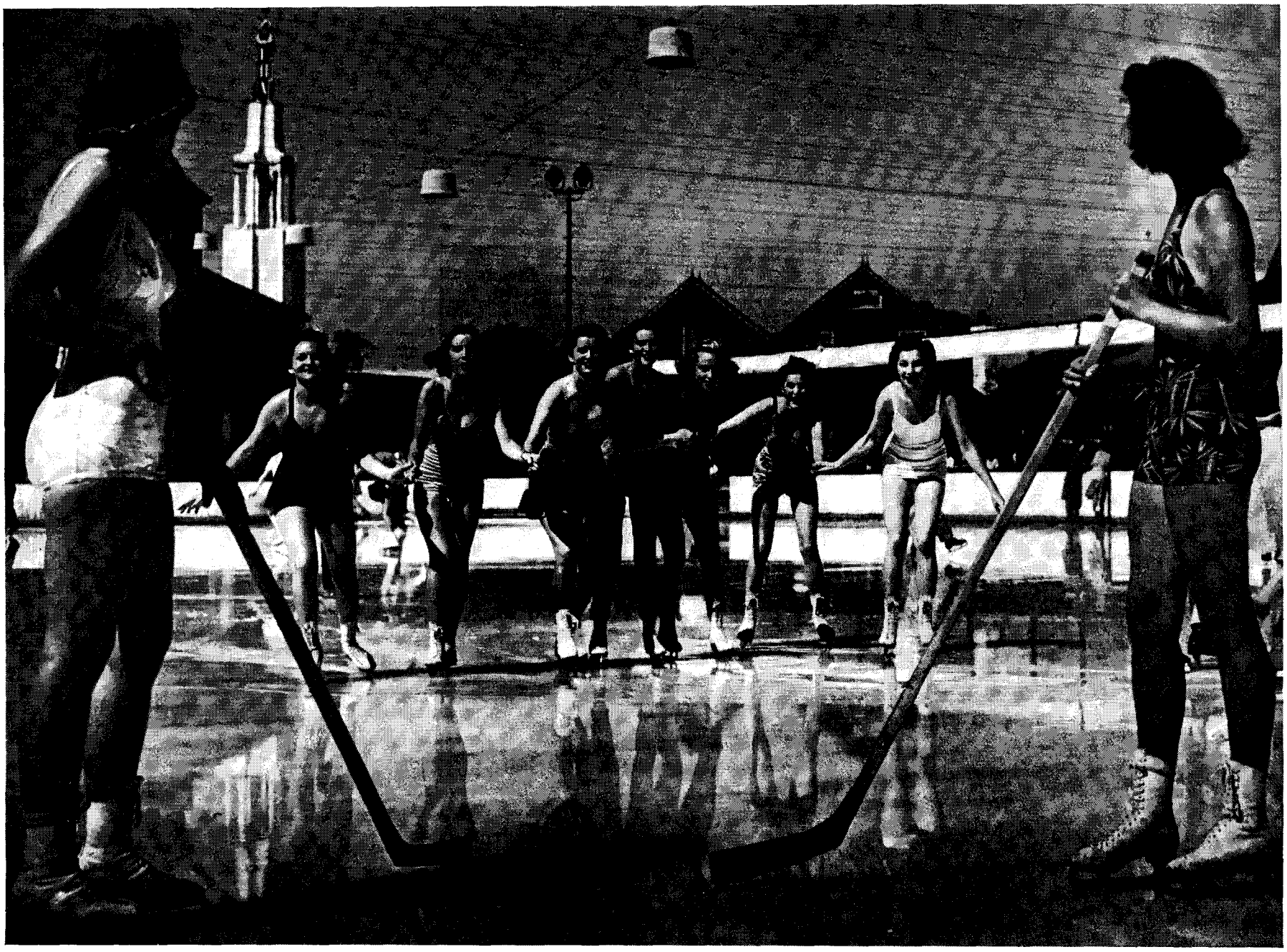

Midsummer ice skating on a Los Angeles rink. These girls are University of California coeds

Hot Stuff on Ice

By Jim Marshall

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

In bathing suits and shorts, they're skating through California's summer heat on ice, in the open—and millions will be doing it in 1940

IT'S 90 in the sunshine in Los Angeles, and out in Westwood Village the boys and gals and the old folks from Iowa and Indiana are skating around on the ice. In everyday clothes. In shorts. In slacks. In bathing suits and brief-skirted costumes. The hot sunshine beats down on the ice and 1,200 skaters, from diapered babies to creak-jointed gaffers, swing along on the blades as the orchestra plays the Blue Danube.

Along the boulevards in suburban Los Angeles, morning, noon and night, you can see scores of kids, lads, gals, graybeards and wrinklepusses ambling along in next to nothing, with skates slung over their shoulders. The sight doesn't get more than a couple of oh, looks! from the tourists. Only way you can get attention in those parts is to walk along in everyday clothes minding your own business. It wows 'em. Pocahontas and Hitler doing nipups from kiddie cars at Hollywood and Vine wouldn't get more than a couple of gosh-all-hemlocks from the Midwest contingent of the gawp-and-gape brigade.

But for all that, ice skating in the open air in a southern California summer is sumpin'. It's only a few months old but it seems likely to spread all over the country in 1940. About 30,000,000 admissions to ice rinks will be paid by America's 5,000,000 skaters this year, and the $40,000,000 that's invested in the sport will eventually net a neat profit.

Until late in 1938 all summer skating was done in indoor rinks, and not an awful lot of it, either. Americans had been conditioned to the idea that skating was a winter sport, in which you indulged all bundled up in red flannels and earmuffs, on suitably gelid rivers and lakes. On the west coast everybody was pretty ho-hum about it because even around Seattle, 'way up north, the lakes didn't freeze over more than once in five years and the rivers never did.

Then, along in the summer of 1937, a cute little trick from Norway, who had been skating since she was three and winning championships for ten years, turned up in Hollywood. Some people said her name was Sonia Henje and others argued it was Sonja Henie. There was a third school that thought it was Sonja Henje. Some months later, when the little Norwegian had made a couple of skating pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox, almost everybody agreed it was Sonja Henie and several hundred thousand people, on ice skates for the first time, learned by experience how to have a rear-end collision with a sheet of ice and not hurt themselves.

Well, not hurt themselves much.

Sonja wasn't the first crack skater in America and she wasn't the first good-looking girl to hit Hollywood by about 3,876,987. But she was the first pretty skating champion ever to pass before the weary old eyes of casting directors. She had a lot of natural charm and poise and quickly learned enough acting to be acceptable. To date, the plump little Henie—incidentally one of Hollywood's keenest businesswomen—has made five pictures and got more than a million people up on steel blades.

She's heaven's gift to the refrigeration industry.

The kids started skating first, and half a dozen old rinks that had been closed, or just droning along, experienced a sudden rush of silver into the b.o. Every ice sheet became covered with imitations, good, bad and terrible, of Sonja—Sonja's costumes, her mannerisms, her stunts.

In those days rinks were indoors. But in the summer of 1938 Herman Vetter, a Los Angeles consulting engineer, thought it might be a good idea to build an outdoor rink that could be used all summer no matter how hot it got. Everybody said the notion was screwy but as the same thing applied to 98.7 per cent of all notions generated in those parts Mr. Vetter thought nothing of it and kept his brain grinding on the idea. Finally he worked out a scheme.

George Humiston, president of an engineering firm, said he'd take a $150,000 chance on the thing. The result was the Tropical Ice Gardens out in Westwood Village, a Los Angeles suburb. The theme being tropical, quite naturally the architecture turned out to be Tyrolean. The Gardens have an ice sheet one hundred feet by two hundred and ten, surrounded by grandstands, colored

(Continued on page 39)

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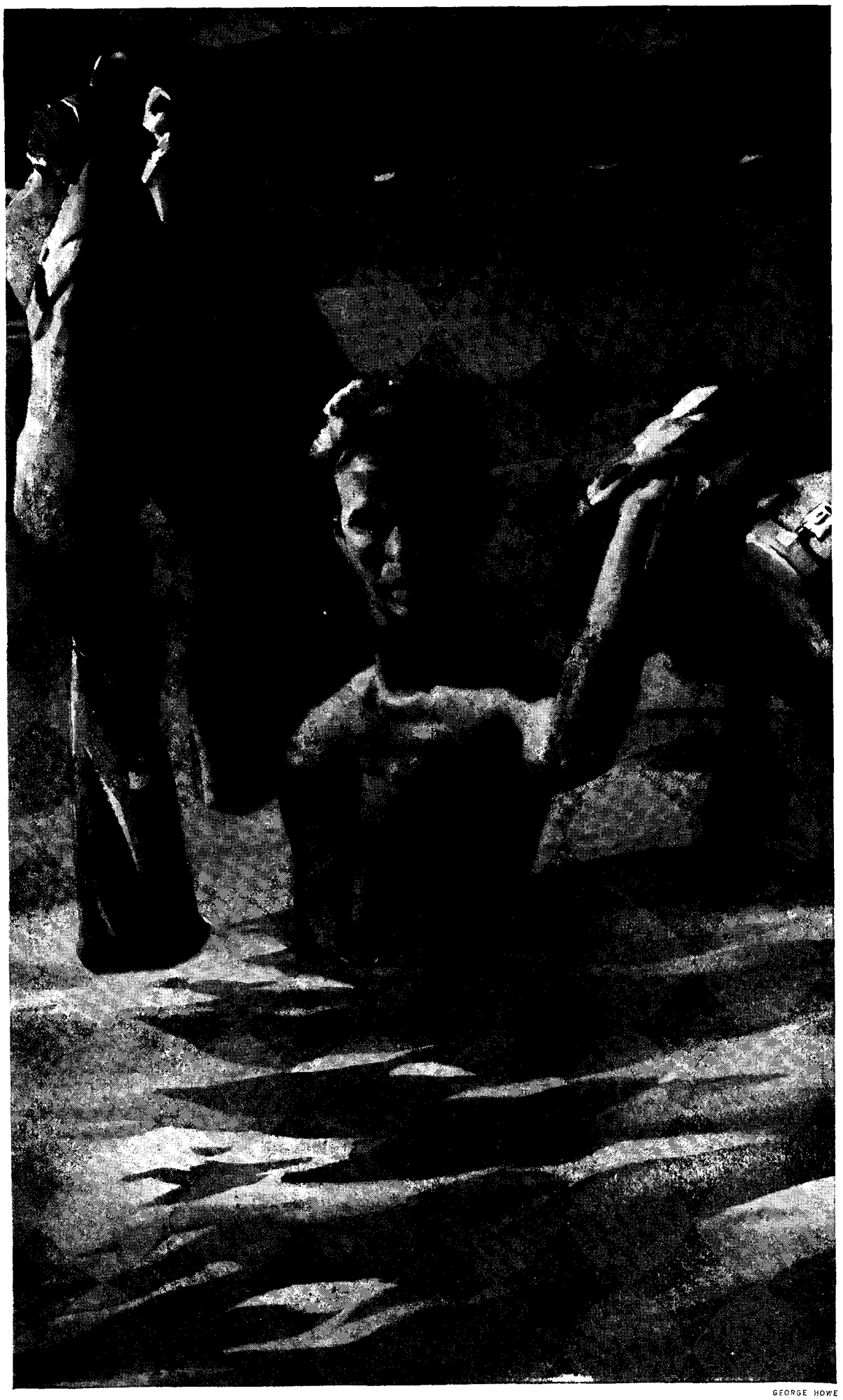
Flotsam

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY



GEORGE HOWE

He waited until night, undressed and waded across the Rhine

The Story Thus Far:

KICKED out of Germany because his father is a Jew, young Ludwig Kern goes to Vienna. Arrested, he is taken—with another exile, Josef Steiner—across the Czechoslovak border and told not to return. He obeys the order, succeeds in making his way to Prague. Steiner returns to Vienna.

Desperately lonely in Prague, Kern meets an attractive girl: Ruth Holland, a Jewess who has also been deported by the Germans. And presently he is in love with her.

Ruth's permit to stay in Czechoslovakia expires. She makes her way to Vienna, and Kern follows her. He finds Steiner working in an amusement park, and living in a gypsy wagon presided over by a woman known as "Lilo." Steiner introduces him to Director Potzloch, who gives him a job. . . . The "show" is a collection of familiar features: a carrousel, a shooting gallery, trained fleas, mind reading (Steiner being the mind reader and faking the act cleverly), and so on. Kern and Ruth spend a memorable few hours in inspecting the wonders of the place. Later, they join Steiner and Lilo for a gay little party. And everyone is happy, for the time being. . . .

While waiting for Ruth in front of the university, Kern sees a large group of students attacking some Jews. When Ruth arrives, Kern tries to protect her. He is assisted by a big blond fellow. Then, set upon by a number of students, he is knocked unconscious. When he comes to, he is in a police station. The blond—who has also been arrested—is near him. He compliments Kern on his courage and strength; he gives him some boxing lessons. . . .

Kern receives a two-month jail sentence. Ruth, he believes, has escaped.

In his cell, which he shares with four others, he becomes involved in a heated argument. The guard, outside, hears the noise.

"Quiet!" he bellows. "This is a respectable prison, not a night club!"

VI

IN THE warden's office Kern signed his second order of deportation. It was for life. "When are you coming back to Austria?" the warden asked.

"Never."

"That means tomorrow evening." The warden sighed. "Emigrants day after day! Life's hardly worth living any more. How long it's been since we've had a really first-rate major criminal! Nothing but miserable trash like you—"

He reached in his pocket and pushed a ten-schilling note toward Kern. "Drink my health with this. I recommend Gumpoldskirchner; it's especially good this year. And now out with you! Your escort is waiting."

The escort accepted Kern's invitation to stop outside Vienna for a glass of Gumpoldskirchner and paid for bread and sausage to go with it. "You emigrants!" he groaned. "Every day the same—back and forth from Vienna to the border. A fellow never gets a decent job in handcuffs any more!"

"Perhaps in a year or two," Kern said encouragingly, "you'll be taking us to the border in handcuffs."

The guard shook his head. "That wouldn't help. You emigrants are detracting from the dignity of our profession," he declared indignantly, and ordered another quarter liter of wine at his own expense.

That evening Kern crossed into Czechoslovakia and went immediately to the customs authorities. They fed him and showed him a good way to get back that night. Some distance inside the border he thumbed a ride in a car and got all the way to Vienna. In the gray of morning he was in the Prater.

He dared not wake up Steiner since he didn't know what might have happened in his absence. He wandered around looking sadly at the gray-draped carrousel, the shooting gallery, and the tent that housed the Wonders of the World. Autumn had come while he had been in jail and the trees, clothed in brilliant foliage, shone through the gray mist; he wondered whether there was anything left for him here.

When he finally saw Steiner in blue overalls emerging from the wagon, yawning and stretching his arms, he ran up to him with as warm a feeling in his heart as if he were coming home.

"By God, it's the kid!" Steiner held out his hand. "Pale and thin from prison grub. He's been wandering 'round the wagon like a lost dog. Why didn't you come right in?"

"I didn't know whether you were still here."

"For the time being I am." Steiner glanced up at the sky. "But let's get breakfast right away. The world always looks different after that. Sad, kid?"

"Not a bit—"

"Lilo!" Steiner called. "Our kid's back again! Grown some and more of a man. Could you get us breakfast?"

Lilo greeted Kern as though he had not been away at all. For almost twenty years she had been living outside Russia; two months, so far as she was concerned, were nothing to talk about. She had seen men reappear from Siberia and China from whom no word had come in ten or fifteen years. She waited on Kern, in her calm way, and he ate eagerly.

"At noon I'm going to look for Ruth," he said.

"Ruth isn't in Vienna any more."

Kern stopped eating. "She *(Continued on page 49)*

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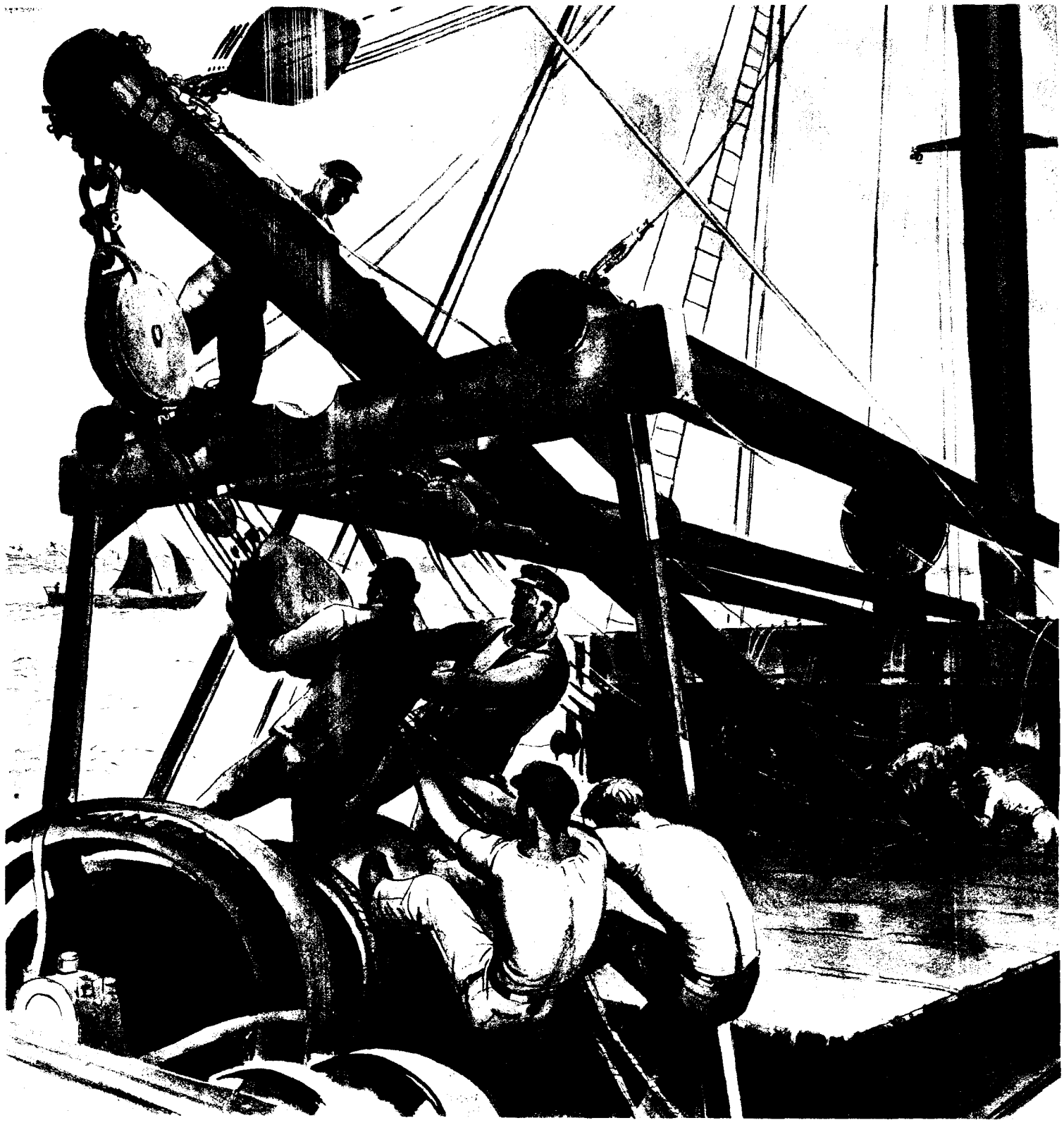
Jack Bates took, piece by piece, every bit of grueling work he had once dished out himself. He took it in silence with a still gray dignity

Without Malice

By Jacland Marmur

LITHOGRAPH BY JAMES E. ALLEN



Jack Bates was a hero to half the seven seas. But one man hated him—the man who had married his daughter

THE man from Derry, who was senior third in a Bengal gulfer just in through Sinki Passage, had a language forceful and picturesque. In the rear courtyard of the Straits Hotel, he looked quizzically at the four-column banner the Singapore Free Press still carried about the month-old collapse of the New Process Rubber Syndicate.

"Them Yankee wizards of high finance," he observed, "are certainly cute. They'd skin a louse for just the tallow an' hide."

He was talking about that magnificent financial typhoon that lately had swept the Eastern Archipelago on the heels of the absconders of that fabulous organization that was to have brought wealth and luxury to all and sundry concerned. One of his companions at the table grinned. It was a feeble grin, to be sure, since fifty of his own good English pounds had taken wing. Nevertheless, he could grin, which was something. Because although he had Java fever perennially in his bones, still he had a topsail schooner in the spice and teak-log trade. He could rustle along somehow for the woman and kids back home, and he knew there were others who had less fortune even than that. So he said as much.

"I wouldn't go so far," he rumbled, "as to call Jack Bates a louse."

The senior third out of the Bengal Gulf ship raised one of his eyelids. "No!" he said. "Him too?"

"Picked him clean, my boy," the mate in a P. & O. coaster put in.

The man from Derry looked up. "Bates? You mean Captain John Erasmus Bates?"

"That's who."

"Cripes!"

"He was in it to his Plimsoll marks. One of the sponsors. They used him like a handsome widow gal uses patchouli to catch herself a nice new man. I know! When the gale broke he put up everything he owned to pay off what losses he could. Old Blisterback would! He's foundered. On his uppers."

"That's what a man gets," the schooner skipper said bitterly, "drinkin' sea water all his days. Imagine! On the beach! At his time of life. Old Blisterback Jack Bates!"

"You knew him?"

"Knew him! Who don't?"

That way the talk droned on in that place that is always full of the strong rumor of the sea. There is a smell of oakum and tar in there, touched with the pungent odors of weird Malay cookery. There are sad-eyed Tamil boys in white sarongs leaning indolently against the tree trunks, waiting for the next drink to be called. There is sticky, sweaty heat; the low moan of the Singapore traffic along Anson Road outside. Those few who were in there scraped their chairs along the tiles to join the rich lush talk of the common craft when they heard mention made of that magic name.

EVEN the bosun of the Yankee Semiramis, just in through Malacca Strait with her chief mate in hospital ashore for a broken arm and three cracked ribs given him by an Indian Ocean cyclone, got to his feet and came over. But his shipmate didn't.

Neither did one other man, alone at a distant table, his back to the company. He was dressed in white drill, taut across massive shoulders. Three furrows of a powerful neck were visible, and a ridge of iron-gray hair between the collar and a crush-felt hat that was plainly stained from all the salt and water that had drained from it. The square toe of one heavy boot just missed a small battered box of brown-stained wood that rested on the tiles with its small brass handle erect where he had set it down. Obviously he was keeping an eye on his sextant case. But other than that he was immobile.

"Old Blisterback Jack Bates!" the man from Derry was saying again. "Now there was a skipper to boom it along!"

"So you knew him too?"

"Lord love us, Mr. P. & O.; don't be gay. You show me a lad along this coast who don't know old Jack Bates an' I'll show you the sailor who don't know his job. He taught the lot of us half of what we know. The other half we ain't learned yet. Did I know him?"

The man from Derry flickered one eyelid emphatically. "He was the toughest driver ever walked a quarter-deck. But he was dead on the level an' I'll take my hat off to him. He was a skipper, Jack Bates was!"

"That's right," the parched and lanky China coasting master agreed at once. "I'll bet a fiver there ain't a ship, sail or steam within forty parallels ain't got officers in her he didn't train himself. He made mates and skippers. And he made good ones, too. 'Cause he knew how to make men act like men. Fact! S'help me."

"Sure! But where's he now? What does it get him?" the P. & O. mate wanted mournfully to know.

"He was in the Cape Horn nitrate trade, too, before he went into steam. I was A. B. under him in the three-mast Yankee barque Balmoral. That ain't so awful long ago. He was bringing his wife and kid daughter around to the west coast with him. And while he was clawing for westing in the howling Cape Stiff hurricanes his wife died of pneumonia in the flooded cabin right under his feet. I know! I was there.

"He couldn't even go down to take hold of her hand. He had a ship to look after. And he looked after her, too! Lashed to the mizzen fife rail like a frozen corpse while them green Cape Horners 'most drowned him. Why wouldn't a man's face get tough and bitter? His did. . . . Well, the kid lived anyhow. Must be about twenty-one by now, I guess."

"BUT what about Blisterback? He tries to swallow the anchor and he puts all his savings into this crazy rubber company. And they strip his feathers clean for him. So he's on the beach. Can't even get shipment home third class as a destitute seaman. And he's got master's certificates in sail and extra master in steam. So what? They're Yankee tickets. Where does he get command of a Yankee ship for home out of S'pore? Maybe he can ship as a workaway!"

"That's what you get, digging holes in the ocean all your life. But Blisterback Jack Bates sign on as a workaway? Don't make me laugh. He'd sooner rot!"

The bosun of the American tramp ship Semiramis nodded solemnly. "Well, now, I'll tell you," he said, "old Jack Bates ain't gonna—"

"To hell with old Jack Bates!"

(Continued on page 35)

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Another Little Drink

By Walter Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

How to cure your wife of attitudes—especially right ones—toward your favorite little vices

THIS story is about a Miss Mary Wayne who married a man to reform him in the fall of 1935. The man she married was a Mr. Duncan Crocker and he was pretty depraved all right. He tried to plan on going to bed drunk about three nights a week. When he was sober he wrote adventure stories for children, which were popular and really very charming and nicely supplemented a moderate inherited income. When he was drunk he was charming too, though hardly in a vein suitable for children. I won't go so far as to say that he was always a gentleman in his cups but he was always entertaining. And though sometimes vulgar, he was never common.

Of course, if this had not been so, he would hardly have appealed to Miss Wayne. She was charming herself and there were plenty of white sheep for her to choose from without having to pick a black one. But somehow, to her, the sheepishness of the white sheep was more apparent than their whiteness. But Mr. Crocker fascinated her. She thought of him as wicked and it thrilled her. She thought of him as weak and she wanted to help him. But she never thought of him as a souse.

Miss Wayne was slim and dark and intense. She was always getting interested in movements without knowing much about them. One or two of her friends were armchair radicals and once in a while she went out picketing with them. She thought it was fun because she met such interesting people. Once she met Heywood Broun.

SO IT wasn't hard for Mr Crocker to cast a spell over her. And he really was in love with her. And she, I suppose, with him. What is being in love anyway? She certainly wanted to marry him and so she did and they took an apartment in the East Sixties and Mr. Crocker went out and got drunk regularly three nights a week and sometimes Mrs. Crocker went with him and sometimes she sat up and lectured him when he came in, and Mr. Crocker hiccuped happily and said, "You're perfeckly right, my darling," and fell asleep and she undressed him and put him to bed and they were quite happy.

Now the spirit of adventure often draws people to strange, exotic and glamorous lands; they go so that their lives may be exciting. And my guess is that it was no different with Mrs. Crocker. Mr. Crocker to her was a tiger-haunted jungle full of lovable and fascinatingly wicked natives. But living in the jungle is not the same as reading about it at home by a winter fire. The glamor may still be there but it is poor protection against submarginal living conditions. And after about a year of it Mrs. Crocker began to feel sort of gloomy. Most of her respectable friends had deserted her and even the rowdy ones were not much good to her, for they were either openly offering advice or covertly offering pity, both of which made her mad. But what really bothered her most was that she hadn't reformed Mr. Crocker. She began to feel that she was a failure.

Of course, during all this, Mr. Crocker was changing too. He was a drinker from choice rather than compulsion and at first he was very happy. His view was the reverse of Mrs. Crocker's. He was on the inside of the jungle looking out and her glamor to him was something almost angelic—a white light of purity and goodness. It is hard to know just how he felt about her unless you are a kind of a bum yourself. I can just barely get an inkling of it.

SO AT first Mr. Crocker felt very tender whenever he thought of Mrs. Crocker. Sometimes when he was out drinking he would get to feeling that way and the more he drank the tenderer he felt and when he got home his heart would be just bursting with tenderness. Mrs. Crocker would be sitting up for him and she would be very sweet to him and chide him gently and if he could still talk he would agree with her and promise never to do it again and they would have wonderful reconciliation scenes and sometimes he even wept. She almost always did. It was all very affecting and beautiful.

Well, with things going so nicely the idea of giving up drinking seemed rather silly to Mr. Crocker. That is the main reason why women who marry men to reform them so seldom succeed. The treatment is so much pleasanter than a cure. Mr. Crocker had really wanted to give it up for some time or at least to taper off a bit, for it interfered with their social life, which was quite different now that he was married, as well as with many of the things he would have enjoyed doing with his wife. And also with his work, which he really liked. Many an evening as he was leaving the house he would look wistfully at his typewriter and the half-finished story of wild adventure in the South Seas, which seemed much more exciting and entertaining to him than a procession of drinks and determinedly gay people in some café. But I expect he was too much in love with his wife to give it up.

But when Mrs. Crocker began to feel

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Mr. Crocker stepped forward and grabbed him by the arm. "Your fall, Ranse," he said. "Come on, get up. Best two falls out of three, you know"

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ROLLING UP FROM RIO

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

IFOR THOMAS

Here's Maria do Carmo da Cunha, pint-sized riot who is here from Brazil to help put Broadway back on its feet. She's hard to talk to but easy to look at

HENCEFORTH it will be possible to send any Broadway producer into hysterics merely by calling the fifth month of the year "The Merry Month of May." That is because May, 1939, was one of the worst months in the history of that serio-comic institution, the theater, due to competition from Grover Whalen's little show over in the Flushing flats.

June started off as badly or worse. Then word reached Broadway that a new show, a musical, was about to open, and it was widely assumed that the four men behind it were insane. As a matter of fact, two of them *were* on the dotty side: Olsen and Johnson, whose Hellzapoppin was among the few productions that didn't fold. But the other two were Messrs. J. J. and Lee Shubert, who had been around quite a while and have done rather well financially.

In due course the musical, The Streets of Paris, opened and was acceptable, although far from sensational. Sensational was, however, the word for a lady from Brazil who calls herself Carmen Miranda and who appeared for exactly six minutes at the end of the first act. During that brief spot the señorita sang four songs in her native tongue and did a lot more. The songs were not listed in the program and nobody, unless there were Brazilians in the house, had the faintest notion of what they were about. Precisely four words were intelligible, and these constituted Carmen's only plunge into English. The four which were in her final number and which she repeated several times, were "the Souse American Way." These didn't mean much, either, but they implied that the South American way was very excellent indeed.

The connection may not be direct but the theater business started to pick up immediately after The Streets of Paris opened and the upturn was reflected all along Broadway. Miss Miranda really did stop the show, despite being limited to six minutes, and she got raves from the critics who had been forced to come to town from their mountain and seashore vacation retreats. The scholarly Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times got so excited that he referred to her "Spanish" songs. Next day he had to apologize and point out that she sang in Portuguese which is, of course, the language of Brazil. Nothing, though, could have been of less importance than her language.

The Streets of Paris opening was a pleasant but not an exciting evening until, at approximately 10 o'clock, six young men carrying various Latin-American musical instruments appeared on the stage and were followed by a vibrant young woman wearing an exotic dress, wrapped with yards and yards of beads, and a turban hat with bananas, peaches, pears and other fruit-stand wares on it. This was the señorita, and she proceeded to sing in a soft, throaty mezzo at an astonishing speed. She was of medium height, with red-brown hair and light brown eyes. But the magic of her appeal lay in the degree to which she seemed to be having an enormously good time; that, and in the implication that she loved everybody in general and all men in particular.

In this day of strip acts, it should be noted that Miss Miranda does not remove a single garment and that her only appeal to the baser emotions is a slight, slight swaying of her hips. It should also be recorded that the only portion of her more intimate anatomy visible is an inch or two of tummy between her skirt and her blouse. She is already a little bit worried about that.

"De meedle, he gets too teeck in North America," she told one fascinated interviewer. "Always I eat in dis contree. De eat is ver-ree good. I must stop heem."

Anyway, that's how the reporter wrote it. Since Carmen Miranda's arrival, the newspaper readers of the United States have been treated to innumerable strange reproductions of how a Brazilian singer speaks. I shall offer one of my own in a little while.

That Jake and Lee Shubert, who were smart enough to get her under exclusive contract, have another profitable asset in their discovery is fairly obvious. She is paid a rumored $750 a week for her six minutes in The Streets of Paris. Within a few days of the opening she was offered $1,000 a week to sing in a night club and was already big time on the air. It may be assumed that the Shuberts received a percentage of her outside earnings.

Just how their discovery was made must remain clouded in controversy, however. Certain facts are admitted. Last winter Mr. Lee Shubert was excessively weary with counting the money that rolled in from his enterprises, so he decided to hop the Normandie of the French Line for a Souse American cruise. Mr. Marc Connelly, also of the theater, was similarly tired and so he booked passage on the Normandie, too. Nothing out of the way happened until the ship reached Rio de Janeiro.

A version of the finding of Miss Miranda, attributed to Mr. Connelly, is that Mr. Connelly went ashore in Rio and attended the Casino Urqua. The

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"Hold me, Miss Holliday, you know my temper," said Mr. Nutzhorn. "Hold me till he escapes"

The Big Numbers

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Mr. Sweetwynd invents a new kind of lottery, but the girl friend is not one to leave things to luck

PEEP, peep, people!" I called cheerily into the mike that morning, and blew my cuckoo whistle. "Six o'clock Crystal Spring Dairy time. The Peep o' Day Boy bringing you fresh news from everywhere and greetings from the Crystal Spring Dairy Company with thirty stores in the District of Columbia over station WSDC!"

It was my morning chore. Smiling at Lois, I launched into the script in the rack before me. Then I turned on a record, lighted a cigarette, sipped a glass of rich and vitaminized milk and gazed at Lois again. Mr. Nutzhorn, president of the Crystal Spring Dairy, supplied the script.

Station WSDC was broadcasting from the Crystal Spring Dairy's Eff Street store. It was a glassed-in booth and the customers coming in to patronize the milk bar for their breakfasts or to take home the makings watched me through the glass or looked in the open door behind me.

Lois was behind the milk bar as usual, but let me add quickly that Lois was far above her station in life. Lois is a cultured and refined girl, and a lady, and has been almost through high school.

The program was my news broadcast, the playing of three records, and announcing the winners of thirty half-pints of whipping cream. The script supplied thirty names and addresses of people in the District every morning—call for your half-pint at the Crystal Spring Dairy store nearest your home before eleven o'clock this morning.

It had become all the thing in radio, you remember, to give away something. A competing program on this same spot was giving burglar locks and Mr. Nutzhorn was giving whipping cream.

The program had run nine minutes of its allotted fifteen and I was switching onto the third record when a young fellow bustled through the door behind me and handed me a page of script with a dollar bill attached. "Peep, peep, Sweetwynd!" he called cheerily. He had my name. "I'm just in time, I see. Nutzhorn wants this to go on the air this morning instead of the thirty half-pints of whipping cream. He forgot this is his birthday and the anniversary of the Crystal Spring Dairy, and he wants to do something special. He says if you don't understand it look at the dollar bill."

He sat down on the piano bench in the booth and I looked at the dollar bill and read the script.

Mr. Nutzhorn claims that I should have seen it was a phony, but I wasn't reading it to see that; I was only running through for hard words I might hang up on. And you know, too, there is an air of good faith about real money that is bound to affect the judgment, and there was a real dollar bill.

I did not see any new words and when the record was played I spoke into the mike again.

"Peep, peep, people!" I said, reading this new page of script. "We have a nice surprise for you this morning in celebration of our president's birthday and the anniversary of the Crystal Spring Dairy Company! Take pencil and paper and write down the letters and figures I will read to you.

"Are you ready? . . . U 93034600 A Series 1935 A! Have you got that down? . . . Now write U 93034631 A. The only difference, you notice, is in the last two figures coming after figure 6. Now, the prizes this morning will be for all dollar bills from 601 to 630 inclusive. Thus you may have 601 or 602 and so on up. All such numbers are winning numbers, or thirty winning dollar bills in all!

"Bring the bills with the winning numbers before eleven o'clock this morning to the Crystal Spring Dairy store nearest your home and you will be presented in each case with a rich and delightful one-hundred-dollar bill! Isn't that a nice surprise? Peep, peep!"

I think I read it well. But when I was through, I got to wondering what had hit Mr. Nutzhorn that he was giving away thousands of dollars. It was not like Mr. Nutzhorn; he was very close. Although he liked Lois and always gave her a little pinch when he could, he never gave her more than eighteen dollars a week.

I turned to look at the young fellow.

"Nutzhorn!" he cried, stressing glad surprise as he looked out at the passing cars on Eff Street; and he jumped up and ran out.

MR. NUTZHORN did not come at once. The control man came from his slot in back of the booth and carried his control box out into Eff Street, going back to the broadcasting center.

I was having a rich and delicious glass of milk, irradiated with vitamins by the Crystal Spring's own process at the milk bar, and talking to Lois, when Mr. Nutzhorn arrived.

Mr. Nutzhorn is an exceptionally hearty and well-nourished person, being vitaminized from A to Z with plenty of good rich Crystal Spring Dairy milk and cream, with generous helpings of golden butter and cheese and day-fresh eggs, but his good red cheeks and brilliant eyes and springy step were more from temper than body-building foods on this occasion, I soon learned.

"What, Sweetwynd," he said, spacing and stressing to convey anger and grief, "did you mean by wanting to give away thirty one-hundred-dollar bills of my money instead of thirty half-pints of whipping cream?"

"And wasn't it a surprise to me, too, Mr. Nutzhorn," I said, trying appeasement. "I realize it is your birthday and anniversary—"

"It is not my birthday, Sweetwynd, and it is no anniversary! Drink your milk and eat your bread and honey; from here on you will get bread and water!"

Seeing Mr. Nutzhorn, Lois came from behind the milk bar, in case Mr. Nutzhorn wished to pinch her. Lois did not give a snap of her fingers for Mr. Nutzhorn, and her name for him was Tub o' lard, but Mr. Nutzhorn liked Lois, so Lois was always nice to him and let him pinch her.

She stood close to Mr. Nutzhorn, where he could pinch her if he so desired, and said, "The cashier asks, Mr. Nutzhorn, sir, is Baltimore all right? Or is it only the District, like for the half-pints. Baltimore is calling and wants the numbers."

The cashier of the milk bar took calls at this early hour, and she was holding the wire and looking through her one-dollar bills.

"Tell Baltimore to go plumb to—tell the cashier we are giving out no information," said Mr. Nutzhorn, and he did not pinch Lois. "And tell her to get me my lawyer! Put him in here."

He went into the booth where there was a telephone. I looked in at him through the glass. I had a shrewd suspicion now that there was something very phony about that page of script the fellow slipped me.

Mr. Nutzhorn spoke to his lawyer and gestured at him, and came out feeling no better.

"My lawyer says we are stuck! He says if we gave out that offer through the regular channels we are stuck no matter who did it to us. Three thousand dollars! Speak, Sweetwynd. Speak!"

I brought him back in and showed him the page of script and explained to him about the fellow, but Mr. Nutzhorn wasn't appeased and argued that everybody is supposed to have some brains, however little. It was trying, and I was much pleased to get away from it all and go sit in Lafayette Park, having no broadcast till the P. M.

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Lois thought she knew the fellow who had got me into trouble.

She said, "Hun"—my given name is Hunter and Lois calls me Hun—"what did Joe want when he went in the booth and spoke to you?"

I said, "Do you know him, Lois, that you call him Joe?"

She said, "No, I don't know him at all. Only I think he came into the milk bar once and watched your broadcast."

I said, "He got me into big trouble!"

"Oh, the snoozer," said Lois. "I'll wring his neck."

THAT was when I went back to the store to sneak in and get my hat. Mr. Nutzhorn looked out of the offices in the rear and caught me talking to Lois, and he gave me good news for a moment.

"We have heard from all the stores, Sweetwynd, and we were hit only once! All we had to pay out was one single hundred dollars!"

"Well, now, Mr. Nutzhorn," I said, sighing with relief, "isn't that the mercy! I will be more careful tomorrow, Mr. Nutzhorn."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Nutzhorn, unappeased. "The mercy, Sweetwynd, is that nobody listens to your broadcast. I'll talk to Mr. Linch and we'll have a new Peep o' Day Boy here tomorrow!"

I was working, you understand, for the broadcasting chain and not Mr. Nutzhorn. But if Mr. Nutzhorn howled to Mr. Linch, who was Eastern manager of our chain, it would be no rich golden butter on my salary check. I might find myself announcing for fresh butterfish from the tail of a wagon.

Surely there was some explanation of why but one of my vast unseen audience had come in to claim a crisp, fresh hundred-dollar bill.

I went over to 14th Street, to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing where they make the money, and told a subdirector of my mortifying experience.

He laughed.

"Mr. Sweetwynd," he said, "what is surprising is that you had to pay even once! Assuming that everybody in the District, or six hundred thousand-odd people, listened to you this morning—"

"Yes, sir," I said attentively, "we'll agree on that."

"No," he said, "we won't agree, we'll assume. There are four big broadcasting systems in the District and many small; but assuming! And assuming that they all had all their money ready in hand to look at, you would still be talking to only about one half of one per cent of all the dollar bills in circulation.

"But, Mr. Sweetwynd. Assuming that one half of our people had something to do besides play the radio at six in the morning, and assuming that you got one quarter of what audience there was, and that not more than half their money was in the bank, your chance of making a hit was thirty in—just a moment—oh, about thirty in thirty-two hundred, or less than a hundred-to-one shot."

I took out the dollar bill which had been pinned to the script the fellow handed me and which I had put in my pocket, as nobody seemed to own it.

"This number—U 93034600 A Series 1935 A. Is this the only dollar bill with those numbers and letters, sir?"

"The only one. Every bill is unique, and no duplicates."

I went back to see Mr. Nutzhorn.

"How's business, Mr. Nutzhorn?" I inquired politely.

"Business, Sweetwynd," he said, "is looking up! It seems there was a rumor around that we were offering to give away hundred-dollars bills to anybody who had a dollar and people dropped in and we did four per cent more business this morning. If we could only keep up that trend for six months we would bust the Samson Lock and Hardware Company like a rotten egg, and let them offer their valuable prizes of burglar locks! But who can give away three thousand dollars every morning?"

THE Samson Lock and Hardware was Mr. Nutzhorn's biggest competitor because they broadcast on another chain in the Peep o' Day Boy period.

"Mr. Nutzhorn," I said, "what will you say, sir, when I tell you that you had only one chance in a hundred of anybody collecting a hundred-dollar bill from you this morning?"

"I will say, Sweetwynd," he said, "that this is a blessing in disguise as it has let me find out that nobody listens to you. But have you the face to tell me so yourself? Myself, Sweetwynd, I never did like your voice and you should see the swell letters I am getting about you every morning. Here is a stack of them right here!"

"Ah, my public, sir."

"Yes, your public, Sweetwynd. One says you sound like a lovesick wang-doodle, and another says you have a lovely voice for hollering fish up a dark alley, and another says he had to get right up from his breakfast. That's the way they write about you."

I dropped the subject right there.

"Mr. Nutzhorn," I said, "let us think constructively and be calm and objective." And I gave him the facts and figures I had from the subdirector in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

"So you see, Mr. Nutzhorn," I concluded, "you could offer three thousand dollars every day in the week, and you wouldn't have to put out three thousand dollars more than once in a hundred days on the average, or an average of thirty dollars a day! And you would save thirty half-pints of whipping cream and your sales would go bounding along."

(Continued on page 37)

"Peep, peep, people!" I said. "We have a nice surprise for you this morning in celebration of our president's birthday"

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The tender and overturned locomotive were surrounded by a mass of splintered wood that had been a freight-train caboose and several freight cars

Casey Jones was the Rounder's Name

By Quentin Reynolds and Roland Collons

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

No callous song writer thought up the tragedy of Casey Jones. Jones was a real person and a capable engineer. This is his story

SIM WEBB put in a little more fire and then he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and looked up to where Casey Jones was sitting with the throttle in his hand. Sim Webb was a strong, lithe-limbed Negro and the muscles rippled smoothly under his skin. He was a mighty proud man—Sim Webb was. He was firing on Engine No. 382, a brand-new locomotive, and he was firing for Casey Jones, as capable a man as ever pushed a train through the night at seventy miles an hour.

Casey's name was really John Luther Jones but when he went to work for the Mobile & Ohio, back in 1882, he found that there were already three John Joneses on the road. He was about eighteen then, a big laughing-eyed kid with strong hands. (Now, in 1901, he was thirty-six.) The first night he sat down to dinner with the other brakemen someone asked him his name. When he said John Jones they all laughed.

Bose Lashley, one of the brakemen, said, "Kid, where do you come from?"

The kid said, "I come from a place called Cayce, over in Kentucky."

"Well," Bose said, "we got too many John Joneses around here now. From now on you're Casey Jones."

Jones grinned amiably and from that moment on he was Casey Jones. He became a fireman on the Mobile & Ohio and he fired for men like Jim Gaffney and Bill Ruffin and they called him Casey. In 1888, when he went to work for the Illinois Central, he was known to every railroad man in that part of the country as Casey. But he was Mr. Jones to Sim Webb. There was a strong distinction between firemen and engineers. All Sim Webb had to do was to put in more fire when Casey asked for it. Casey Jones ran the train. He was runnin' it fast now. They had pulled out of Memphis an hour and thirty-five minutes late and already they'd made up most of that time.

Actually it wasn't Casey's run. He and Sim Webb had come into Memphis after their run from Canton to find that Joe Lewis, who was scheduled to take No. 1 south, had reported sick. They asked Casey and Sim to "double out" back to Canton and Casey grinned and said, "Sure, we can use that extra money."

Sim nodded happily because he lived only to get in that cab back of Casey, feeding Casey's fire. Yes, they'd left Memphis an hour and thirty-five minutes late. It was an overcast night and rain squalls now and then hit Sim in the face when he stuck his head out the opening. No. 382 was steaming well, as railroad men say, and Casey opened that throttle. By the time he roared through Sardis, Miss., he'd picked up thirty-five minutes. When he reached Grenada, he was only half an hour behind schedule.

Now he headed for the next station, Vaughan, Miss. Just beyond Vaughan was the town of Canton where Casey's run ended, and Casey had a surprise for Canton. Sim Webb, thinking about it, grinned. He had a new whistle, too. Engineers then had individual whistles, they weren't standardized as they are now. Casey's new one had a peculiar high screech to it. Trainmen, working on the tracks, telegraph operators—they could all tell who was handling an incoming train just by the sound of the whistle. Sim Webb looked up when Casey Jones called him.

Casey turned a smiling face to him and said, "Sim, wait till they hear that new whistle we put on at Memphis."

"That'll wake 'em up, Mistah Jones," Sim Webb said.

"It's a nice whistle," Casey said, and then stuck his head out of the opening to look ahead.

They roared through Pickens, seven miles north of Vaughan, and Casey

(Continued on page 44)

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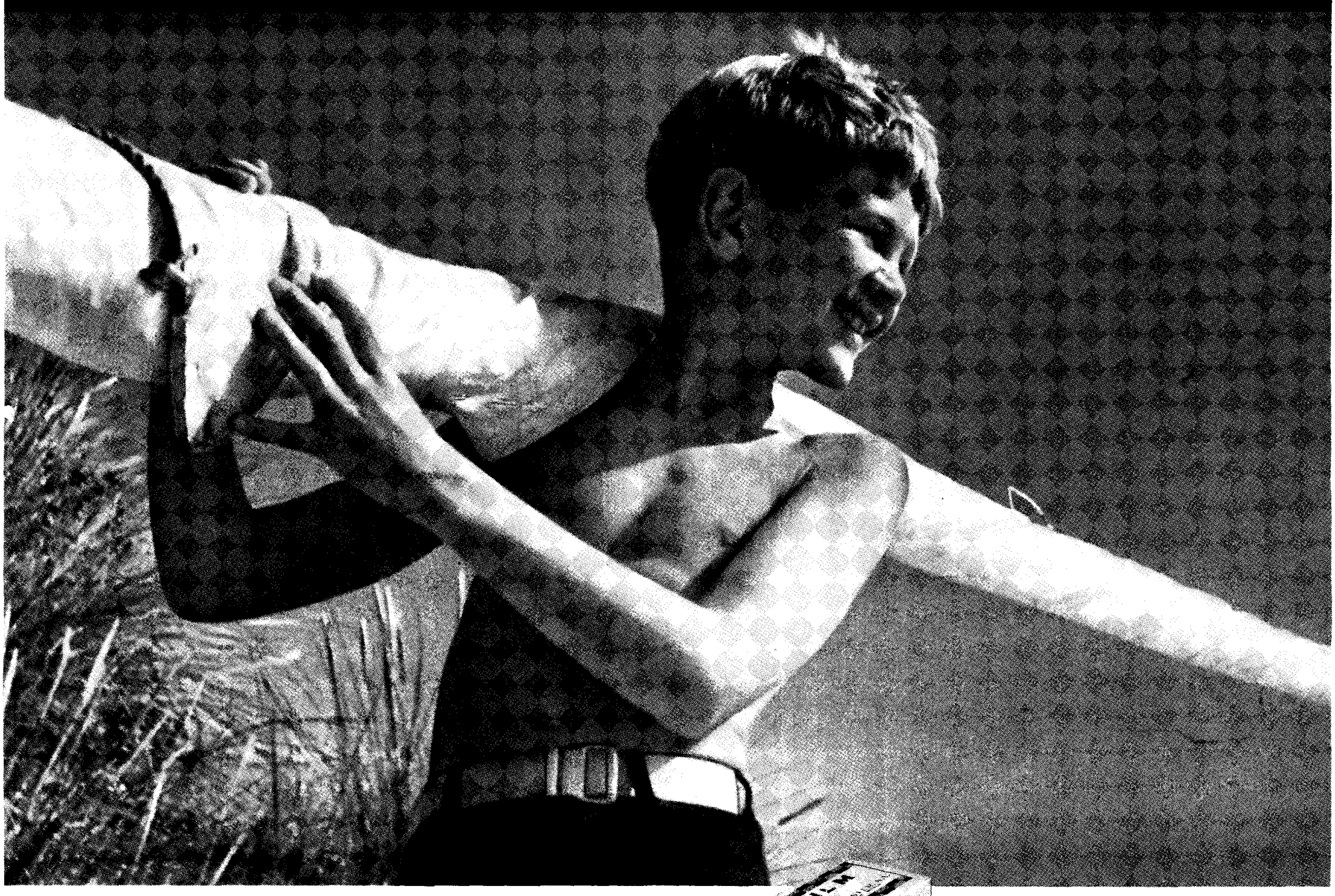

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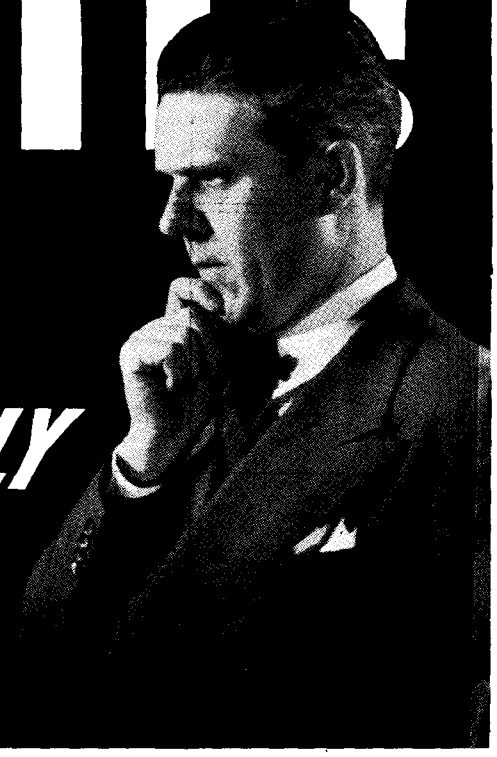

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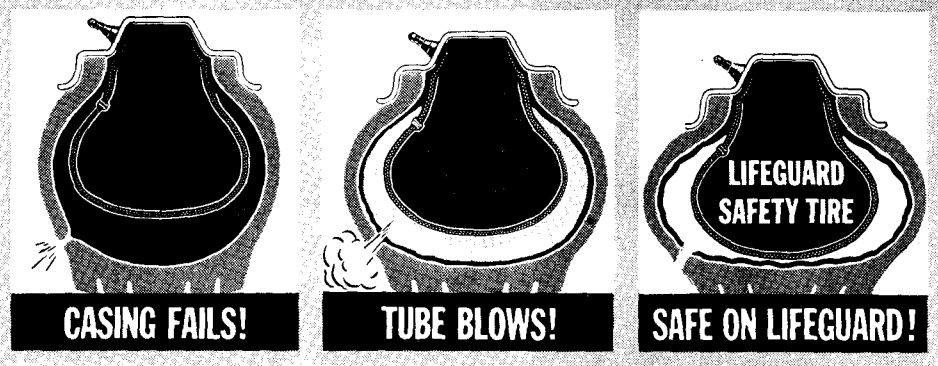

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Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

Continued from page 17

was questioning the items. I had to be the witnesses and the defense attorney all in one and, believe me, I talked fast.

I stood there talking for four solid hours. I pulled out all the stops on my organ, and I invented more complicated procedures for Milton than he had ever dreamed possible. I took out a pencil and paper and drew diagrams, and added up columns of fancy figures, and I waved my arms until I was soaking wet. I could see the Dutchman getting cooler, and Milton getting easier.

"Well," I said finally, "that's the story, Arthur. You're going to be fair, aren't you?"

The Dutchman looked at Bernard sheepishly.

"Milton," he said, "we owe you some money, don't we?"

"Yes," I said, picking him up quick. "I figure it is around $2,000."

"Well, you take Milton right down to Abe Landau," said Schultz, "and tell him to give Milton that $2,000 right away."

When we got on the train, going back to town, Milton just put his head in his hands and cried like a baby. He had never expected to come out of there alive. And his gratitude to me! He could never square things up. And that's the guy who went on the witness stand for Jimmy Hines last winter and told a story that made my testimony seem false. There's gratitude!

Death Warrant for Bo Weinberg

Other days elation alternated with Schultz's ferocity. He was looking for new worlds to conquer. One day when I came in, Schultz leaped up at me, erupting with excitement.

"Dick, I got the best heavyweight prospect in the world!" he shouted, and pointed to a big youngster who was standing there in the room. "Nathan, strip! Show Dick your shoulders."

So this kid stripped off his shirt and started expanding his chest, and I thought it was never going to stop swelling up.

"I'm going to turn him over to Marty Krompier and we'll make a million dollars!" cried the Dutchman. The kid was an Italian and he called himself Nathan Mann. I've heard of fighters taking Irish or Italian names but this was the first time I ever heard of an Italian taking a Jewish name. Anyway, Marty looked after the kid from then on.

Another day when I had to go to Bridgeport I had a real shock. I walked in through a series of rooms and found the Dutchman in an inner chamber, talking with Lulu Rosenkrantz and a couple of other fellows. As I came through the door I overheard one little remark, and it sent ice through me.

"We'll take Bo," said the Dutchman. "But we gotta be careful."

There are times in this world when a man needs self-control, and that was one time, I will boast, when I had it. I didn't flick an eyelash, but kept right on into the room, as if I hadn't heard a word.

"Hi, Pop," I said. "What's doing?"

I was as gay as I could be, but drumming through my head were those words: "We'll take Bo, but we gotta be careful."

I hurried back to town and told George Weinberg to warn his brother. But George insisted I do it. He said Bo wouldn't pay any attention to him. He was just Bo's little brother. So I went to Bo myself.

"Bo, I've got to tell you something," I said. "But first you've got to swear something on your mother's life. You've got to promise me not to take another drink."

"What's this about, kid?"

"Bo, it's worth my life to tell you this," I said. "But if you get drinking you will blab it all over and people will know I told you and I'll get killed."

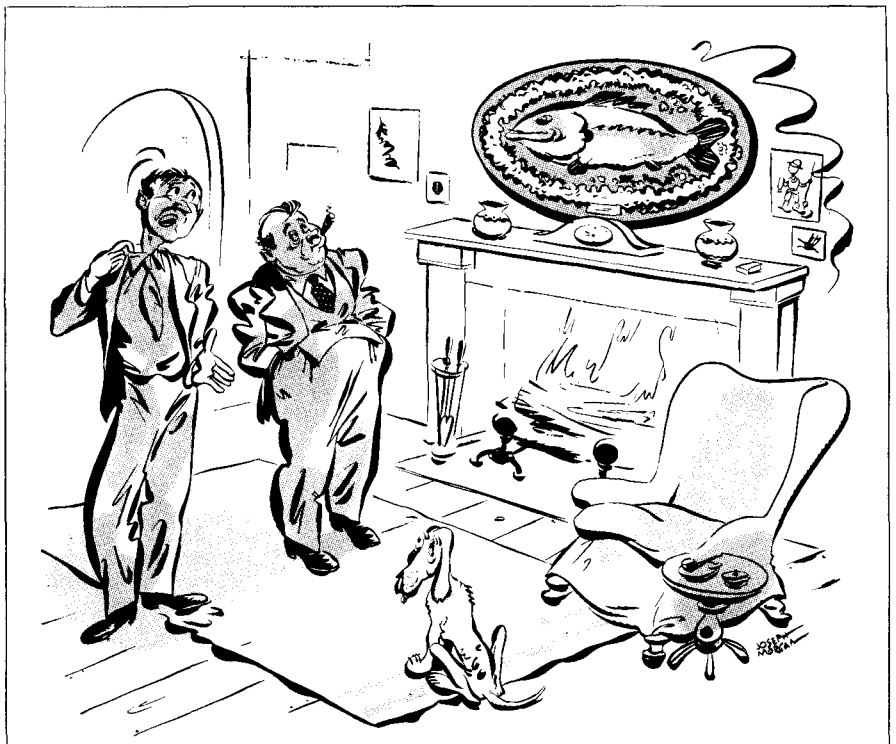
So finally he promised me.

"May I never live to see my mother again, if I take another drink," said Bo. And I told him what I had heard.

"Huh," said Bo. "Them boy scouts can't take me."

"They can't if you're sober," I told him. "But if you're drinking they'll take you."

During the next two weeks Bo stood by his word. Then I had to go to Washington and I got back one night at midnight. Sam Grossman, one of Schultz's beer men, was at the station to meet me. He was white and haggard.



"Oh, yes, I caught him—but the mashed potatoes and parsley were my wife's idea" JOSEPH MORGAN

"Dick," said Sam, "Bo is dead."

"Nuts," I said; "they can't take him sober, and he promised me on the life of his mother that he would stay on the wagon."

"He fell off, last night," said Sam. "Freddie's wife was celebrating her birthday, and they went to a night club. They all got drunk, and going home Lulu potted him. Lulu and Freddie done the job."

"Freddie's his best friend," I argued. Freddie wasn't this guy's real name. I can't use that, because he is still alive and walking the streets. He had been with Bo on that Maranzano shooting. They had probably done a dozen murders together. Only a week before this I had heard him tell the Dutchman himself, "I owe everything to Bo; he's the only one who ever did anything for me."

I rushed to a telephone and called up George Weinberg. I just said hello and told him I was back. Then I went back to Sam.

"It isn't true, Sam," I told him. "If Bo was dead, George would be gloomy. But he is very cheerful."

"He ain't heard it yet," insisted Sam. "But it is all around town that they set his body in concrete and dumped it in the East River."

I had to find out about this, so I chased over to Grand Central, and caught a train for Bridgeport. It may seem strange to say it about a murderer, but I loved Bo. He was such a big, good-natured bum.

I got to Bridgeport about two o'clock in the morning, and the lights were shining over the transoms of Schultz's suite. I knocked. The door opened a crack, and Lulu peeked out at me, then swung it wide. The Dutchman was sitting there, with a gun trained on the door. It looked like a cannon, the biggest pistol I have ever seen.

"Oh, it's only Dick," said Schultz. He smiled a funny smile and put the gun down. "We was expecting trouble."

Then I knew. It was true. The Dutchman was expecting trouble. Bo was dead.

We went into the next room, and Schultz closed the door, and turned to me with a queer, solemn look in his eye.

"Dick, Bo is dead," he told me. "It was an accident. We certainly will miss good old Bo."

I just looked at him, blank, saying nothing.

"It was an accident, Dick," repeated the Dutchman. "I didn't have nothing to do with it. He was sitting in the car between a couple of the girls, and Lulu's gun went off. But you know, Dick, maybe it was just as well. Bo had been giving me a lot of trouble lately. I loved Bo, there was no one like Bo, but he had been stirring up a lot of trouble in this mob. But, damn it, Bo had been getting too big for himself lately. He was always too thick with that mob downtown.

"Remember three years ago, how he landed that load of liquor in the Bronx for them for nothing?"

I have always had to watch my tongue. But this moment was once when I lost my self-control. I heard myself talking and I couldn't stop.

"Arthur," I said softly, "you're the boss in this mob. It seems mighty strange to me that a thing like that could happen and you not know it. It seems mighty queer to do that without an okay."

I managed to stop there, paralyzed with fear. I can't describe those rages of the Dutchman, blistering hot and icy cold. Paper wouldn't hold the words. For five minutes it seemed the air in there was smoking with blasphemies and obscenities. He cursed Bo Weinberg with fuming sulphurous fury. He reached for his gun, but, thank God, he had left it in the other room.

Believe me, I was thinking fast. He would be out of breath in a minute, and I had to say something.

"Arthur," I said, still speaking softly, "this is a risky business we're in, isn't it? I tried to get life insurance the other day, and they wouldn't give it to me because I was in the racket. But then I thought of something and it cheered me up. It's that brewery of yours up in Yonkers."

This brewery really wasn't worth much, but the Dutchman still thought he was going to make a fortune out of it. "You remember we had to have a front to get a license when beer became legal?" I went on. "So I got the stock issued in the name of the front, but he endorsed it all over to me, and it's in my safety-deposit box."

Lethal Praise

The Dutchman was listening intently now. His fury seemed to have passed.

"So that was what I thought about the other day, Arthur. If I should die unexpectedly that brewery will belong to my family."

Suddenly Schultz had his arm around my shoulders; he was patting me on the back. It was just the way I had seen him do it to Bo, a hundred times.

"Why, Sonny Boy," said the Dutchman, "you know I wouldn't harm a hair of your head!"

I got out of there quickly. I started to walk to the station, then found myself jumping away from shadows and running. When I got to the station I was sprinting. There was a milk train just pulling out. I chased it and caught on the last car.

I sat on the train trying to get my breath. He won't kill you, I told myself. He'll never kill you as long as he needs you. You've got to keep on playing the game. He won't kill you while he needs you.

But that didn't stop the quivering in my stomach.

Day had broken when I got home. All the lights were still on and Hope had been up all night waiting for me, scared to death. I sat down and told her all about it.

"Dick, you've simply got to do something or I'm going to take control of this myself," she said. "You've got to make a complete break with all these bums and do it immediately, or I'm through."

Well, I was all for it. I wanted to make the break. But I didn't know how to do it.

As soon as Schultz's income-tax affairs could be all washed up, I would be able to break away. But it was certain George Weinberg was in immediate danger. If the Dutchman had got rid of Bo, he would also want to get rid of George.

The Dutchman himself broke the news to George about Bo. I didn't have the heart to tell him myself. George idolized his bad big brother. That time when George had gone to the penitentiary he had really been innocent and was taking the rap for Bo, to keep him from being sent up as a second offender.

"I asked Schultz for the body," George sobbed to me. "I wanted to bury

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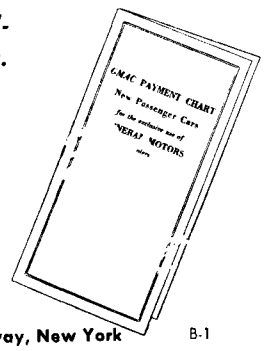

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it. He told me, 'It may be at the bottom of the ocean now, George; I would get it for you if I could.' "

Of course George did not show that he blamed Schultz, but he wanted to get out right away. We talked it over. We figured he was safe for a while, for the policy game was then operating on numbers from a track where we had a fix in. George was needed to operate the fix.

I will have to explain that. Very soon after the Dutchman had entered the policy racket, it had become clear some means was needed of avoiding "bad" numbers. Harlem people playing the lottery are like sheep, following dream books and mass hunches, and if one of the favorite numbers hit, it was very bad. One day when the number 769 came up the banks were hit for $140,000, and a few hits like that would wreck the whole works.

How the Fix Was Worked

The fix was accomplished through a fellow named Otto Biederman, more commonly known as Abba Dabba, because he was a wizard with figures. Abba Dabba was a horse handicapper who worked at the pari-mutuel tracks, doing the rapid calculations necessary to figure up the pay-offs, and it was on these pari-mutuel figures that the policy pay-off was based. Abba Dabba was given $10,000 a week to grease the way, and it was his job to give us the figure we wanted for the third digit of the policy number. To do that he had to slip in a bet in the split second after the seventh race was completed, just the right amount to bring up the wanted number. How he did it I don't know. All I know is that he did it.

But another expert was needed in the fix. Somebody had to figure up the policy slips fast in the banks, know in a hurry which numbers were bad and which were good out of the ten digits possible in the final race. That man was George, and he told Abba Dabba what to do. He was the Dutchman's best expert in the business end of policy.

So one day I was with Schultz when George Weinberg came in and went into a private huddle with the Dutchman.

"Hi, Dick!" shouted Schultz a moment later. "George wants to quit! Did you advise it?"

"No, certainly not," I said as innocently as I could.

"But why should he quit?"

"That's what I want to know," I said.

George explained he wanted to go straight. He and his wife had two kids, and had decided he should be in something safer.

"You're not blaming me for Bo, are you?" cried Schultz.

"No, I'm not blaming you," said George. "But things like that happen."

Schultz argued, protested, banged the table without effect, then he made the generous gesture we had anticipated.

"George, you'll need money," he said. "You can have any amount you want. You know I like you as well as I liked Bo, and you know how fond I was of Bo. Will $25,000 be enough? You take it out of the numbers, and tell them to charge it to me. Only do me one favor. Don't leave while the numbers are fixed."

We knew the Dutchman so well. He had reacted automatically, just as we had expected. We might even have predicted what happened the next day.

George heard about that later. Schultz sent a message to one of the big men in the downtown mobs, one of Bo's old pals, that he wanted to kill George, and did they have any objection? It is an old custom in the underworld to get an okay to kill, an almost invariable courtesy; and, apparently to his regret, Schultz had neglected this when Bo was killed. Schultz received a message back: He's your man, go ahead and do what you want.

But that exchange, I believe, cast the final die that sealed Schultz's fate. I have told you how much everyone in the underworld thought of Bo Weinberg. The mobsters loved him, and his death sent a wave of resentment, grief and indignation through the town.

Schultz was in the headlines every day now, and also on people's tongues. Along Broadway and Seventh Avenue, in the hangouts, you would hear fellows say: "Where does he get off to act that way? Who does he think he is?" They wouldn't have dared talk that way about the Dutchman before.

You know how it is on a hot, sultry summer day, when the air is filled with foreboding, and it just has to blow up a thunderstorm? That was the way it was now around Schultz, and everything connected with him.

The storm broke a few days later. The whole country was shocked by its violence.

The fifth of this series of articles will appear next week.

Rolling Up from Rio

Continued from page 23

chief attraction was an exotic singer who, he was informed, was known through the vast reaches of South America. Mr. Connelly listened to Carmen, understood nothing at all except that she was good and hustled back to the ship. Not being a musical comedy producer, he did not want Miss Miranda, himself, but he graciously told Lee Shubert to hurry to the Casino and hear her. Mr. Shubert did.

That isn't the Shubert version, however. According to C. P. Greneker, the Shuberts' public relations counsel, reports had been arriving from Rio for a year or two about how hot Carmen Miranda was. So Lee Shubert's South American cruise was not merely for pleasure. Numerous writers and composers were, at the time, busy on The Streets of Paris—in which Olsen and Johnson were partners—and new talent always helped a musical comedy. He went ashore, therefore, to get the exact low-down on Miss Miranda. The inevitable result was an offer to come to New York, to which she consented with one specification. She would have to bring along her own band.

"The President of Brazil," she said through an interpreter, "does not think it would be wise for me to come without my own band."

Mr. Shubert said he had no objection, but added that the expenses and salary of the musicians would have to come out of the total already agreed upon. He did not know, as yet, just what he had found.

They could have told him in Rio if he hadn't been in such a rush to get back to the Normandie and give a party for the lady who, he devoutly hoped, was to be his new star. Carmen Miranda had been a favorite in the casinos and night clubs for more than five years and only the barbaric provincialism of the United States had prevented her discovery long ago.

Maria do Carmo da Cunha—which is her real name and would burn quite a lot of current now that her name is in

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lights—was born in Lisbon, Portugal, some twenty-six years ago. Her father, who died last year, was José Pinto da Cunha and her mother Maria Emilia Miranda da Cunha. The family, clearly, went in for lengthy names. The origin of Carmen Miranda is easy to discern; the daughter borrowed her mother's maiden name and changed do Carmo into Carmen. Señor da Cunha was a commercial traveler who, when he lived in Lisbon, had an eye on the greater opportunities in Brazil. So after Maria do Carmo had safely been born he emigrated to Rio and sent for his family in a few months. There are four other children.

The émigrés prospered but did not grow rich in Brazil. Small Maria went to the usual schools and to a convent for a time. From the time she was fifteen she had a notion that she might sing and would sometimes take part in amateur productions. Her father and mother lived up to the traditional pattern of parents and said that no daughter of the José Pinto da Cunhas would be seen in public on the stage. Miranda—she had already changed her name—paid no attention at all and soon was given radio auditions. The next step was singing for the phonograph, which quickly made her famous and then brought offers from the casinos and night clubs. At no time has she taken singing lessons, which may account, in part, for the informal charm of her voice. The da Cunhas ultimately withdrew their objections and became violently proud of their offspring. Señora da Cunha now takes care of her fan mail and writes politely firm declinations to hot Latin expressions of love and even offers of marriage.

The señorita was a little alarmed over coming to the United States because, as she was to insist when she landed, she knew only twenty words of English and could not sing in that language at all. She need not have worried. First, because she seems to know quite a few more words than twenty. Besides, an actress or singer who murders English gets a lot more headlines than one who talks as though she had been brought up in Boston. A perfect example of this was Lili Damita, the screen star, who was imported by Sam Goldwyn and was nationally known at once merely because she talked like a leetle damn-fool French girl. Another is Lily Pons, the opera singer, whose lovely voice is never lovelier than when she prattles in broken English.

All Americans Talk About Money

Representatives of Brazil went down the bay to meet the Uruguay last May. So did representatives of the Shuberts, and so did the ship newsmen.

"I say monee, monee, monee," she told an amazed group on the boat before a single question had been asked. "I say twenty words of English. I say yes and no. I say hot dog! I say turkey sandwich and I say grapefruit."

Then she said she was quite willing to pose for the photographers with her attractive legs crossed. While this was going on somebody asked why she had taken the trouble to learn "monee, monee, monee." Miranda looked surprised. An interpreter stepped up, engaged in some rapid Portuguese and turned to the welcoming committee.

"She says everybody who comes to the United States learns to say money," he explained.

A moment of embarrassed silence followed this exhibition of commercialism. During it, the interpreter shot some questions at Miss Miranda again and she replied with a beaming smile.

"She says this is the golden dream of her life, to come here," he translated.

Lack of English was no great handicap during the rehearsals for The Streets of Paris, for Carmen's six-minute appearance has no particular connection with the show. She had an awful time at her hotel, though. Once she ordered coffee and rolls and received bacon and eggs instead. She had her troubles socially, too. At one party she informed a man she had just met that "my leetle sister has been compromised." She meant engaged to be married. When the show went to Boston for its trial run she was met at the station by a Brazilian delegation headed by Dr. Idelfonso Falcao, the consular representative. Carmen assumed that she was again to exhibit her English.

"I know tomato juice, apple pie and thank you," she said brightly. "De American mens is like potatoes."

Carmen's mind, as well as her English, obviously runs to food and there may, at that, be some danger to her "meedle" in this preoccupation. The comparison between American men and potatoes seemed a little hard to follow, though, and somebody asked whether she liked men, potatoes or both.

"I loff them!" she said all-inclusively.

Miranda Isn't Fussy

She loves to eat. Not being particularly domestic, she hasn't yet established herself on a housekeeping basis. So she sends to the corner drugstore for breakfast and is restrained enough at the first meal of the day. For lunch or dinner she likes substantial food and plenty of it. At home in Brazil, she is partial to black beans, chicken of every variety and gobs of rice. Here, being unable to get her native dishes conveniently, she goes in for hamburg steak, French fried potatoes, macaroni, spaghetti, white bread and milk. But Miranda isn't fussy. She likes nearly anything.

At this point two warnings should be given to my countrymen. The señorita has never been married but is, she says, in "loff" with a lawyer in Rio who is nine years her senior. And even if that weren't so, "loff" in relation to Carmen would run into money. Her specification in Brazil was that no caballero could woo her unless he owned 7,000 head of cattle. That is quite a lot of cows and would, quite apart from their cost, be difficult to herd into a New York penthouse.

"De public, he is veree good to me!" she said after her opening. "I cannot sleep from happeeness!"

De public, in actual truth, doesn't let her alone at all, and has made her life comparable with that in a madhouse. Inability to speak English or comprehensible French is one handicap. Another is a very bad memory. So she either gets things wrong or forgets them entirely. She lives by herself in an apartment on Central Park West, is constantly late, is constantly forgetting where she should be at any given time. Her only recreation, up to now, has been an occasional shopping expedition, and she likes to look in the windows on Fifth Avenue. When the current uproar dies down she plans to spend most of her days swimming on Long Island.

The excitement and confusion have not, on the other hand, caused the señorita to lose her head or to forget the basic purpose of her journey to the United States. No one was better aware than she of the hit she had made. A day or two after the opening she dropped in to see Lee Shubert and brought up the subject of her six musicians. Her contract specified that she was to pay them.

"You are beeg American millionaire," she told her boss. "You weel pay for my boys now?"

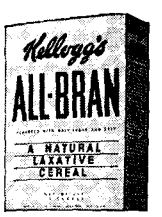
Mr. Shubert agreed that, all things considered, it was fair enough and said that he would.

ABBIE AN'SLATS —by Raeburn Van Buren

HERE! HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CLEANING OUT YOUR CLOSET, OLD CRANKY! I'VE COUNTED 49 KINDS OF CATHARTICS ALREADY!
MY! WAS HE MAD!
I KNOW WHAT'LL SMOOTH HIM--AND HELP HIS TROUBLE, TOO. YOU COME OUT IN THE KITCHEN WITH ME
DINNER THAT NIGHT....
THAT'S FOUR MUFFINS I'VE EATEN, ALREADY. THEY ARE GRAND! DID YOU MAKE 'EM, JUDY?
SLATS' COUSIN ABBIE MADE THEM--OUT OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN AND SHE SAYS IF YOU EAT THEM EVERY DAY OR TAKE A DISH OF ALL-BRAN WITH MILK OR CREAM, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER, TOO
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOME TIME LATER---
YOUR DAD AIN'T A CROSS-PATCH ANY MORE, JUDY. LOOK AT THIS MARVELOUS NEW SHAWL HE SENT ME. HIS NOTE SAYS, "FOR THE NICEST LITTLE FAVOR ANYONE EVER DID ME"

INSTEAD of letting yourself in for constipation, and then trying to cure it with "quick relief," why not try to *avoid* it? You can, if your trouble is the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet). How? By eating a crisp bulk-rich breakfast cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Sold by all grocers



Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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Willard "H-R"

Now built with

SAFETY-FILL — STOPS DANGEROUS CORROSION

A NEW WILLARD DEVELOPMENT

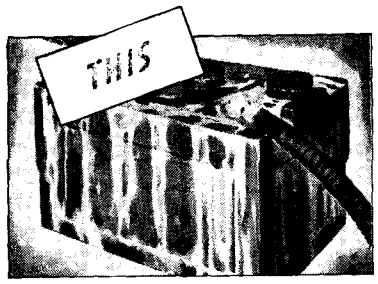
that gives you and your car Greater Protection

● Built to last 68% longer than the average of 100 other makes! Protected against internal short circuits with Willard's exclusive Thread Rubber insulation! Has reserve capacity to handle auto-radios, heaters and electrical accessories as well as give you quick positive starting under all weather conditions! And now built with Willard's new **Safety-Fill,** a positive protection against dangerous corrosion—a result of over-filling.

That's the new Willard "H-R"—the battery your car really needs! Now available at your Willard Dealers' at *no increase in price.* Be sure to see this "trail-blazing" battery.

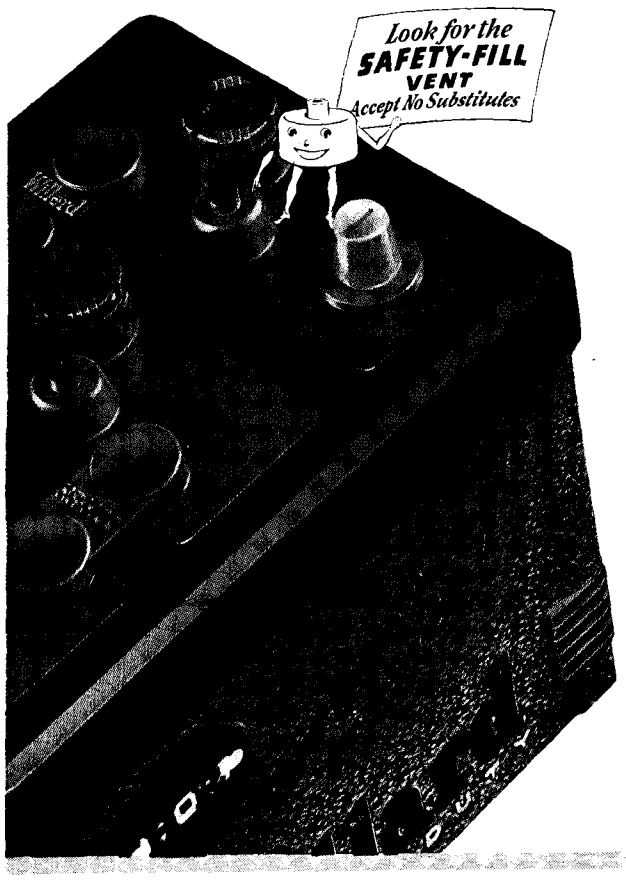
WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland • Dallas • Los Angeles • Toronto

When ordinary batteries are over-filled the excess electrolyte surges out through the vents. When blown onto the exposed parts of the car, this acid spray causes expensive damage and corrosion. *Willard Safety-Fill protects you against this!*

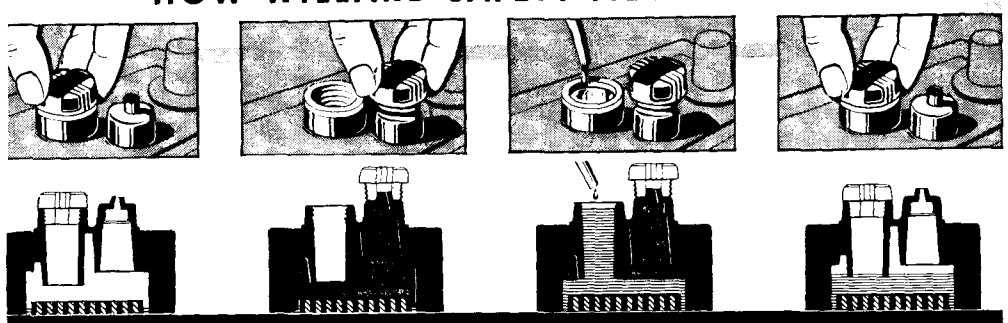


If this acid remains on top of the battery it produces corroded cables and terminals . . . and eats away the battery cradle . . . resulting in substantial power losses, unexpected starting failures and added expense. *Willard Safety-Fill protects you against this!*

Service men are virtually blindfolded when filling batteries so located that the level of the solution in each cell cannot be seen. And it takes only one over-filling to do untold damage. *Willard's Safety-Fill can't be over-filled—it's automatic—it's foolproof.*



HOW WILLARD *SAFETY-FILL* WORKS



To fill the battery, unscrew filler-cap as usual.

Place filler-cap on SAFETY-FILL vent, forming *air lock* in breather chamber under vent.

Add water till filler-well is nearly full. Air lock prevents solution rising above bottom of well.

Remove filler-cap from SAFETY-FILL vent to break *air lock*—solution drops to correct level.

It never drinks too much!

Some Like It Here

Continued from page 11

your going to England which is Tory stronghold stop strongly urge Switzerland and don't take Peggy as will need her for vitally important mission here stop besides Peggy in love with Roosevelt brain-truster stop love and bon voyage Shane."

"Send it collect," Mr. Corrigan added.

Joe disappointed him by not asking to see the reply to his mother's message. Nevertheless, Shane said, generously: "If she sends me the thousand I'll take you to China with me, Joe."

Sighing, Joe shook his head.

"Nope. I'll stay here and teach physics," he said.

"Well, shake a leg. I've got to pack!"

"Better wait till the thousand comes, Shaney," Joe said. "And, anyway, how about Sigrid? Will she go to China?"

Shane hesitated momentarily. Miss Sigrid Projohaczki, of the West Side Projohaczkis, was his current fiancée. Sweetest and fairest was she of all the daughters of the plain people to whom Shane had become engaged. No manicurist either, but an X-ray technician who stood firmly on her own shapely feet.

"Sigrid will marry me and go with me!" quoth Shane. "I repudiate this country and she'll repudiate it, too!"

"I dunno," Joe said, "Sigrid's always been right sensible, Shaney."

Like his mother, Shane Corrigan enjoyed exits and tag lines.

"Fascist!" he said.

MISS PEGGY CORRIGAN had liked the United States very well, all things considered, up to the moment of her quarrel with Mr. Robert P. Derrill, an assistant U. S. attorney general. This scene, which was to range Miss Corrigan with the anti-America bloc in the Corrigan family, occurred in midafternoon on a bridle path near Alexandria, Virginia. . . .

"I heard your speech on the radio last night."

"I'm glad, dear!"

"Oh, you are?"

"Why, of course—and flattered no end—"

"Oh, you are?"

"Why, Peggy—what's wrong?"

"Did you mean it when you said Guardians of America Inc. were a herd of swine squealing because they were afraid they'd be shoved away from the trough?"

"Yes, but—"

"And I suppose you were also quite serious when you said that you dared the officers and directors of this organization to make their names public?"

"Yes, but, Peggy—why on earth are you—"

"But of course you were jesting when you recommended putting hog rings in their noses so they couldn't root too deeply into the public domain?"

"Peggy, what is this? A gag?"

"No, Bob—it's not a gag."

"But I don't understand—"

"My father happens to be president of Guardians of America!"

"No!"

"Yes."

"Oh . . . I *am* sorry. I had no idea . . . I never dreamed that D. J. was—"

"Well, he is. And I can assure you that all the names will be made public as soon as articles of incorporation go through!"

"If I had only known— Peggy . . . wait—"

But Peggy, a small slim girl on a big chestnut horse, was riding off at a gallop. Pins bounced out of her hair and dark curls fell over her eyes. She rode in a rage of tears along the red clay path.

Assistant United States Attorney General Derrill spurred his own horse after her. He had been in many puddles of hot water since that day in 1933 when he left Harvard and rolled up his sleeves to make America over; but this, definitely, was the hottest. Let it not be inferred, however, that Bob Derrill, "the *beau sabreur* of the New Deal" (see New York Star, April 11, 1938) had ever shrunk from the white fire. He did not do so now.

OVERTAKING Peggy after a spirited dash that led them into the barn lane of the Jarvis estate, Derrill grabbed her bridle rein and forced her horse to stop.

"Now, Peggy dear, let's be sensible!"

"Please, Bob—I don't want to talk."

"But we *must* talk—if you're going to let a silly political argument—"

"It's what you think about *my* father!"

Bob Derrill winced and his eyes faltered under the level scrutiny of Peggy's glance. Personally and privately he thought D. J. Corrigan was a prince of privilege, a malefactor of great wealth, a robber baron, a pious pirate and one of the selfish few whose malicious machinations were keeping heaven from earth so long away. He had marveled from the first day he met Peggy Corrigan how she could have such a father. But he had kept these thoughts to himself, reasoning that, after all, a man does not marry his wife's father.

"Now, Peggy . . . I . . . uh . . . like your father."

Peggy shook her head, her voice flat under the weight of tragedy.

"No, Bob, you don't," she said. "You called him a swine."

"I beg your pardon, dear, but I did not!"

"You thought of him that way—"

"You've no right to interpret my thoughts—"

"I interpret your guilty look!" Then, the girl's anger flared. "*I* love D. J. I think he's swell! I think he's just as apt to be right about what's wrong with this country as you are! I'm proud of my father. He started from nothing—"

"Peggy, please—"

"Very well, I'll not go on. Here's the ring, Bob! I'm sorry, but it just won't work out. That's all. Goodby!"

She dropped the diamond into Derrill's hand, swung off her horse and ran toward the house.

"Peggy!"

PEGGY did not stop until she was in the Jarvis' guest room with the door locked. Then, she stopped very suddenly and collapsed on the bed, sobbing.

Poor little rich girl . . . that was just a laugh line at a night club. The heck it was! What use was it to be rich in this terrible, awful United States? Where did it get you? It got you in love with a handsome, brilliant New Dealer who thought being rich was a crime. Who detested your father and poked mean fun at him over the radio. Who wanted to put hog rings in your father's nose. And, oh, yes, in your nose too. That's what Bob really thought of her. He thought she was a little fat pig. A p-p-pig . . . hhhhhh . . .

"Peggy dear?"

"Y-hhh-yes?"

"Telegram for you!"

Peggy took the telegram through a crack in the door, hiding her tear-blown face. She read its message, still weeping.

Dear, darling, dearest mother! She

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couldn't stand this horrible country either. God was good. Now, she could show the Jarvises this telegram and it would cover up everything. She and Mother would talk Shane and Daddy into going with them. They would sail away for England. They did not call you pigs in England, not . . . hhhhhhh . . . in the best circles, anyway. Oh, to be in England now that April's there . . . hhhhhhh . . . Goodby, Mr. Assistant United States Attorney General Bob . . . oh, Bob . . . oh, Bob—

DANIEL J. CORRIGAN, president of the Continental Petroleum Corporation; chairman of the board Texas National Bank; vice-chairman Cotton Exchange Investments, etc. (see Who's Who in America and Our Country's Masters), sat in his office in the Empire State Building, New York City.

His working day had begun at 7:45 A. M. when he held a breakfast conference at the Union League Club with his South American sales manager who was flying down to Bogota, Colombia, at nine. And, now, at 4:47 P. M., Corrigan was talking to his twenty-sixth visitor, lighting his nineteenth cigar and reaching for the second half of a benzedrine sulphate tablet. He worked, habitually, from fourteen to sixteen hours a day; he had kept this pace since his last vacation in the summer of 1936.

"What America?" he was saying, his voice raspy. "There isn't any America any more. It's in the ash can. You can have it!"

The visitor laughed uneasily.

"Most of us seem to feel that way, Mr. Corrigan," he said, "just now."

Corrigan snorted, fumbling with the benzedrine sulphate tablet and a glass of water. The surface of the water jiggled noticeably before he took several lusty gulps. His visitor also observed the haste with which Corrigan reached for his cigar again, as if he were teetering on some nervous balance and needed its help. This seemed a little ridiculous in a broad, burly black Irishman like Corrigan and so, too, his visitor thought, was the bitter petulance of Corrigan's next speech:

"We're all damn' fools, trying to carry on. Give 'em what's left of it. Throw it in their faces."

Jack Bradbury (Jolas & Bradbury, public relations) fished in his brief case, using the pause to decide whether he had better spring this thing on Corrigan right now or wait. Guardians of America Inc. was going to be an important and lucrative account. No, he decided, it was too risky to delay longer. Besides, there was no telling when he would be able to arrange another interview with Corrigan.

"Uh . . . Mr. Corrigan," he said, "before we check over the campaign, I think you ought to see this. It appeared in the Daily Graphic yesterday."

He pushed the clipping across the big desk.

D. J. Corrigan put on his worst heavy-browed scowl, which irreverent private secretaries always identified as Shhh—he's reading-something-from-Washington. But this item did not come—at least not directly—from Washington:

"SOCIAL NOTES

"What Mr. Big, whose name will shortly appear in a prominent connection with the new Guardians of America Inc., is not even an American citizen? The Department of Labor and its naturalization officials are said to have the goods on this gent; that he sneaked into this country from Ireland ya'rs ago after being sentenced to prison for taking part in a Sinn Fein riot! But will the G-men crack down?"

Bradbury, an adept at reading faces, was baffled. Corrigan had betrayed no indication that the columnist's story had hit its mark.

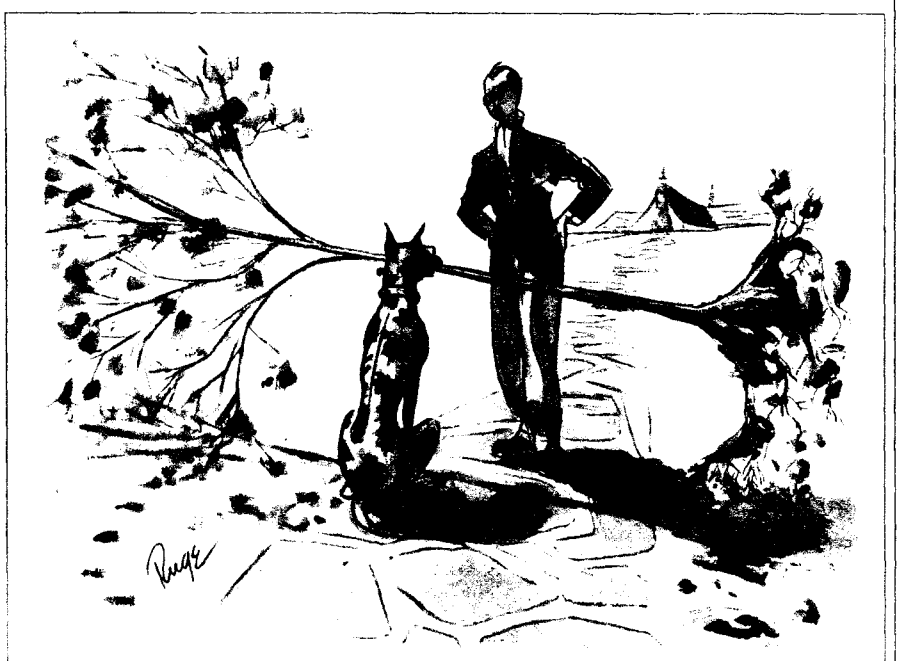
"Who's he shooting at?" Corrigan asked, indifferently.

"I wish I knew," Bradbury said, feeling a little foolish.

He was still mystified when, after ten minutes' discussion of policy, he found himself on his way out of Corrigan's office with Corrigan escorting him to the door and saying, genially: "I think we may get places. Give 'em hell, fella!"

Corrigan, the door closed, walked slowly back to his desk. A murderous anger shook him; all the pent-up hatred of this undeclared war, this civil war being fought by men pacing offices, business and political; all the vicious rancor of an internecine conflict on the battleground of press and radio possessed Corrigan.

So that was it? They didn't want his money or his business. They wanted *him*. They had dug up the one weapon that could cut his heart out. They wanted to see him bleed. They couldn't fight fair; they had to jump on him with dirty boots and grab him by the throat with their filthy hands. They wanted a cross; they wanted to see him crucified. Yes, crucified. But how had they found out? What crooked, low-down so-and-so



"Look, dope, I said bring me a stick!"

JOHN RUGE

Try the modern Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush and the new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder *at our risk* . . . and at an *unusual saving* . . . by grabbing this bargain offer while the supply lasts at your dealer's.

The regular retail value of brush and powder is 90¢. So it is just like getting the big, nationally-advertised 40¢ can of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder practically *as a gift*, when you get brush *and powder* for only 49¢.

Remember, every Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush in this sale is guaranteed first quality. With that famous TUFT to help clean the back teeth better. With genuine . . . not synthetic or imitation . . . but Nature's own *genuine bristles*. And Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder, noted for its delightful flavor, is "accepted" as SAFE FOR CLEANING TEETH by the American Dental Association (representing 40,000 members of the dental profession).

The money-saving opportunity in this sale is so great that dealers' stocks can't last long. So please don't delay.

Better buy now, and buy enough combination packages for the whole family, while the price is so exceptionally low!

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not pleased and satisfied with the Pro-phy-lac-tic brush or powder, return either or both, and get *more than your money back* . . . because you buy at the special sale price and will be refunded the regular retail price.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

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had dug this thing up? Senator Jim Markley, of course! Oh, it was Markley's work, all right. Markley had sworn to get him after that Tri-State Oil deal in '22. Markley couldn't take it; the yellow so-and-so. He had waited all these years. He had waited up an alley with his ax—"

"Miss Romer!"

"Yes, Mr. Corrigan."

"Send Griswold in here. Right away!"

When Griswold, known as the slickest Mr. Fix-it in big business, hurried in, he found his employer hunched over the desk, vest ripped open and face dripping with sweat.

"Holy cripes, D. J.! What's wrong?"

"Markley! He's dug up the Irish business! It's in the paper!"

Griswold nodded calmly.

"I saw that squib in the Graphic. Didn't want to bother you with it—"

"Bother me? Judas H. Priest on a raft! They've got me! I'm on the cross . . . the cross!"

"Take it easy, D. J.—"

"Easy!" Corrigan slammed his right fist on the desk. "You told me the Irish angle was all taken care of. And now you've let my worst enemy get hold of it—"

Soothingly, Griswold talked common sense. He pointed out that the Irish conviction had been quietly set aside three years before. The DeValera government had interceded with the British home secretary and had received official assurance that the case against Cory Regan was quashed. D. J. Corrigan, wealthy and generous friend of Irish freedom and potent factor in the empire's supply of crude oil, would never be bothered by what young Cory Regan had done in a political riot.

"It's dead and buried, D. J.," Griswold said, firm in the face of Corrigan's set stare, "and Washington isn't going to dig it up. I *know* that."

Corrigan jumped up, overturning his chair.

"You know that, do you?" he bellowed. "You think Jim Markley and the rest of them are going to pass up this chance to nail me to the barn door? I'm not a legal American citizen. Get that? They're going to try to deport me! That's what they're going to do. And don't you stand there shaking your head like a damn' tomcat—"

Griswold continued to shake his head.

"D. J., you've got those people all wrong," he said. "I hate their guts as much as you do, but they're too smart to stick their necks out by persecuting you. They just don't work that way—"

Abruptly, Corrigan groaned.

"Griswold!"

"Good golly . . . here . . . take a drink of water!"

WAVING the glass aside, Corrigan said: "My wife—and the youngsters! They aren't legal citizens either, you know."

"The kids are, D. J."

"No. Shane was born in London and Peggy in Nice. I—I've never had the courage to tell Diana about it. She's always assumed I was a citizen. Hell, I even let her register Shane and Peggy with the embassies." Then, almost plaintively: "It took so long to get the Irish thing cleared up. I had hoped we could all apply for citizenship before Hoover went out."

"That's tough, D. J.—about the kids—"

Corrigan thought of something else:

"*You* advised me not to apply for citizenship when we got the Irish case settled!"

Nodding, Griswold continued to be sensible.

"Sure. Why stick your neck out? It'll only be a little while until the administration changes."

But now the whole dastardly plot was clear to Corrigan.

"You admit they'd fight!" he yelled. "Of course they will! They're going to try to deport us all as undesirable aliens! That's what they're cooking up down there in Washington!"

"Oh, now, D. J., really—"

"Don't act the old smoothie to me, you pussyfooter! Think I'll take it lying down? Think I'll let 'em run us out of this country?"

Griswold was a bit tearful.

"D. J., please cut out the melodrama," he pleaded. "They may not like you, but they've got nothing against your wife or Shane or Peggy—"

Down came the Corrigan fist, the left one this time.

"They better not have! I'll see whether they have or not! Go get Johnson and Delehanty! I'm going to apply for citizenship—we're *all* going to apply! Right now—tomorrow, at the latest. I'll bring this dirty business right out into the open!"

"Sit down and cool off. I'll get 'em!"

BUT Daniel J. Corrigan did not cool off. For an hour, the Corrigan business empire heaved and sizzled while the frantic Griswold rallied his master's trusted advisers. So desperate was the crisis that old man Nevins, chairman of the board of Continental, was routed out of his before-dinner siesta on Long Island and rushed by speedboat to New York.

Old man Nevins, spitting tobacco juice, made the final summing up.

"You're a dumbheaded Irish mick, D. J.," he said, with his down-East cackle. "The time to fight a case like this is when the boys down there start it. Resign the presidency of that Guardians monkey business—it's a sissy outfit, anyhow—and just sit tight. Wait until Ma Perkins starts deportation proceedings, then start a-clawing and scratching!"

Confronted with this hardheaded opinion and the earnest headshakings of old man Nevins' unanimous supporters, D. J. Corrigan wavered.

"They'll think I'm afraid of 'em, Pop," he grumbled.

"Hell, that's nothing," snapped old man Nevins. "What sane man ain't afraid of those chuckle-headed bums?"

There was general laughter in which, momentarily, D. J. Corrigan relaxed.

And in that golden moment it seemed as if the case of the United States vs. The Corrigans would never come to court.

Miss Romer tiptoed into the Continental board room.

"Telegram from your wife, Mr. Corrigan!"

He read the message:

PATIENCE EXHAUSTED STOP AM LEAVING FOR ENGLAND THURSDAY STOP HOPE YOU CAN ACCOMPANY CHILDREN AND ME LOVE DIANA

The loudest roar that had ever been heard in the Continental's board room stormed from the throat of D. J. Corrigan.

"Oh, no, don't fight! They're driving my wife from the country! They've got to her down in Texas! Read this—read it! So they're going to run my wife and children out of this country, are they? Over my dead body!"

Then, while Griswold and old man Nevins, who knew Mrs. Corrigan, urged caution when interpreting any telegram from this estimable lady, the head of the family Corrigan began to swear. This, too, set a record for the Continental board room. And after Corrigan had run twice across the range of his profane vocabulary, he paused, glassy-eyed.

"Griswold," he said, "get my wife, my son and my daughter on the phone. We're going to fight!"

(To be continued next week)

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Without Malice

Continued from page 21

The bosun of the Semiramis stopped talking instantly.

The youngster at the table across the way was on his feet, his handsome face grim. He burst that out with blunt savagery as he came striding across the intervening tiles.

"What did you say?" the schooner skipper asked frigidly.

"I said to hell with old Jack Bates. I hate his guts!"

"Now, Fred, there's no use—"

FRED MASTERSON angrily shook off the bosun's restraining hand. "You talk like a pack of lollypop kids!" he exploded. "So you know Jack Bates; do you? Well, I know him better than the whole damn' lot of you."

"So?"

"Yes! I married his daughter. And he hates me like poison for it. Didn't want her tied to a sailor. Ruin any woman's life, says he. He—"

"He's almost right at that."

"What business is it of his? Julia and I can make it stick with half a chance! But he won't have it. I got a third mate's ticket rotting in my sack because of him. He swore he'd never let me sail on it. Well, I haven't so far. Maker of officers and skippers, is he? Nuts! I'm still in the fo'c'sle of the Semiramis because of him.

"We just sent our mate ashore with a busted arm and three cracked ribs," young Masterson went on in one sweeping flood of rage. "That ought to be my chance. They ought to move the second and third along and let me stick my ticket in the rack at last after six years in the fo'c'sle for the line. And I would, too!

"But here's Blisterback Bates on the beach. Standing in my way again. He's got the job. All stitched up and delivered. And me with it. I'll still be standing a wheel and lookout trick for seventy bucks a month. In his watch, maybe. With him drivin' me again. While Julia . . ." He broke off, tossing his clenched fist in a gesture of hate and bitterness. "To hell with him! I hate his guts."

There was a moment of silence after that wild and explosive tirade. Then from across the tiles came that deep and level voice. "Do you?" it said.

All eyes flew instantly around. The old man with the sextant case at his feet was erect. For a moment he just stood there, massive and powerful in that abrupt stillness, steel-blue eyes snapping from under craggy gray brows.

"Crickey!" the mate from Derry whispered hoarsely. "It's him!"

But no one answered. The man in tropic drill came slowly forward with the measured quarter-deck tread of absolute command. And when he reached that breathless group he stopped. His glittering eyes were fast on Masterson alone.

"Do you?" he asked icily again.

The young seaman refused to flinch. "I do!" he repeated firmly. "Why the hell shouldn't I?"

The skipper's eyes narrowed. "That's right. Why shouldn't you? Then why shouldn't I pluck up this Semiramis berth if I've a mind?"

"Because you're done!" young Masterson cracked at him bluntly. "You're at the end of the trail: I'm fighting for my start. And I've got Julia to look after. She—"

The old man's face stiffened. "You leave her out of it or—"

"Out of it? Suppose I told you Julia was having a kid? Suppose I—"

"What did you say?" The skipper's voice was taut, asking that, and some strange thing was happening behind his hard, cold eyes. "What's that you said?"

THE young sailor flamed with angry bitterness. "You think you know Julia? Well, you don't! Not a whine or a murmur out of her. She knows how to stick things to the end. With me still in the fo'c'sle! And don't come spinning a yarn about being broke. I know better. You want that job because you hate me, that's all. You don't need it. You feathered your own nest in this cockeyed rubber syndicate just the same as—"

Captain Bates stepped forward. His movement was swift as a cat's for all his weight. His huge fist came up, clenched like a maul. But the blow never struck. It stopped halfway. Slowly the heavy fist came down to the skipper's side. And he smiled something of a crooked smile.

"You're pretty shrewd, Fred." His voice was harsh again, the smile fading. "But what makes you think I'd sail third mate of a rusty hooker like yours? Me? Not even to smash *you* down!" His hard

"Maybe we ought'a cough, or somepin' " LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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lips curled. "You think you're a ship's officer, do you? Well, then, here's your chance. Step along and try your luck! Good day, gentlemen."

He turned on his heel. His heavy boots thumped the courtyard tiles till he picked up his battered sextant case. And the last they saw of him he was striding the stifling heat and the brilliant sun glare of Anson Road outside.

THAT night the Semiramis sailed from Keppel Harbor docks, bound home for 'Frisco with a cargo of pig tin below and a brand-new third mate's ticket hung in the chartroom rack. Fred Masterson felt the thrill and triumph of it. Wait till he told his Julia. How her fine blue eyes would shine! Because at last he was on the ladder that went aloft, and he had done it on his own.

These things were singing in him as he stood in the wheelhouse, feeling the first lift and roll of the ship, waiting for vision to return against the outer darkness. Gradually things took their accustomed shapes in there. The soft upflung binnacle light; two huge hands and the spokes of the wheel in it; then the head and shoulders of a man, the rest of him lost in vague shadow.

The new third mate looked carelessly that way. The wheel spokes stirred, but the man did not move his eyes from the teetering compass card. Odd, the way he stood. Masterson frowned. Something familiar about it. He started abruptly. Then he took two short quick steps.

"You! Bates! What are you—"

The helmsman did not raise his head. "My wheel trick, sir."

"Well, I'll be . . ." The young third mate couldn't help but grin. "Lord! You must've been roaring drunk to get yourself signed A. B. in this ship."

The wheelsman looked up swiftly. For an instant their eyes met. Then the old skipper dropped his stare again down to where it belonged. "Looks that way, sir," he murmured.

THE new third mate of the Semiramis grinned again. Broadly. Well, it was pretty rich. Captain John Erasmus Bates—old Blisterback himself!—in the fo'c'sle of his ship. And in his own watch, too. The man who had driven him, tried to break him in voyages without number, through watches without end! The tables were turned with a vengeance now. And Fred Masterson would have been less than human if that grin of triumph hadn't slipped across his lean young face.

"Watch your steering!" he snapped before he went out in the wing.

There was meaning in the grim way he said that thing, but if the old man knew it he gave no sign. Not then, and not during all the run to Manila Bay. Masterson drove him relentlessly, in the subtle, innocent way a watch officer can. Jack Bates polished brass and brightwork; he holystoned the chartroom and wheelhouse. He took, piece by piece, every bit of grueling work he had once dished out himself. He took it in silence, with a still gray dignity all his own. And when the ship sailed from Manila he was still on board, worn and weary, but stern and solid as enduring rock.

"You still here?" the third mate asked him acidly as the Semiramis cleared for Luzon Strait and home. "Why didn't you jump the crate?"

Jack Bates checked the ship's swing expertly with just three spokes of the wheel, and he didn't even raise his head. "Youngsters need something to get themselves sharpened on. You can use me for a whetstone, if you want. . . . She's right on, sir," he added flatly, catching the course dead to the degree on the lubber's line.

The third mate grinned again, and went out to pace the wing. How could you blame him, after all he'd swallowed from that hard-case shellback at the wheel in there? His face went hard, remembering. And that way it went, clear across the North Pacific. When the long graybeards swept the Semiramis, spouting the spindrift high aloft, the old skipper still stood his lookout trick on the fo'c'sle head—the way Fred Masterson had once been forced to do when he might as efficiently have been in the weather wing, with what feeble shelter there was up there against the raking seas. But old Jack Bates said nothing, and he came back for more. His seamed face grew haggard, and his eyes hollow. But he stood as erect as ever.

Till the west-coast fog came sweeping innocently out to meet the Semiramis long before she made the Farallon for her landfall light. It came in thin, wispy banks at first, pale and opalescent; then slowly it thickened; and soon the Semiramis was in the middle of it, hooting blindly as she rushed through invisible water with the wet, dank smell of fog upon her.

With darkness the ship took on an eerie look. Her masthead lamps, misthaloed aloft, might have belonged to a different ship entirely. Periodically the whistle snored, hoarse with threat, deep with warning. In that milky blackness all sound was weirdly magnified: the rush of water; the spittle of whistle steam; the clanging of an iron door from far below. And that's when it happened, toward four bells in the third mate's watch.

"This wallpaper is washable all right, but I had the darnedest time getting it off the wall!" FRANK BEAVEN

THE master, after fourteen hours of it up there, trying to pry apart that blind white wall, stepped down to his cabin to swallow a few mouthfuls of coffee. It left Fred Masterson in charge of the bridge, jumpy and nervous as a cat. He came into the wheelhouse, growling at the helm. He thought like lots of green third mates, if he could only have a look once more at the chart, everything was bound to show up all right. So he went into the chartroom, slamming the door and snapping on the lamp with the Semiramis plunging blindly on. Jack Bates, frowning down at the compass card, heard the distant whistle first.

It came, thin and ghostly, out of the gray void in the instant before the whistle of the Semiramis blotted it out. The wheelsman's big head came up, instantly alert. How could he help it? The lookout had missed it entirely: he was on his way aft from the fo'c'sle head to switch the wheel and lookout for the last half of the third mate's watch. But there it was again! Astonishingly louder and clearer in that short time. Two deep snores, spaced about a second apart. They were dead ahead, too! Jack Bates hesitated, but only for an instant.

"Whistle, sir!" he barked at the chartroom door. "Dead ahead!"

HIS face came forward once again. And the rest happened like lightning. That swiftly the two vessels closed upon each other. Masterson came charging into the wheelhouse, where the dank fog swirled through open doors and ports. He could see nothing, blinded completely by the lighted room he had left only an instant before. But he heard the whistles. They were loud and terrifying now. Close aboard! And he knew the helmsman was spinning the wheel like mad.

"Starboard!" He lunged forward. "It's two whistles she's signaling! Starboard!"

Bates pushed him savagely aside, still turning the wheel hard over the opposite way. The third mate's face went red with rage. "No, you don't! Damn you, you don't ruin me that way. Starboard! Starboard, I said."

He came back, struggling for the wheel spokes. The lookout was in there by now, and he knew what was going on. "You fool!" he whispered savagely in Jack Bates' ear. "Give him starboard! After what he's dished out to you—let him blast himself to hell if he wants!"

The old skipper's furrowed face was an emotionless mask. The vessel heeled over violently with the sudden shift of helm. But the third mate still fought the wheel. So Blisterback's fist came up. It moved in a short, quick arc, smashing solidly against the third mate's chin. It sent Masterson staggering back against the bulkhead. The wheel went hard port again.

Ahead of the Semiramis a black monstrous thing rushed up, streaming shreds of vapor from bridge and superstructure. She towered high and gargantuan out of darkness and bleak fog. She loomed so close that you could look straight down upon her wet black deck when the master of the Semiramis came charging up. Men were bellowing from her and her two whistles roared in his ears.

The stranger carried no running lights, but there were two red lamps hung one above the other on her forestay. She was out of control! Engine breakdown, probably. That's why she blew two blasts instead of one; and that's what the red lights meant. With the helm the other way the Semiramis would have plowed straight into her. As it was, she cleared by a few fathoms of oil-green sea before the stranger vanished swiftly astern, swallowed up in fog.

The master eyed his wheelhouse reflectively. The third mate's face was pale as ash. He knew what had happened now. He knew by what flimsy margin his ship had escaped disaster and his own career disgrace. And he knew why. In that tense stillness the lookout relieved the wheel. Jack Bates passed the course quietly and went lumbering below as if nothing out of the way had happened at all. The master of the Semiramis coughed and went out in the open wing. And his new third mate joined him there, sobered and shaken. The whistle snored periodically aloft while the fog and the wind went pouring past.

"Mister," the master said curtly at last without turning his head, "the chartroom can take care of itself! You want your eyes and your ears out here when it's thick."

"Aye, sir." Masterson's lean face was set in a puzzled frown, as he added, almost to himself: "I'll never forget it. Jack Bates taught me that."

"He taught all of us lots of things."

HEARING that, the young third mate remembered suddenly all the talk in the rear court of the Straits Hotel on Anson Road. He began to understand why they spoke as if the name of John Erasmus Bates had magic in it. But other things he didn't understand. And he said as much:

"Why'd he do it? He hates me and I know it. He was in the clear. He even had a witness: the lookout heard my order. All he had to do was follow it and my ticket went up in smoke. Especially after he got drunk in S'pore and got himself signed A. B. in my watch so I could ride him like—"

"Drunk?" The captain's head turned swiftly. "John Bates? Who told you a yarn like that?"

"What?" Fred Masterson's face went pale against the fog. "Why else would he—?"

"Because he was stone-broke and on the beach after that rubber syndicate fiasco. That's why!"

"But it don't make sense! He could have had my job as third mate if—"

"Third? We offered him the *chief mate's* job. He turned it down. Cold. Then he came aboard at the last minute in a pierhead jump after you'd signed. There was nothing we could do but ship him A. B. He insisted. But I'll bet they find a ship for him back home!"

Fred Masterson was silent. It took him some time to get things straight. But at last he did. "If they do," he said, "I'd like to sail under his command."

"Mister, you couldn't do better!"

The master of the Semiramis uttered that judgment with finality before he turned and walked across to the opposite wing. But Fred Masterson kept peering against a blind white wall. Through it he saw things with sudden clarity. And he was still standing there that way when he heard a heavy lumbering tread on the ladder leading to the bridge. He turned. They faced each other in silence while the ship went lunging through the west-coast pea-soup fog.

"You . . ." The young third mate got that far and stopped.

"We got to look after Julia," the old skipper growled. "Don't we?" That was all the latitude he allowed himself, facing his officer in a watch at sea. Because after that he held out what he had in his fist.

"Your coffee, Mister Mate," he said.

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The Big Numbers

Continued from page 25

Mr. Nutzhorn was a very smart man. He did a little figuring and he was much impressed.

"And besides," he said shrewdly, "I would be a sucker if I paid out a dollar at all, hey, Sweetwynd? If I gave out the wrong numbers."

"I do not follow you, Mr. Nutzhorn," I said.

"Never mind," he said, "but I think you got something there, Sweetwynd. I will give you the numbers of thirty bills for tomorrow morning, and I will redeem each and every one of them for a hundred dollars at my nearest store, if anybody has one!"

He wrote out a check.

"Miss Holliday," he called, "run down to the bank and get me thirty one-dollar bills!"

My script the next morning supplied the numbers of thirty mixed one-dollar bills, of all series and letters.

"Peep, peep, people!" I called cheerily. "We have a very nice surprise for you this morning. Such was the popular response to our offer to give you three thousand dollars yesterday that we are making it a permanent feature of the Peep o' Day Boy period. Take pencil and paper while the early bird cuckoos. . . . Ready?

"Now write down the numbers of the one-dollar bills I am about to give you, thirty in all, and if you have one of those bills bring it before eleven o'clock this morning to the Crystal Spring Dairy store nearest your home and receive a splendid one-hundred-dollar bill!"

Mr. Nutzhorn had got up early that morning too, to make sure I wouldn't make any mistake in the script this time, and he was standing right back of me. His face was as happy as a harvest moon and he was full of projects.

I HAPPENED to pass several Crystal Spring Dairy stores that morning and I stopped in and asked the managers how they were doing, and they all said, "Grand!" People were dropping in and asking about the big numbers and buying a little something.

Shortly after eleven o'clock I dropped in on Mr. Nutzhorn a minute.

"Peep, peep, Mr. Nutzhorn!" I called playfully. "And how's business this lovely morning?"

"It smells," he said, turning rosy red. "We sold two hundred dollars' worth more goods and made a little profit of maybe forty dollars. But what about your damned numbers? We were hit this morning ten times, for a total of one thousand dollars in all!"

I couldn't fathom it.

"Mr. Nutzhorn," I said, "you must be joking—ha, ha!"

"Do you come and laugh in my face?" said Mr. Nutzhorn, getting up. "Sweetwynd, the only people in the whole world that knew about the thirty one-dollar bills I got from the bank yesterday are you and Miss Holliday, and I'll go bail it wasn't Miss Holliday. So how does it come when I look in the safe this morning I find twenty one-dollar bills and one ten-dollar bill!"

"Oh, you had the winning numbers in your safe, Mr. Nutzhorn." I said, seeing how it was. "Well, then, somebody must have robbed your safe. If I were you, I would refuse to pay."

"Hold me, Miss Holliday, you know my temper," said Mr. Nutzhorn. "Hold me till he escapes."

Lois was put out with me when I told her that Mr. Nutzhorn had all the winning numbers in his safe and that somebody must have robbed him.

"Why, Hun," she said, staring at me. "How can you speak such mean things about Tub o' Lard? I don't believe a word of it. Don't you dare tell me Tub o' Lard was trying to cheat people, and I wouldn't believe you on your Bible oath. What is he going to do now? Are we going to have more numbers tomorrow?"

"We might, sweetheart," I said sorrowfully. "But I know we will have a new Peep o' Day Boy tomorrow. Mr. Nutzhorn will howl to Mr. Linch now for sure and I'll go bye-bye."

"About what will Tub o' Lard howl, Hun?"

"Why, he will tell Mr. Linch I got in his safe and stole the winning numbers! That's what he claims."

"Oh, Hun," said Lois, sighing, "sometimes I think you are such a dimwit. What did I ever do to fall in love with an absent-minded fellow? Listen, baby. Tub o' Lard will not howl to Mr. Linch that anybody found winning numbers in his safe. Tub o' Lard's got brains—oh, why can't I ever love a fat man!—and he is going to be very nice to you."

"I hope so, sweetheart," I said without any hope. "I sure hope so."

MR. NUTZHORN'S business expanded rapidly all day because the afternoon papers published he had paid on ten hits in the new numbers game.

I was therefore not surprised when my script the next morning showed thirty more numbers to announce. I announced them. And after that the Big Numbers caught on and went like wildfire through the programs; till the government had to step in and make it Honest Currency.

Some programs had already been giving out handsome cash sums, such as five thousand dollars to write a limerick or slogan, and that was good but the Big Numbers were better.

In the Big Numbers everybody could compete, and judge for himself or herself right away whether he or she was a winner or not.

They say the money being offered daily in the Big Numbers amounted to a million and a half dollars at the top. And from a quarter to a half of that was being paid out in hits.

Some of the Big Numbers were for one-dollar bills, some for two-dollar bills, and some fives, tens, twenties. I don't know how much money people were carrying around in their pockets or parking in the back of the radio cabinet, but I was passing the Bureau of Engraving and Printing toward twelve o'clock one night and it was all lit up and the presses thumping away printing money day and night.

I never made even one hit on the Big Numbers, or Honest Currency, from the beginning till now. I was never lucky at gambling. That makes one lucky at love, so they say, but they say variety is the spice of life too; but never once. And think of Lois.

THE Big Numbers ran along for sixty days, getting bigger and better, then came the rush of sponsors to get off the air.

The sponsors couldn't take it. The program that offered most money on the Big Numbers hogged the radio audience from that spot, and nobody listened to all the other programs but the control men. But they had to pay on hits just the same; you remember the different ways of getting the hit numbers.

I was in the Eff Street store this day sipping a glass of rich vitaminized milk and reading the "Help" columns in a newspaper and resting my eyes for

You may worry about your bridge

but here is one worry you can avoid

You'll play better bridge if you have peace of mind.

No wonder you trump your partner's ace if you're wondering if the shackle bolts on your car are dry.

For peace of mind when you drive, let us Marfak your car every thousand miles.

Marfak is Texaco's 40-Point Lubrication Service.

A standardized service, it includes the use of a lubricant at vital friction points on your chassis—a lubricant so tough it lasts twice as long as ordinary grease.

Once you've had a Marfak job you can dismiss all lubrication worries for another thousand miles.

Concentrate on your bridge game and let us worry about your shackle bolts.

Stop where you see the Marfak sign.

Then you can stop worrying about chassis lubrication.

TEXACO

Let us MARFAK your car

TEXACO'S 40-POINT LUBRICATION SERVICE

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a little comfort on Lois behind the milk bar.

I had been discharged by the chain and was out of work. Not for anything that Mr. Nutzhorn had said about me, I'm sure; Mr. Nutzhorn had been sweet ever since that morning, just as Lois with her womanly intuition said he would be.

The thing was that there was no work. Everybody was getting off the air, and the chain's three biggest clients—Biggs Soap, Old Soke Distillers and Can-a-day Soup—had given notice of cancellation of their air time.

I've heard since that there was great news in the papers that day, about Big Business sabotaging President Roosevelt by getting out of the Big Numbers, and the stock market smashing, and Hitler marching, but I really couldn't say, I hadn't noticed.

Happening to look away from Lois I observed fellows out on the sidewalk setting up cameras, and three fellows brought cameras into the store and set them up. Mr. Nutzhorn came out of the offices and spoke to them and then he turned and pointed and said to me in a tone stressing heartless triumph, "Don't move hand or foot, Sweetwynd, or you are a dead man. Your jig is up and the G-men are coming to nab you and put you where you belong!"

He went back in to his desk and watched me over the partition.

Lois came from behind the milk bar and sat beside me and held my hand. She said, "Oh, Hun, what has Joe done to you now!"

"Joe?" I said. I'd quite forgotten Joe. "Who's Joe, sweetheart?"

"Joe, Hun! The fellow who came in that morning and gave you the first Big Numbers? The fellow who writes all the letters to Tub o' Lard saying you are lousy! He hit Tub o' Lard for a hundred dollars that first morning, too, and I had a good mind to tell on him, but why bother? Joe is too wise; he was in the little numbers here in the District while it was good and now he is in the gambling in St. George."

"But, sweetheart," I said, at a loss, "why would this Joe feel so sinister about me when I don't know him?"

"Poor Hun, you are so absent-minded," said Lois. "I am the one Joe knows. He has been pestering me for a long time but I don't want any part of any fellow in rackets, and that is why he puts the bite on you. Oh, here comes Chief Hooper himself!"

I had often seen pictures of Mr. Hooper putting bites on public enemies, and I recognized him with a sinking heart when he strode in.

"There's your man," said Mr. Nutzhorn, coming out and pointing and denouncing me. "There's the viper started the Big Numbers!"

"SWEETWYND," said Mr. Hooper, "we mean to have the truth out of you. You'd better talk and make it easy for yourself. Who put you up to starting the Big Numbers? Was it Hitler? Was it the Communist International? Or Big Capital?"

This was a little later, in the office of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Stilgebauer in the Treasury Building, down Eff Street.

They had taken Lois into custody too, thinking she was a moll because she scratched an agent in the store, but Lois was not in the room. There were only I and Mr. Stilgebauer and Mr. Hooper and a stenographer taking notes.

"Really, Mr. Hooper," I said, "I don't know Hitler or Stalin. Why don't you speak to Joe?"

I had already told them about Joe, but Mr. Hooper kept thinking it was some big plot.

Mr. Stilgebauer, who is a very nice man, had been sitting back and listening and watching me.

"I'll have to be getting over to the conference," he said, looking at the clock, "of the president and the secretary and chairman of the Federal Reserve Board about the Honest Currency bill. And report on this talk with Mr. Sweetwynd. I'm convinced that we have the facts now, that the Big Numbers began merely as a malicious prank of some personal enemy of Mr. Sweetwynd, grave and serious as the effects have been on the country since."

HE GOT up and shook hands with me. "I feel the government ought to recognize you some way, Mr. Sweetwynd, when it takes over the Big Numbers, and I will speak to the secretary."

"The government is taking over the Big Numbers, sir?" I said.

"Don't you read the newspapers, Mr. Sweetwynd?" said Mr. Stilgebauer. "Yes, the government is going to take over the Big Numbers and it is going to be called Honest Currency. We are going to replace with new money all the paper money that is burned up and destroyed by accidents every year. We are computing how much it is and we will print that much new money and pay it out for the prize numbers in Honest Currency.

"Do you know, Mr. Sweetwynd," he said, continuing, "that we have twenty-five thousand fires in New York City alone every year? Not to mention such cases as the lady in Seattle who dropped her pocketbook in the stew and her husband came home tight and ate it. To give you an idea, in 1929 we issued the small-size paper money and began to exchange and destroy the large size. Do you know that two hundred million dollars of the large size is still unaccounted for? If it was circulating it would soon get to a bank. It has vanished. We will safely assume that much of it is burned up and destroyed."

"Or eaten, sir," I said attentively.

"When paper money is destroyed, Mr. Sweetwynd," said Mr. Stilgebauer, "it is all profit for the government, because the government has the gold and silver the paper represented. We are going to construe it as a profit when we have computed how much it is. Yes, it is practically all clear profit. But I ask you, is it an honest profit?"

"Well, sir, you say!" I said, not caring to pass any remarks about the government with Mr. Hooper watching me like a werewolf.

"No, it is as dishonest as not paying a promissory note that gets burned up or lost, Mr. Sweetwynd," said Mr. Stilgebauer. "It is ill-gotten gain and the government should return it to the people. We want an honest money system. So we are going to distribute these ill-gotten gains back to the people by the same method as the Big Numbers, and that will be Honest Currency."

"How interesting, sir," I said. "And will you pay out as many hits as the Big Numbers paid?"

"We will not pay 'hits,' Mr. Sweetwynd," said Mr. Stilgebauer. "We will pay 'adjusted compensation,' I imagine. Well, naturally, much more currency will be lost when people are keeping billions in their homes, and we can pay it all out at no cost to the government.

"We have noticed," he said, concluding, "that interest rates are upward since the Big Numbers began. And people are spending more and prices are going up. The more we pay out, the more people will keep in their houses and the more they will lose and the more we will pay out! Thus we can set the national income at any figure, and all for nix!"

When he thought of it he shook my hand again.

"Mr. Sweetwynd," he said, "we should put up a statue of you alongside of Alexander Hamilton here in front. He was a great financier, too."

I have a shrewd suspicion that the assistant secretary was poking fun at me when he spoke of erecting an image of me; but it was nice to mention to Lois.

"Oh, Hun," she said, "isn't it nice you are a famous man!"

Well, modesty aside, I was quite famous. The picture of my hat was on the front pages of all the evening papers. You couldn't see more of me in the picture because Mr. Hooper was in front of me looking full face and profile for attempts at rescue, but that was my hat.

Lois and I were seated in Lafayette Park. I put my arm about her.

"Sweetheart," I said, "I haven't told you the best yet: I am going to announce for the government's Big Numbers! I mean Honest Currency. Mr. Stilgebauer left word for me at the broadcasting center to be sure and talk at once to Con Tomney, the president of the Radio Workers Alliance, who will handle the patronage. So, sweetheart, if I can only raise a hundred dollars right away the position is mine and I will soon save up enough so we can have a home and then it's wedding bells for us. Do you think Mr. Nutzhorn would lend me a hundred dollars?"

"No," said Lois. "No. But what do you want a hundred dollars for, Hun?"

"The only chance I have to see Con Tomney before he leaves Washington, sweetheart," I explained, "is at the Jefferson dinner tonight, and the tickets are a hundred dollars. So near and yet so far!"

"I will give you a hundred dollars, Hun," said Lois. And she turned her back and went digging and snapped an elastic and handed me a one-hundred-dollar bill.

"Why, sweetheart!" I said. "How do you come to have a hundred dollars?"

"Oh, I have lots more, Hun," she said. "I never told you, but I hit the Big Numbers eleven times. You see, the radio was going all day over the milk bar and I kept listening. Besides, I got such a wonderful start! I hit the Big Numbers ten times the very second day. Don't you remember when Tub o' Lard got hit ten times the second day?"

"SWEETHEART," I said with sorrow, "are you the one got in Mr. Nutzhorn's safe and stole ten winning numbers that day?"

"No, Hun! The money wasn't in his safe; it was lying on his desk. I wanted to change a ten-dollar bill for ones, and the cashier was being tapped for ones by everybody and wouldn't change any more, so I went in to ask Tub o' Lard. He had just got up from his desk and there was the money, so I changed my sawbuck."

"Sweetheart, you never told anybody of this."

"Oh, I couldn't, Hun. It wouldn't look nice for one of Tub o' Lard's own employees to have all the hit numbers; what would people think? And you're the last one I could tell, Hun, because you're so absent-minded and talking is what you do nothing else but. So I had friends of mine collect from the stores."

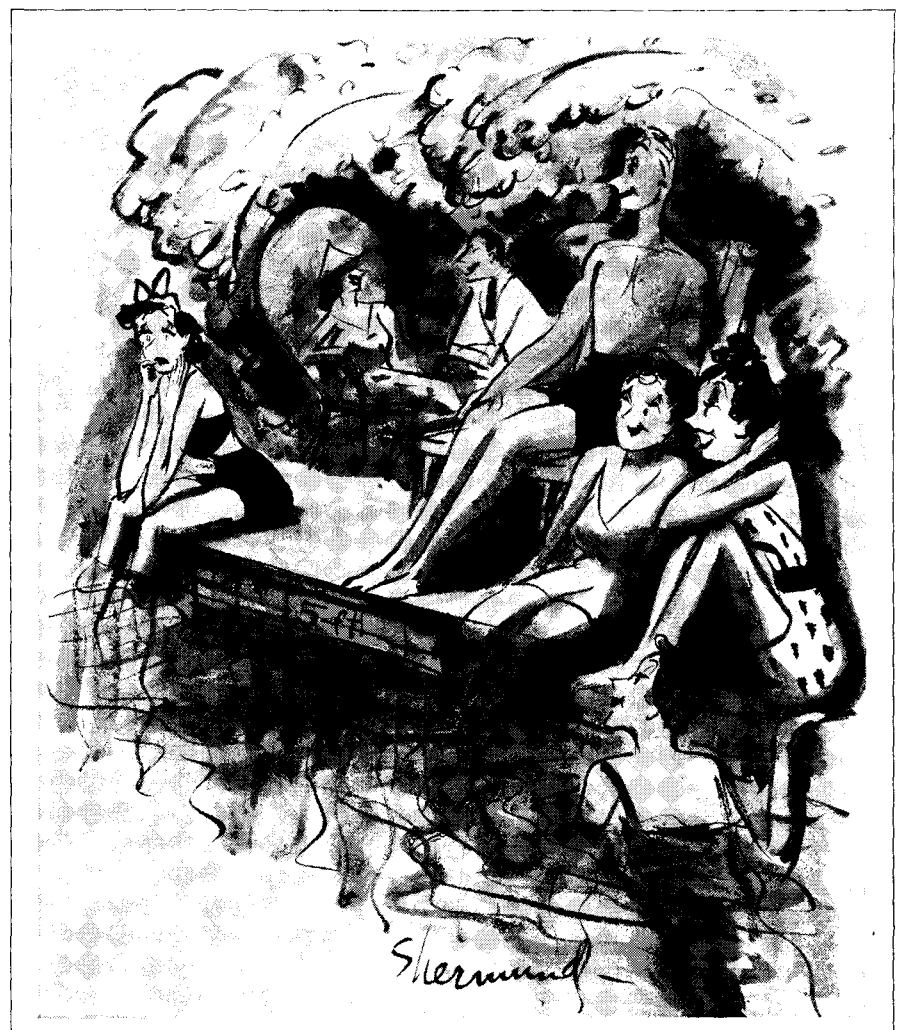
I shook my head sadly.

"No, sweetheart," I said, "you must give back that money to Mr. Nutzhorn. He meant to put those winning numbers in his safe, and—"

Lois' big eyes flashed like fire. She is very loyal.

"Hun, how can you say such a mean thing about Tub o' Lard! Don't you ever repeat it to me as long as you live, and I don't care how strange it might be that he would have ten winning numbers on his desk, I will never believe he would do something crooked. Hun, you take that money instantly! And go to the Jefferson dinner tonight, and get that job and—and tomorrow, Hunny, we will go over to Virginia—I know a justice of the peace—and—"

Her eyes softened. She put out her arms.



"She has such a lovely vibrant voice. A pity she can never think of anything to say" BARBARA SHERMUND

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Hot Stuff on Ice

Continued from page 19

umbrellas, tea tables, hot dogs and other tropical trimmings.

At first nobody knew how the thing would work. Pessimists said that when the temperature got up in the high eighties Mr. Humiston had better lay in a stock of waterwings, because his clients would be trying to skate around in a foot of warm water and the refrigerating plants would be gasping in defeat.

But the thermometer got up to 96 one afternoon and still the ice held up. It had a thin film of water over it, but that didn't matter. Lads with squeegees skated around every so often and shooed off the surplus. As long as the air stayed calm everything was all right. A warm breeze, blowing away the cold-air blanket, caused some trouble, but by speeding up the freezing plant this was overcome.

Eight or nine other rinks around town got themselves dolled up as St. Moritz or Oslo in the springtime. Sporting-goods stores were sold out of skates long before Christmas. The fad spread over the whole coast. Villages converted old barns into rinks. The sight of girls in shorts and halters and boys in bathing trunks going about carrying ice skates made winter visitors popeyed for a minute, until they realized it was California and everything was more or less screwy anyway.

Bert Clark, who is Sonja Henie's skating stand-in and was once junior and senior speed champion of Manitoba, says it isn't hard for anyone with any sense of rhythm to learn ice skating. The old alibi about weak ankles is mostly hooey, Bert says. The important thing is to get balanced on your blades, which means getting them screwed to your shoes in exactly the right place.

How to Get Your Balance

Clark, who balances Sonja on her blades and who, in wig and costume, skates around on her sets while they're adjusting the lights and cameras, says the right way to put on skates is this:

You put on your skating shoes without socks. Then you take an ice pick and run it down through the shoe between your big toe and the next one. Remember the Japanese acrobats? They wore a sort of cotton sock with the big toe divided from the others. On the tightrope, they gripped the rope between the big toe and the second. That's the point of balance. The front end of the blade should be exactly there. The rear end should be just inside the center of the heel. Unless the blades are adjusted just so, you won't be able to skate very well. Even Miss Henie can't skate well if she's off balance.

First thing to know about skating, Clark says, is how to fall. Everybody falls, even Sonja. She doesn't mind. Comes up laughing. But the studio gets cat fits because she might break an arm or, worse, a leg. Tiniest obstruction on the ice may cause a spill and Sonja and others skaters in films aren't allowed to wear even hairpins. You run into a hairpin at thirty miles an hour on blades and—oomp-whiz-bong!

Rinks also are pretty careful about keeping the ice surface clean. Enough people will fall without any help.

Although there are instruction classes at most rinks, most people learn the hard way—just put on skates, wade out and fall down; get up and fall down. After a while they don't fall down, often. Favorite way to learn is to shove along a chair in front of you.

Lots of skaters are middle-aged or old people who learned to skate in their youth—when the winters were harder. It just "comes natural" to them when they take it up again. In the Pacific Northwest, where the population is of heavily Scandinavian stock, the sport is highly popular. A lot of older skaters up there haven't been on blades since they went to school on them in Norway, Sweden, Denmark or Finland.

Old-time skaters, trying the outdoor rink for the first time, are surprised how much easier it is to skate on soft ice than on the hard, dry ice they slid over in their youth. The colder ice gets, the slower it becomes.

The blades, slipping along, have to melt a thin film of ice into water to lubricate the blade-surface. The new outdoor rinks, with a water film over the ice, make for fast skating.

For Fun and Exercise

The first ice rink was built at Manchester, England, in 1876, using artificial ice. Nobody seems to have cared much. In those days—as prior to 1937—all the good skaters were homely and all the pretty ones terrible. In America rinks had brief bursts of popularity from time to time, but never really got going until a few months back.

Today, ice skating in the open has became quite a health fad. Aging businessmen and women with reverse waistlines turn out before breakfast for half an hour or so, on doctors' orders, to reduce. Some of them have to be limbered up first and others have to be massaged down afterward, and there's an ice-side gymnasium for this sort of thing.

There's also a first-aid station to attend to occasional broken bones and frequent bruises.

"But people learn fast," says Impresario Humiston. "When we first opened we had ten times the number of accidents we have today. People still fall, but they have learned to fall relaxed and they don't hurt themselves much."

Some rinks—there are around two hundred of them operating—get going by seven in the morning and people are still skating around at midnight. In California there are many skating clubs organized by employees of various industrial and business firms.

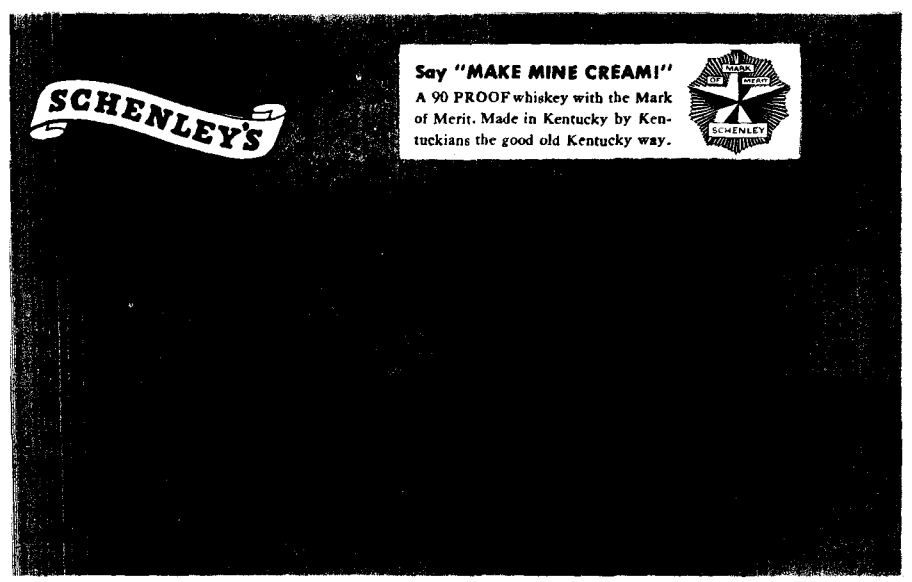
The outdoor rink indulges fancy skaters by assigning them each a private patch of ice on which they may display their stunts. Around them the run-of-the-mine skaters parade soberly, or waltz to Viennese tunes. Some of the kids rumba and swing it.

By-product of the fad has been a revival of interest in intercollegiate ice hockey. Few years ago nobody cared much about it, but ten thousand people turned out in Los Angeles recently for games between the University of Southern California and Loyola. Some fans thought they detected Canadian accents from some of the U.S.C. players, but some of the Loyola boys had a bit of Toronto brogue, too. But everybody had a good time. The series made a profit, too—first time in history.

Next year, some of the industry's leaders figure there'll be a score of open-air rinks operating all summer. A couple million more Americans will learn how to sit down with great suddenness on water-covered ice—and smile while they're doing it. And half a million girls from six to sixty will be trying to look as cute, be as graceful and do as many tricks as the little marvel from Norway.

Sonja started something.

If *you* are this type, you'll spot Kentucky's *"double-rich"* straight Bourbon, blindfold. It's so good, that *it's the world's largest selling straight Bourbon!*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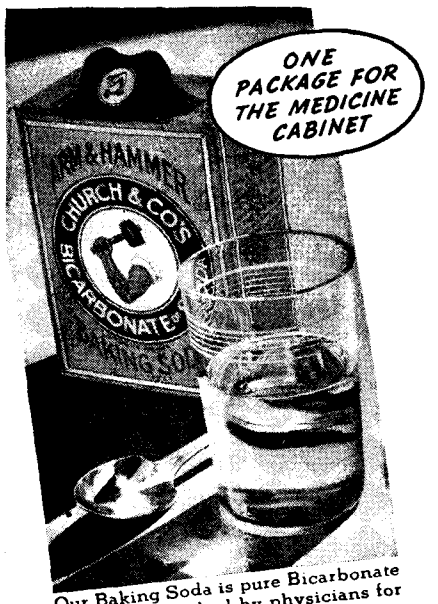

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Another Little Drink

Continued from page 22

that she was a failure and to tell him so, he was worried. And one night when they were out at a party at the Kenneth Orfills' in Chappaqua she burst into tears right in the middle of Mr. Crocker's celebrated imitation of a lion devouring a gazelle—Mr. Herbert Streatham I think was the gazelle—and all she would say was, "I'm a failure—I'm just a terrible failure!"

She was a little tight herself at the time but it was a great shock to Mr. Crocker and he took her right home and promised then and there that he would never get drunk again.

Well, he had been promising that three nights a week as long as she had known him so Mrs. Crocker didn't pay much attention, but when nearly a week went by and he hadn't got drunk once she began to take notice. And at the end of a month she began to believe that she really had reformed him after all.

Of course Mr. Crocker wasn't a true souse or he couldn't have stopped like that. He merely thought that a social evening without the accompaniment of liquor was like a dance without the accompaniment of an orchestra. It wasn't easy for him to stop but he could if he had to, so he did.

FOR the first few months Mrs. Crocker hugged her victory. When they went out on a party and Mr. Crocker said, "None for me, thanks," she gazed proudly at him. And when he began to show a tendency to shun frivolous activities and to drift into corners with serious-minded elderly guests she thought, "Oh! At last he's growing up!"

Unfortunately invitations came less frequently. Mr. Crocker drunk might pull down the chandelier and bring the police into the house but as entertainment he was considered a good risk. Mr. Crocker sober was just another male wallflower. The Crockers were thrown back on their own society, and though Mrs. Crocker said to herself that that was what she wanted, she wasn't content. Something was missing. The fearful thrill of wondering what Mr. Crocker would do next had given place to exact knowledge of all his reactions. It had been exciting to think of him as wicked and romantic, to think of him as weak. It was really rather dull to think of him as responsible and kind and thoughtful.

Once having given up liquor, Mr. Crocker found many compensations. It was much more comfortable not to have to be the life of the party, and when the invitations fell off it was still more comfortable not to have to go to the party at all. Men prize comfort above everything, but married men seldom find it out, for their wives very sensibly assure them that other prizes are worth more.

Well, things went on like this for a while and Mrs. Crocker began to get good and sick of them. Having reformed Mr. Crocker, she didn't know what in thunder to do with him next and couldn't feel very excited about doing anything, for he was about as glamorous as a bottle of milk. She picked on him a little about small things but she had very little heart in it. And then one day she went out picketing with one of her friends and met Mr. Ransome Dapple and he took her to the Palais Bleu for a cocktail!

Well, great oaks from little acorns grow and this cocktail was the acorn from which the oak of a beautiful friendship was to develop, or at least Mrs. Crocker thought so when she got home a little late for dinner and full of Martini cocktails. For Mr. Dapple, it seemed, just couldn't leave cards alone. And she had pledged herself to help him.

Well, Mr. Dapple was a manufacturer of writing paper and during manufacturing hours was apparently not subject to attacks of gambling fever but evenings and week ends it was likely to come over him at any moment. When it did he would call up Mrs. Crocker and she would go out and meet him and stay with him until it was over. Sometimes it was not very convenient to go with him. But once when he had sent for her and she had gone to the theater with Mr. Crocker instead, he had sat in a bridge game and lost nearly two thousand dollars. So she felt it was her duty to go.

Of course she told Mr. Crocker about Mr. Dapple's unfortunate passion but Mr. Crocker was not very sympathetic. "Let the guy lose his money," he said. "By and by he won't have any more and then nobody will play cards with him and he'll be cured."

"I don't see how you can be so coarse and unfeeling," said Mrs. Crocker. So she went on with her missionary work. But she couldn't break Mr. Dapple of gambling and by and by she began to wonder if it wasn't her duty to marry him. Maybe she wouldn't have considered that seriously if she could safely bring him home. But she had tried that once. She had asked Mr. Dapple to dinner but after dinner Mr. Crocker had got him to matching pennies and neither of them had spoken a word to her all evening.

Well, Mr. Crocker didn't know what to do. He was still in love with Mrs. Crocker. He was a lot bigger than Mr. Dapple but he was afraid that if he took a poke at him Mrs. Crocker would only be sorry for him and might even walk right out of the house. But if you think long enough about anything by and by you will get an idea or at least something that looks like one. And Mr. Crocker did.

Well, along in May, Mrs. Crocker went down to Washington to visit her sister and the day she was due home Mr. Crocker called up Mr. Dapple and said, "Hello, Ranse. You know Mary comes home tonight," and Mr. Dapple said, "Yes," and Mr. Crocker said, "Come on over to dinner and we'll give her a welcome home." So Mr. Dapple said he would.

SO THEY had dinner and then Mr. Crocker said, "I don't know what train she's coming on and there's no use trying to meet her, so we might have a little game of parchesi to pass the time until she gets here." "Well, I don't know," said Mr. Dapple doubtfully. "I don't think Mary—" "Oh, I don't mean for money," said Mr. Crocker. "We'll just play for love." And he grinned at Mr. Dapple, who said, "Well, all right then."

So Mr. Crocker got out the parchesi board and he also got out a lot of bottles he hadn't paid much attention to lately and they started to play. What he wanted of course was to get Mr. Dapple drunk, for he figured correctly that a game without stakes would bore his rival into drinking much more than he should. But what he had not figured on was the steadiness of Mr. Dapple's head and by ten o'clock, which was the hour at which he had planned to drape the unconscious Dapple disgustingly over the davenport, neither of them felt more than just a slight ringing in the ears.

Now Mr. Crocker knew that Mrs. Crocker was coming on an eleven o'clock train. So he poured out their next drink from a different bottle and forgot to add soda. Mr. Dapple just smiled and lifted his glass and said, "Down the hatch!" for he was always a great one for thinking up original ways of saying things, and he drained the glass. So Mr. Crocker drained his and filled up again. And Mr. Dapple smiled again, for though he was pretty sure that his legs had gone his head was still clear. "And if she finds him drunk again," he said to himself, "that will be the end of him."

Well, at half past eleven Mrs. Crocker let herself in the front door. She stopped and sniffed the air, looking puzzled, and then hurried into the living room. "Hello, darling!" shouted Mr. Crocker, getting up unsteadily from the table and trying to stuff a quart bottle of whisky under his vest, for he had intended to conceal all signs of revelry before her return.

And Mr. Dapple also rose and held up his glass. "Her Mash'ty—Goblesser!" he announced and then toppled and fell with a crash across the table among the parchesi men.

"Duncan!" cried Mrs. Crocker. "You're drunk! And you've been gambling! Oh, Ranse!"

MR. DAPPLE, locked in a wrestler's grip with the table, which he thought was trying to trip him, yet found breath to say, "Not gamblin'! Jus' lil game f'r love! Oh! Y'would wouldja?" he said savagely, and hooking an arm around a leg of his assailant threw it heavily and pinned it. And immediately Mr. Crocker stepped forward and grabbed him by the arm. "Your fall, Ranse," he said. "Come on, get up. Best two falls out of three, you know."

Mr. Dapple got slowly to his feet and tried to pull himself together. His head was clear again but he couldn't seem to do anything with his face, which had got set in a senseless grin. "Honestly, Mary," he said slowly, "we weren't playing for money. Were we, Duncan?" "No, he's right, Mary," said Mr. Crocker. He was trying very hard to appear sober. But then suddenly he saw the disillusionment in his wife's eyes as she gazed at Mr. Dapple and at once the whole situation became clear to him. "Ranse didn't want to play for money," he said. "He's given up gambling." And after a moment to let this sink in he threw an arm gaily around her shoulders and kissed her and said, "Gosh! I guess I am a little tight at that. Let's go out somewhere and celebrate your return with some champagne."

Mrs. Crocker turned and looked up at him. "Oh, Duncan," she said happily. "to find you—like this! How *could* you?" "I dunno," said Mr. Crocker, trying to look penitent. "I guess—well, it just came over me and— Oh, well there it is!" Then he turned to Mr. Dapple. "Come on, Ranse," he said. "Champagne and doughnuts. How about it?"

"Oh, leave Ranse out of it," said Mrs. Crocker, looking with distaste at the ex-gambler. "He doesn't need—well, he doesn't add anything, does he? Where's his coat?"

So Mr. Crocker saw Mr. Dapple to the elevator and when he came back Mrs. Crocker threw her arms around him and gazed up at him very starry-eyed and said, "Oh, Duncan, to think that you'd start this again as soon as my back is turned! And I thought you'd stopped for good! Have we got to live this way all the rest of our lives? Are you always going to give up to this terrible vice?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Crocker gloomily.

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Clear and Unlimited

Continued from page 15

"Not this trip. You drop up in an hour."

"Oh, gee! More work."

Albin turned away from her and went back up the aisle. Albert Kraft, seat number three, stopped him before he could reach the door.

"I say."

"Yes, sir?"

"It's almost dawn, isn't it?"

"It is dawn now, sir. Look back out the window and you can see the gray in the east."

"Oh, yes. Then we'll be in shortly?"

"Very soon. We land at seven."

"Ah, that's good. Glad you're on time, Pilot. I am a businessman, and I always say there is no sense in any form of transportation unless it runs on time.

"You're right, sir," Carleson said, and passed on into the cockpit.

DR. MICHAEL REARDON, Manhattan society doctor, was not in the mood to strike up a friendship with anyone. He was worried, more worried than he had ever been in his life. There were so many things to worry about.

There was his practice in Manhattan, one of the most lucrative in the country, shot to bits. There was his wife, a lovely woman, whom he would probably never see again. There was his home in Connecticut and the apartment on Madison and the office on Park Avenue, which he would never see again. And there was all that money in the bank, which he would not be able to get. He was a wealthy man and yet, outside of a few hundred in his wallet, he was broke.

He shook his head savagely and sank deeper into the comfortable seat. Nothing made any sense. From the beginning it was all wrong. Leaving the clinic. Fighting for a foothold in the surgical world. Debts, bills and creditors. . . . It was only natural that he should take that girl's case—the first girl. Of course, it was an illegal operation, but a man had to make a living, didn't he? And the operation had been successful, a simple thing.

It was even more natural, after that, to take other cases of the same kind. His reputation grew and he moved to Park Avenue, abandoned the girls and catered exclusively to society women, married. There was less risk in that direction and more money. He had married and he had made a fortune.

Now, at forty-eight, he was on a westbound air liner flying for his life. One slip, that was all. Only one slip out of all the thousands he had handled—

He looked at his watch and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead. How time counted! At ten o'clock, Eastern time, the nurse would walk into the Park Avenue office and find the body. She would first call his apartment, then notify the police. That would take about five minutes. The police, of course, would immediately know that he had run out and they would check with all the transportation systems. It would take them about five minutes to locate him. That would be at ten minutes after ten, Eastern time.

But the plane was due to land at seven sharp, Pacific time. With the three hours difference, that would give him ten minutes to get away from the airport and out of their reach. A fast taxi could make it from the airport to San Pedro in fifty minutes. That would allow him ten minutes' grace before the boat pulled out. Time enough. He could make it. The police would have a devil of a time getting him back from Australia, even if they knew where he was. He would be safe. But how time counted!

ALBIN CARLESON, in the office, looked at the clock on the instrument board, then out the side windows. The east was flooded with gold and the sun was already over the horizon. The rays touched the trailing edge of the wing and the duralumin sparkled and threw off metallic colors ranging from yellow to blue. The whirling disks of the propellers looked like twin circular rainbows. And the hum of the engines changed tone from a low growl to more of a biting whine. It was like flying through the dampness of a cloud into dry air.

Carleson sighed and switched on the transmitter and called Burbank. "Four two eight three calling. . . . Coming in forty-five minutes. . . . Clear and Unlimited . . . seven thousand . . . What's the weather? . . . Come back, please."

"Burbank answering Carleson, four two eight three. Clear and unlimited here. The old man wants to talk to you. Hold on." There was a pause and then another voice said, "I'm afraid to let you take a chance at a belly landing, Albin. The field surface here is too much like concrete. When you come in, circle the field once, then fly down to Riverside. Land on that marsh outside of town. Come back."

"Carleson calling. That's a bad idea, boss. I know the marsh you mean. It's too big. If I should land there and anything should happen you wouldn't be able to get to us in time. Not with ambulances. They'd get mired down. No, I'm coming in. Come back."

"Listen, you stubborn Swede, you do as I say. Land on that marsh."

"Four two eight three. Sure I hear you. But get this, I'm the man flying this ship and what I say goes. Understand? I'm the one responsible for the safety of my passengers and I'm going to get them in the best way I know how. The field is the only logical spot. What if a gas tank should explode? How could you get a crash wagon on the marsh in time to get the passengers out? Nothing doing. I'm coming in. Anything else?"

The voice coming back was resigned: "All right, do what you think is best. That's all. Call back if anything further develops."

There was a click in the earphones and the air was dead. Carleson rubbed his ears and grinned at Benham. He said, "Imagine that. You hear the conversation?"

"Sure."

"Well, can you tie that? Wants us to land in a marsh. They don't seem to realize that when we come in on our belly the metal underbottom will generate enough sparks to set a house on fire. A spare drop of gasoline around and you know what will happen. The only way they could get us out would be with the crash wagon and men in asbestos suits. And how can they do that in a marsh? Doesn't make sense."

He turned his attention back to the controls to check the radio beam and Benham leaned his shoulder against the cabin and looked out at the smooth metal of the wing. Under that metal was potential destruction — gasoline. One spark was all that was needed to transform that fuel into dynamite. One spark and the whole front end of the ship would be a roaring mass of flames. And there would be that spark, millions of them. As Carleson had said, the metal bottom rubbing along the ground at better than seventy miles an hour would generate enough friction to throw sparks in every direction.

Benham shuddered and tried to take his mind away from the fuel.

DIRECTLY behind Benham, seated in the first chair in the cabin, J. L. Dubois was thinking of fuel in terms of finance. Common gas was his fuel. It had taken him from a homestead in Texas and had made a millionaire of him. Common gas had placed him at the head of the greatest utility octopus in the South. It had given him everything he had ever dreamed of . . . and more. He had two summer homes in the North, a winter home in Florida and a villa on the Mediterranean. He owned two banks and hadn't the slightest idea of how much he was actually worth. He

"I wish I could interest young Higgins there in my daughter—he's going to own this business some day!"

DAVE GERARD

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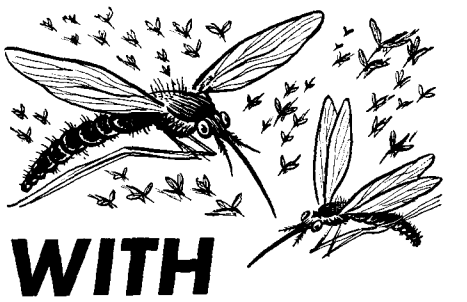

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Well, he brings on a new powder — Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA. We have a powdering session. "That'll get 'em," he mutters. And he's right — this SKIP-FLEA *really kills* — and soothes old itches too!

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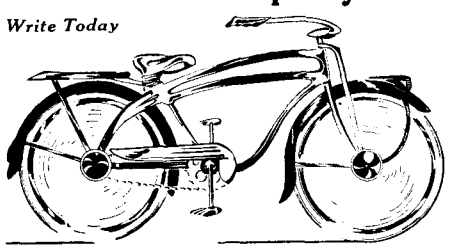

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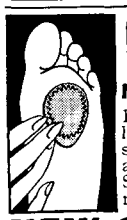

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only knew that anything he wanted he could buy.

And it frightened him. It was too much for one man. He had no control over it. His holdings and his private fortune were so large that he served his money, instead of the other way about. There was no time to enjoy it, no time to think of himself and his family, no time to enjoy his many homes and no time to be normal, like other people. His head must always buzz with money, corporate trusts, utility contracts, interest, dividends, corporate law, public propaganda and, above all else, tactical defense.

Even now he was speeding across the country to defend his own interests. The directors of the Tri-State Utility Corporation were trying to pull a fast one on him. They had called a secret meeting in Los Angeles, would cast a secret vote and displace him. But he had gotten wind of it in New York and would be at that meeting. The vote was to be taken at 7:25. He would be there and his vote could not be refused. It was great enough to void the others and he would remain the titular head of the corporation.

But it was trying, this business of constantly being on the jump, defending himself, fighting back and ruling men who were, themselves, always seeking to rule.

He rubbed his sleepless eyes and looked back down the aisle at the St. Claires. What a colorful, happy life those people led. . . . If things had only been different when he was younger!

SUE COLIN was saying to her husband: "Thank God we have no children. That would have made it difficult."

Her husband answered, "Perhaps that is the key to the whole thing. We should have had children. I wanted them, half a dozen, in fact. You know that."

"Naturally, my dear. You wanted to make a cow of me. You wanted to put me in a stall and pat me on the head now and then."

"That's where you belong, in a stall, with a flock of kids around you. What the hell do you think you're made for, anyway, a footlight parade? You're made to bear children and take care of a home and . . . and things like that."

"Sounds pretty vague." She looked out the window at the sun and her eyes were misty for a moment and she said, "I would have enjoyed a child. Honestly, Steve, I like children. But in show business . . ."

"I know." He patted her hand and looked away. "I shouldn't have said anything. I know you wanted a child, too." Then he looked at her. "But it's not too late. Can't you see? You're . . . you're still young and you're in perfect health and—Lord, dear—I would love a child of yours."

She smiled at him and he suddenly realized that at last he was on the right path. She was weakening. He looked at his watch. Another half-hour. Not much time, but maybe he could turn the trick. He leaned toward her, cleared his throat and started to talk. This was the crisis and it was up to him.

CARLESON told a white-faced Sissy Lewis, in the cockpit, "It's up to you, kid. You have to keep this to yourself and you have to arrange it so none of the passengers will become suspicious."

"But why didn't you tell me before?"

"Why worry you ahead of time? There was no use doing that. You understand how things are?" She nodded. "Good. I'm going to try to jar those wheels down over the field, but I doubt if it will work. You get things set for a belly landing. It will be quite a jar, you know, and we may go over. I notice the passengers are beginning to get up, so you rustle out the rest of them, take their berths apart and pile the blankets, pillows and mattresses all about their seats. In other words, pad the cabin."

"I see."

"But don't let them know you're doing it. Let 'em think you're untidy. See? They won't know the difference. Then when we get to the field be sure they're all strapped down and strap yourself in, too. I'm going to try a couple of dives and that will throw things about a bit. I don't want anyone to get hurt in the air. Now, get going and don't waste any time. We're almost there."

"Good . . . good luck, Albin."

"Thanks, kid. Same to you. I'm treating you to a highball when we land."

"I'll need it."

She left the office and went back to the cabin. Most of the passengers were out of their berths, but a few were still asleep. Sissy went down the aisle, awakened each one of them and helped them out of their berths and back to the washrooms. Three of them were women. Then she started taking the berths apart and worked fast. In a few moments she had pillows, sheets, blankets, comforters and mattresses scattered all over the cabin and piled about the seats. The passengers complained that they were in the way and wanted them stowed in the upper berths, but Sissy skillfully lied that stowing them above would change the center of weight distribution on the plane and make it difficult for the pilot. They believed her, all, that is, except Mannering, a sportsman pilot just out of his berth and still groggy with sleep.

He looked at Sissy and at the padded cabin and his eyes opened wide and he sat down in his seat with a thump. He hadn't the faintest idea of what was wrong, but he knew the plane was being prepared for a crash landing and that there was trouble ahead. He did not get panic-stricken. He sat there quietly.

Carleson was on the air again, talking to the field: "Four two eight three. . . . Coming in. . . . Just east of the range . . . four thousand . . . will spiral down over the field and dive ship to loosen wheels . . . shut off all engines. . . . Come back, please."

"Burbank to Carleson. Everything is set, old man. Take it easy and do your best to get those wheels down. We have already called all planes out of the air and have cleared the field. Come back."

"Good. . . . Coming in now . . . over the range . . . see the field . . . stay on my frequency and keep the radio clear . . . see you in a minute. . . . That's all."

The huge metal plane roared over the range of mountains at better than two hundred miles an hour, was caught in the updraft and gained an additional hundred feet. Carleson kept that level, nodded to Benham and closed the throttles to half speed. The engines barked at the sudden restriction of power, coughed hollowly for a moment, then cleared their throats to an even hum again. The constant-speed propellers automatically changed pitch and bit into less air. The two men pulled their safety straps to the farthest notch and looked grimly at each other. The field was below.

Dr. Michael Reardon was well content. The plane was on time. In a few minutes he would be well on his way to the San Pedro docks. He settled back and relaxed. Everything was working out fine.

J. L. Dubois looked down at the field and sighed. Another battle ahead. More years of control, more responsibility and less and less time for himself. Everything was working out too well. It always did.

Stephen St. Claire looked down at Hollywood under the shadow of the banking wing and swore under his breath. Sue was attentive. He almost had her divorce idea licked. She was on the verge of seeing things his way. And here they were. In another moment they would be on the ground. Sue would go into Hollywood and that would be the end of their life together.

Susan was saying, "When we land come with me into town and we'll have breakfast together and talk things over. I realize now that I'm still rather fond of you and that I have been a bit hasty."

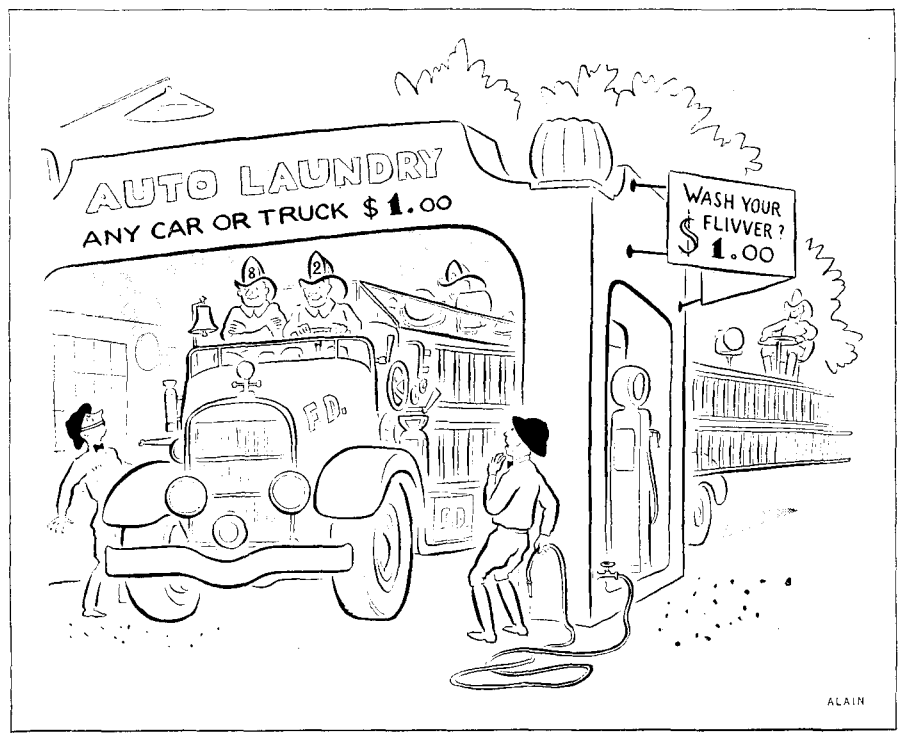
"Good girl!" The plane dipped and Stephen said, "Well, here we go, down into the arms of Hollywood."

CARLESON was at the controls. He banked over the Hollywood Hills, swung back toward the field and looked down at the ground. There was a mob down there, automobiles, people and black groups beyond the wire barricade. Word must have gotten out. But the ambulances were also there and he could see the two crash wagons and the men in white asbestos suits on the running boards. All set. The ground force was efficient. He would have to compliment them if . . .

"Oil pressure okay on the wheels?"

Benham answered, "Five hundred. Shall I release?"

"Go ahead." Benham pulled back the knob to release the wheels and force them down. They stayed where they were, but the release was off. Carleson



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nodded to him and said, "Hold on. Here we go for a dive."

He shoved the control column forward, forced the nose of the ship down and the engines started barking with the acceleration of speed. After a thousand-foot plunge he jerked the control back and the ship violently snapped out of the dive to level flight. They could hear the metallic strain on the wing as it gave with the snap. They looked at the position indicator. The wheels were still up. The jar had failed to release them.

Back in the cabin there were fourteen suddenly bewildered faces. The dive and then the jar as the ship pulled out of it had snapped up every head in the cabin. They looked at one another, puzzled looks, and at the stewardess—an inquiring look. She forced a smile and nodded to each of them and they relaxed. If she was smiling it must be all right. But what the devil was going on? And why was the pilot circling the field and climbing higher again? Maybe another ship was taking off and he wanted to get out of the way.

CARLESON leveled out at five thousand, made a complete circle, then forced the control column forward again. He also opened the engines and the scream of the propellers rose to an enormous whine as the plane lunged down toward the ground. At three thousand he snapped the column back and the great plane crashed back into level flight with a huge groan. The position indicator still showed UP.

Carleson said to Benham, "Never budged 'em. But I darn' near tore off the wing. We can't dive any steeper than that."

"No."

"I'll circle about for ten minutes, then try another two-thousand drop. I'd sure like to set her down on the wheels."

"I wonder how the passengers are taking it?"

The passengers, this time, were close to panic. Their ears were popping and their stomachs felt empty and sore from snapping out of the dive. They looked wildly about and every eye turned to Sissy Lewis.

She smiled and said, "It's nothing important, folks. We'll be on the ground in a few minutes. Please be patient."

They climbed again—to five thousand feet—and circled the bowl between the two ranges of hills. Benham worked furiously on the emergency crank and even shot more oil pressure into the retracting apparatus. The wheels still refused to budge. He sat back and shook his head in defeat.

"Okay," Carleson said. "No use trying another dive. We've got to land."

He nosed the ship into a gentle glide, holding it to a rate of descent of not more than three hundred feet per minute. Ten minutes later they were within fifteen hundred feet of the field and spiraling ever lower.

Dr. Reardon looked at his watch and leaned tensely back in his seat. It was already 7:30, 10:30 in New York. The body had been found, he had been located and the police were undoubtedly waiting for him on the field. So ended the career of Dr. Michael Reardon. For only a moment he thought of his wife, then he straightened his shoulders and stared at the blank wall before him.

J. L. Dubois noted the time and a wave of nausea swept over him. The meeting was under way, had been for the last five minutes. They had probably taken the vote already. He was no longer head of the Tri-State Utility Corporation. Another had displaced him by now. Poor chump.

Mr. Dubois suddenly smiled, then he sat upright and positively laughed. Poor chump. That expressed it exactly. Now he was out of the picture. He could retire. He could enjoy himself. He could be part of the family. Now that it was all over he realized what it meant. He gave vent to a low whistle of pleasure.

Stephen St. Claire said to his wife, "Prepare yourself for a bad landing, darling. Something is wrong."

"Oh, Steve, do you think . . ."

"Nonsense. Just brace yourself, that's all. I have a hunch. And, before we land, how about your answer? Are you coming back with me?"

Sue held his arm and whispered, "Yes. Please forgive me for being a temperamental fool. Please forgive me."

Stephen nodded and grinned, but he was too happy to say anything.

Carleson came in over the south end of the field, fish-tailed the plane down over the hangars, cleared their tops by a few feet and straightened out for the landing. The plane settled toward the ground and the sirens on the crash wagons screamed into the air and followed down the field after it. The pilot could hear them coming and was smiling through biting teeth. He eased back on the control column and the plane lost speed. Only a few feet now. Closer and closer. There was the soft dirt. They were over it. There was a slight grating sound for a second under the body, but the air pressure between the wing and the ground was still too great to let it settle and it lifted a few inches.

Carleson yelled to Benham, "Hang on, youngster. Cover your face. Here we go."

He pulled back on the control, the tail went down, bit into the soft dirt beyond the runways, dragged through it and forced the nose down. The bottom of the ship touched the ground, at seventy miles an hour, a low rumble started, grew in crescendo until it was a roar that seemed to fill the whole earth; then there was the snap of the props as they bent under, the sparks flying, the cloud of dust enveloping everything and the ship plunging and bucking through the dirt, with Carleson at the wheel fighting it, holding it down, now up, keeping the wings balanced and off the ground—there was the danger—fighting it, finally, to a halt.

He had been holding his breath without knowing it, but now he let it out in a huge sigh and there were tears in his eyes from the strain of the fight. He reached down to the floor and jerked on the automatic fire extinguisher. The engines were immediately smothered with a chemical to prevent fire. The gas tanks had not exploded. The ship was safe on the ground.

Benham said, "Damn' nice work. Albin, I have never . . ."

BACK in the cabin the passengers were more bewildered than ever. The stewardess helped each of them out of the door into the arms of the men waiting outside. The police took Dr. Reardon. Dubois got out grinning like a young kid at a picnic. The St. Claires went out arm in arm, united again. Mr. Kraft was the last to leave.

"I tell you, young lady," he shouted, "I have never experienced such inefficiency and never have I seen such rotten flying. The nerve of that pilot landing us clear out here. Time is important. Time . . ."

He stepped out the door and down to the ground and looked back at the plane. It was then that he noticed the wheels were still retracted and the ship was resting on its belly. It took that fact a moment to register, but when it did Mr. Albert Kraft fainted.

Carleson and Benham helped Sissy Lewis out of the ship and went off arm in arm for a bar. They needed the bar immediately and they were arm in arm because Sissy could not stand up and Carleson didn't think it would look right for the field officials to see her that way, poor kid.

"Gee, Mom, Were They All Poor People?"

"Not exactly poor, Bobby. They had money. But they didn't have all the nice things that we have — a radio, and electric lights, and a vacuum cleaner. They didn't have electricity, or automobiles, or airplanes. Most of those things hadn't even been invented."

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2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. We return no drawings.

4. *Print your name, address* (town, county, state), age, occupation on back of drawing.

5. All drawings must be received by August 31st, 1939. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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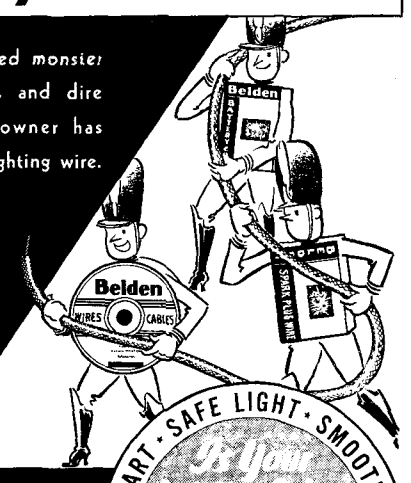

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Ask for Automotive Wires by Belden

Casey Jones was the Rounder's Name

Continued from page 26

looked at his watch. It read 3:45. They were only two minutes behind schedule. Casey knew that a heavy freight train, No. 83, was lumbering along ahead of him. He knew that No. 83 had orders to stand on the siding at Vaughan, a track that paralleled the main track, until his train passed. Casey knew, too, that another long freight train, No. 72, was headed toward him and he knew that No. 72 also had orders to put in at the siding until he passed.

In addition to the siding, which was on one side of the main track, there was a "house track" on the other side, behind the little wooden Vaughan station. Casey knew that the New Orleans-Memphis local passenger No. 26 running in two sections was waiting there on the "house track" until he roared by. But he didn't know . . .

Setup for Disaster

The siding where the two freight trains were standing wasn't quite long enough to accommodate them both. Four cars of the southbound No. 83 lapped over onto the main track at the north end of the siding. Conductor Ed Hoke of No. 83 realized what the situation was. It wasn't very crucial. He'd have No. 72 back up a bit and then move No. 83 up so that those last four cars would clear the north end where the main track joined the siding. He'd flag Casey Jones' train and tell Casey to pull down the main track slowly past the north switch and then wait for a moment until his train could again be moved up and No. 72 could then clear the main track at the south switch. Then Casey could proceed on his way.

He gave his orders. He said to his flagman, John Newberry, "Take some lights and torpedoes and give Casey Jones on the No. 1 the 'saw by' signal."

The "sawing operation" was a common feature of single-track operation in 1900. A flagman beside the track sawing one arm across the other was all that the engineer of an oncoming train needed to picture the whole situation. Newberry walked back the prescribed 3,000 feet from the south siding to flag Casey Jones. He shivered a little in the rain, set his torpedo on the rail and then moved back a bit, ready to wave his lantern and give Casey the "saw by" signal.

He pictured No. 72 backing up so that its last four or five cars would be lapping over the main track near the south switch. He pictured No. 83 moving up getting its four cars off the main track at the north switch. That is what should have happened. That would have happened ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But this is what actually happened:

No. 72 started to back up and an air hose burst, stopping the train. This meant that No. 83 still overlapped on the main track. It doesn't take long to repair an air hose and pump up the air, but it took too long on that cold dawn. Three miles north Casey was coming fast. He'd get the signal all right but that signal meant that the north switch was clear and the north switch wasn't clear.

White-faced men worked frantically on the air hose. There wasn't time to send another flagman half a mile north to give Casey a different signal.

Then they heard Casey's whistle cutting into the grayish murk of a reluctant dawn that was still overhung with the black of night. Casey was just practicing and he turned again to grin at Sim Webb. No. 1 roared through the woods in the hollow above Vaughan. No. 1 flashed across Cypress Creek and into the long curve to the left beyond which was a sharp upgrade leading to Vaughan.

Sim Webb turned and threw one large shovelful of coal on the fire, which threw its reflection on his ebony sweat-streaked face. Then he heard the roar of the torpedo underneath the wheels of the locomotive. He felt the air brakes hiss mightily and then start to grip the wheels. He lurched to the gangway of the locomotive just in time to see the flagman's waving lantern and then, looking ahead, he saw the red taillights very near. The wheels screamed as the air brakes tried to catch hold, but those red lights were coming back at a terrific rate.

Sim Webb screamed to Casey, "Goin' to hit. Better jump."

In the dull light of the cab he saw Casey kick his seat out from under him, and in that instant the emergency brakes grabbed every wheel on the train and the whistle shrieked out a warning. But Sim heard no more. He plunged into the darkness from the gangway, struck a clump of bushes at the far side of a little ditch and hurtled head over heels for twenty feet before he stopped. Even as he slid along the rough ground the brakes back through the whole train were screaming, and the dim outlines of the baggage and mail cars and the faintly lighted windows of the coaches shot past him. As the last car passed with sparks flying around its wheels, there was a deafening crash of splintering wood and hissing steam from up ahead. Then utter darkness again—as if a great fiery door, thrown open for an instant against the night sky, had been slammed shut again with a mighty crash.

Sim staggered to his feet, dazed and badly skinned and bruised, but not seriously hurt, and, in the dim light of a lantern he had found, stumbled ahead through the shadows beside the coaches. These were still on the rails, and passengers and trainmen began pouring out on the ground and shouting a bedlam of orders and anxious questions. Up ahead Sim saw the dim shape of a baggage car, off the rails and partly across the track. The mail car, next ahead, lay half on its side in the ditch, while the tender and overturned locomotive were surrounded by a mass of splintered wood that had been a freight-train caboose and several freight cars. Sim tripped and fell to his knees in a sea of small gravel which proved to be shelled corn, scattered three feet deep over the track and wreckage.

The Only Fatality

Engine 382 lay in the ditch on its side, stripped of cab and running boards and piping as if they had been sheared away by a huge cleaver. Live steam hissed from a dozen broken ends. Close beside the twisted rail, under the tender and half covered with coal and the shattered walls of his cab, lay Casey Jones, quite dead, with the broken end of the whistle cord still clutched in his hand. His engine had split through the caboose of No. 83 and a boxcar of baled hay, smashed open a boxcar of bulk corn and had rammed a flatcar loaded with lumber which lay in heaps in the shallow cut, almost filling it to the brim. Men were running about with lanterns and shouting to one another and checking up on the crew and passengers. Three of the crew of No. 1 besides Sim, as well as two passengers, it eventually developed, were bruised or otherwise slightly in-

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jured and a half-dozen others had been badly jostled.

The freight trainmen of No. 83, fortunately, had had just enough warning to leap to safety. No one else was killed—just Casey.

One of the sections of train No. 26, which was lying there on the house track by the station, was handled by Jim Gaffney, a pal of Casey's and a man for whom he had once fired. Gaffney heard the crash and the screaming of the brakes. Gaffney saw the red glare half a mile away and he turned pale. He dropped from his engine and ran the few feet to the dark Vaughan station. His elbow smashed in a window and Gaffney crawled into the empty room. His trembling fingers found the light and then he sat down at the telegraph key. He had once been a telegraph operator but he had never sent a message like this.

He wired to near-by Canton that No. 1 was in a ditch and to hurry a wrecker along.

It wasn't until 9 A. M. that the world heard of the wreck. Then a brief telegraphic report reached the Chicago headquarters of the Illinois Central. "Engineer Casey Jones killed," the report read, and harried railroad officials wired back for confirmation. "We have no engineer named Casey Jones. There are two Joneses on the Mississippi Division. Which Jones is meant?" The answer came: "Engineer killed was J. L. Jones."

The Song's Birth

Up and down the line they talked of nothing but the death of Casey Jones. Everyone liked and respected Jones. He was the idol of the Negro workers on the railroad. Jones always had a distinctive whistle on his engine and the Negroes would chuckle at night when its piercing strains came to them. "There's Casey Jones playin' music foh us. . . . That's Casey Jones, his hand on the throttle. . . ." They repeated stories of Casey Jones and told and retold the story of his last few minutes when his thoughts were on his new whistle. The outside world didn't take any notice It had been only a small wreck and Admiral Dewey was coming home from the Philippines and the Boers had Baden-Powell bottled up in Mafeking. But in the switch shanties in Mississippi and West Tennessee they kept on talking of Casey; especially the Negro workers talked of Casey.

Casey had always been nice to Wallace Saunders, a cinder-pit man, and Wallace and his helper, Ike Wentworth, grieved deeply over his death. Finally their deep emotion found expression in a chant, a spiritual that grew each day as others would sing the song and then improvise verses of their own. Roundhouse helpers and yardmen heard it and the song rolled up and down the Mississippi Valley gathering momentum like a snowball. Each verse commemorated something that Casey had done. . . .

"Casey was a man who could handle air," they sang. "No one could quill a whistle like Casey used to do."

They sang about the time that Casey was firing for Bill Ruffin, on the M. & O. One day their train was flagged just before it came to a bridge. A horse had fallen through the open floor of a trestle in the dark, and was firmly lodged between the ties. No one knew how to get the dead horse out of there so the train could proceed. Casey got an idea. He tied the horse's tail fast to the front coupling link and then suggested that Ruffin back up the engine.

"The horse's tail will pull right off," Ruffin protested.

"Me, I know horses," Casey grinned. Ruffin thought he'd try it. One yank and the horse came clear to tumble forlornly down into the ravine below.

They sang of Casey's love for his wife Janie and for his three children. The song spread beyond the confines of the Illinois Central roundhouses and switch shanties. The Leighton brothers, who had a vaudeville act, heard the song and after working on it, writing new lyrics, they presented it. It was a tremendous hit and two years after the wreck the name of Casey Jones was famous all over the country.

Come, all you rounders, for I want you to hear
The story of a brave engineer.
Casey Jones was the rounder's name.
On a big eight-wheeler of a mighty fame.

Casey Jones was a brave engineer and a good engineer. Many of the railroad men who worked with him are alive today and they'll tell you (they told me) stoutly that he had no superior at handling big locomotives and that he could get more mileage out of a tankful of water than any other man on the railroad. His record was excellent, and reading it now in the old files of the Illinois Central you see no stain of blood upon it—save eventually his own.

The song Casey Jones has become part of the folklore of our land. It is the song of the railroad and it's still sung in switch shanties and roundhouses. The song itself does not actually reflect Casey Jones nor does it give the story of the wreck as it happened. One verse in the song was distinctly detrimental to Casey and one night a theater was almost wrecked in Memphis because of it. The offending verse was:

Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a'cryin'.
Just had a message saying Casey was dyin',
She said, "Go to bed, children, and hush your cryin',
Cause you got another daddy on the Salt Lake Line."

A Song in His Heart

In 1903, only two years after the wreck, when the memory of Casey was still green in the minds of men who had known him, a vaudeville team sang the song in a Memphis theater. At its conclusion grim-faced men came from all parts of the theater toward the stage. The two vaudevillians paled and ran. Needless to say, the management immediately canceled their act.

Casey's widow went to court about it, seeking an injunction to prevent the singing or publication of the offending verse but she found no remedy in the law. Undoubtedly the verse is libelous. Casey Jones was a family man. He found his Janie Brady in Jackson in 1886 and he married her and they lived happily until Casey's death. Casey was a happy-go-lucky, swaggering railroad man with a song in his heart and a smile in his eye, but though his eye might rove a little, his heart never did. Janie was completely happy being Casey's wife. Casey's three children were youngsters when he met his death. Somehow she managed to rear them. Today Casey's eldest son Charles, forty-nine, is a machinist in the Illinois Central shops and Charles' son John is breaking into the railroad craft as an apprentice.

Casey's locomotive, old No. 382, was patched up after the wreck, rechristened No. 212 and it continued to do valiant service until 1935, when it was scrapped. After the wreck Casey's brother-in-law, Tom Brady, took Casey's whistle and used it on the Mobile & Ohio for years. His engine made a run out of Jackson, where Casey had lived, and at night, when the air was still, Casey's friends used to lift their heads and hear the mournful requiem that the whistle sang under the hand of Tom Brady. Then they'd shake their heads and they'd talk of Casey and they'd always end up by saying: "Yes, sir, there never was a man who could handle air like Casey, and there never was a man who could quill a whistle like old Casey Jones."

"I do wish I could find a recipe for only two people" CLARK O'DANIEL

MY STOMACH DOESN'T LIKE TO TRAVEL

Experienced travelers know the penalty of hurried, nervous meals . . . improperly prepared foods and change of water. They take Pepto-Bismol with them!

When your stomach is out of order your intestines are often out of order, too. Don't add to the upset with drastic, irritating physics and purges.

Take Pepto-Bismol and help quiet the upset. Not an antacid. Pepto-Bismol soothes the irritated intestinal walls, aids in retarding intestinal fermentation, gas formation and simple diarrhea.

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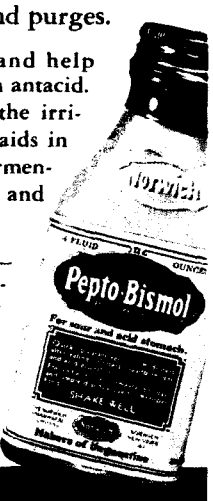

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WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

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The successful host gathers a congenial company by carefully selecting the right personalities from his circle of friends. So it is with Teacher's Scotch Whisky . . . a century-old art of blending selected distillations gives to "Highland Cream" its aptitude for making friends . . .

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Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

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You and the Next Administration

Continued from page 13

tion of Labor, at their winter meeting in Miami, issued a statement that indicated their realization that slack times are directly related to mounting taxes. Here is a remarkable table that confirms their apprehensions so far as the building trades are concerned. Utica, New York, is a typical city of 100,000. Note how the building of new houses has gone down as the tax rate has gone up:

Year	*Tax Rate*	*New Houses*
1929	$24.38	110
1930	31.48	87
1931	31.04	80
1934	31.41	27
1936	33.38	26
1937	33.65	32
1938	36.38	14

In justice to the New Dealers it should be said that the local-tax burden was becoming a menace to the homeowner even in the "good old days." For the past twenty-five years we Americans have sailed along in the sublime assurance that this is "the richest country in the world," that there is no limit to the public luxuries it can afford. Each new administration of a city or state has promised more "improvements"; every township has competed with its neighbors as to which will have the finest high school, the biggest city hall, the grandest post office, the most miles of new roads. The New Deal did not invent governmental extravagance. It merely took a widespread American disease and made it a thousand times worse.

Figures that Mean Failure

The federal budget for 1940, as transmitted to Congress by the President in January, weighs four pounds and eleven ounces. This is only seven ounces more than the weight of the 1933 budget, but the increase of 7 ounces in seven years represents about $714,287,142 an ounce. In those hundreds of pages of figures is written the failure of the philosophy of spending. Spending has not primed the pump of private enterprise to the point of prosperous operation. It has not reduced notably the number of the unemployed. It has not raised the price of farm products. It has not achieved any of the objectives that were claimed for it. But it *has* cut nearly in half the interest on your savings account.

It *has* practically wiped out the dividend on your insurance policy.

It *has* made your home a poorer investment, harder to sell.

It *has* built up a debt that is not only a first lien on your future earnings, but is taking its toll of every dollar you earn or spend today.

Now let us see what will happen to you under the next President who, according to the best political judgment at the moment, will be either Mr. Roosevelt or a Republican.

Mr. Roosevelt will continue to spend and increase the national debt. This he has announced. He is trying to allay your fears by adopting two ingenious arguments.

First, he says that no matter how big the debt becomes it is not a menace because it is owned by Americans, and they will be paying the interest on it to each other. That is the same as saying that if you and I are fellow residents of Dubuque, and you owe me $1,000, you shouldn't worry because we both live in the same town. But the fact remains that I am collecting the interest, and you are paying the interest, and eventually you will have to pay the principal.

Every ruler in history who has run his country into debt has resorted to clever sophistries. Finally, however, the debt has become too heavy for the debtors to bear. They have had to default on the interest, whereupon the bonds have tumbled in price, the government credit has collapsed, and chaos has descended.

All citizens suffer under such a calamity, but the weak and poor suffer most. The United States is a rich country. Its hour of retribution will, therefore, be delayed, perhaps for many years; but no amount of charming fireside talk can postpone it forever.

Second, we are offered the beguiling expedient of the so-called "double budget." The argument is that the regular governmental expenses should be put in one column, and the expenditures for new post offices, courthouses, sewer systems, and the rest should not be considered as constituting a deficit, since these are "permanent improvements." Can the government sell a post office, a courthouse, or a sewer system and use the proceeds to retire the bonds that were issued to construct it? Obviously not. The bonds must ultimately be met by taxation. And whether you carry them in a "normal budget" or an "investment budget," they are debt and nothing but debt, and paying them off will be just as hard.

When responsible government officials, who spent the first five years of their administration deploring deficits and promising a balanced budget, turn a complete somersault and begin to defend deficits and think up engaging reasons to convince the voters that they are not really deficits at all, then beware. You may know that the time is not far off when they may levy on the principal of your savings, just as their policies have already levied on the interest.

Now turn the picture around. Suppose the miracle happens. Suppose, in spite of all the money that will be available in the campaign, and all the pleas put forth by the most attractive and persuasive radio voice in political history, the common sense of the voters rebels and a Republican President is elected. What will the new administration do? And how will you fare under it?

My belief is that a Republican administration, if it is to do you any permanent good, must completely reverse the traditional pattern of our political history. Almost universally the rule has been that an administration is most popular in its first six months, the so-called "honeymoon," and proceeds to grow increasingly unpopular until it is turned out by accumulated resentment and the desire for change. The Republican administration of 1941 ought to make itself increasingly *unpopular* in the first eighteen months. It must have the courage to tell unpleasant truths, enact unpopular legislation, and say "No, No, No." Every act and every No will make somebody sore, including many of its own supporters.

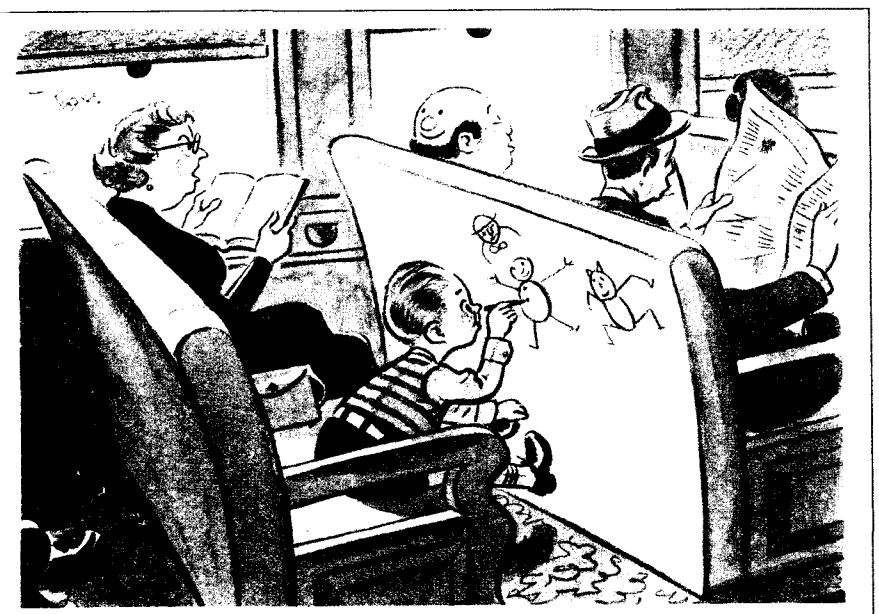
Some Unpleasant Jobs

Without going into detail, let us list a few of the unpleasant truths it ought to tell, and the unpopular actions it ought to take:

Our tax system is all wrong. The government is now collecting sixty-one cents in tax revenue for every dollar of expenditure. Ten cents of the sixty-one cents is in the form of income taxes, which are paid by only four per cent of the people. This four per cent is acutely conscious of the effects of governmental extravagance. The other fifty-one cents of national revenue is taken away from the rest of the people in the form of indirect or hidden taxes, of which they are not so conscious. The next administration ought to move courageously to repeal deterrent and indirect taxes, and to broaden the income-tax base and lower the exemptions, as many students of national economy have suggested. This will make many millions conscious of the cost of government, and it will temporarily, at least, make them resentful.

The farm program is subject to all the criticisms that were leveled at Mr. Hoover's little half-billion-dollar Farm Board; only in the present instance the cost of failure totals many billions. There are more farmers than the nation needs. The most efficient should be allowed to raise food as economically as possible and sell it to the people in the cities at the lowest prices consistent with a reasonable profit. The less successful producers on marginal lands should be helped to find their way into reforestation, flood control, or any one of a dozen activities that would contribute to the national welfare.

Specifically, the cotton situation is getting steadily worse. Foreign markets had begun to shrink even before the New Deal; but New Deal policies of



"Well, what are you staring at?" A. ROSS

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pegging prices above the world levels have vastly accelerated their destruction. Brazil has been helped to establish herself in the cotton business and can raise first-class cotton profitably at four or five cents a pound. The cotton-raising business is a declining business like the soft-coal business. Neither can be supported permanently at their present levels of production by putting the country deeper into debt. Many cotton farmers must find their way into other occupations. The process will not be easy, and will engender plenty of ill will.

Pressure groups of all sorts will have to be told that until we get the country back on a sound footing all expenditures must be scrutinized with microscopic care. The idea that throwing money around lavishly increases "purchasing power" and is therefore economically defensible will have to be tossed right out the window. All sorts and conditions of people will protest.

Many people will not like the refusals of the next administration, and their number will not be confined to the ranks of farmers, organized workers, or the WPA. Some of the businessmen, whose orders will fall off temporarily, will be just as loud in their protest, just as insistent that the Treasury be opened up again and the spending restarted.

Parenthetically: I have sat and listened day after day in the House of Representatives. A good argument can be made, and is made, for every single project that comes before us. Every proponent of a spending measure starts out by saying that he is in favor of economy and a balanced budget. *But* he wants the economy to start somewhere else.

The restrictions of the SEC will have to be lessened in some respects if capital is to flow freely into productive enterprise. When the President makes this move he will be accused of selling out to Wall Street.

No Real Sacrifices

The Wagner Labor Relations Act needs to be modified both in text and administration. If this is not done before the end of Mr. Roosevelt's term it will have to be done by his successor. And one section of organized labor will be resentful.

The utilities must have assurance that competition by the use of taxpayers' money is over, if they are to raise the private money they need for expansion and modernization. Many people will regard this assurance as a surrender to the "interests."

Thousands of employees will be taken off the public pay roll. Politicians figure each officeholder as good for at least four votes. Another addition to the ranks of the discontented and critical.

I hold that all these steps, and others of similar character, can be taken without sacrificing a single sound social reform. And by this I mean collective bargaining, social security, proper regulation of the exchanges, the utilities, and business generally. The big change will be in the *spirit* of administration rather than the *letter* of the statutes. The whole effort of a Republican president will be to get business going, to encourage it to make money so that it can expand its activities, hire more people, and raise their purchasing power. Suspicion, nagging criticism, and strangling restrictions will end.

What will be the effect of this program? Fortunately, we do not have to guess; we have the very highest historical precedent, not from a Republican, but from the supreme Democrat. In 1932, Mr. Roosevelt proclaimed:

"I regard the reduction in federal spending . . . as the most direct and effective contribution that government can make to business. . . . It is the one field where government can make the greatest possible contribution to recovery. . . . I am as certain as mortal man can be certain of anything in the future that from the moment we set our hands openly and frankly and courageously to this problem we shall have reached the end of our long hard downward road and shall have started on the upward trail. We shall have built for economic recovery a firm footing on a path broad, true and straight."

Those brave words were matched by braver deeds. In the first year of his administration he cut governmental expenditures about 25 per cent, or one billion dollars. A grateful nation responded with one of the most rapid and remarkable recoveries in its history.

I do not mean that all activities can be ruthlessly slashed, nor that the budget can be balanced at once. Such a course would be as disastrous as the continuance of unbridled spending. But in matters of government it is not the goal but the direction that is important. The minute the ship of state is turned squarely around, and the crew and passengers catch a glimpse of quiet waters, no matter how far away, a new spirit of courage and co-operation will be engendered. Production will leap ahead.

The System is Still Good

Even while the wounds of disappointment are being inflicted, healing processes will be at work. Industry will be expanding, and idle men and women going back to work. Young folks, who have had no haven but the CCC or the WPA, will begin to find employment. Farmers, whose real problem is not on the farm but in the cities, will see their surpluses eaten into because more workers will have more power to consume.

The pent-up demand for heavy goods —plant renewals and extensions and the rehabilitation of the railroads—is sufficient to provide years of prosperity. The demand for money will harden interest rates. Your savings account will begin to pay you a better income; the dividend on your insurance policy will begin to rise. And the lessened load of taxation will begin to make your home a sound investment again.

All these results are genuinely and easily possible. We know it—because Mr. Roosevelt once tried economy, and the capitalistic system responded. The system deserves another honest chance to function before we jump to the conclusion of his New Deal advisers that it is hopelessly worn out.

One last word. In our political setup it has always been the function of the President to stand between Congress and the pressure groups. When Roosevelt abandons this function and seeks to put the problem of economy up to Congress, he knows he is doing an insincere and cynical thing. Congress alone can never effect economy The members of the House are elected for two years and have hardly reached Washington before they must begin to think of the next campaign. They cannot, unaided, stand up against the groups who say: "Vote this expenditure, or we will defeat you, for we control so many votes in your district."

Always the congressman has been able to go home and say: "I tried to get the new post office, but the President would not let me have it." Or, "I voted for that expenditure, but the President vetoed the bill." The President has been the one to make the fight for the taxpayer and homeowner, and take the rap. If the next administration does the things that must be done in the first eighteen months, it will be the President who will have to exercise the leadership and stand up under the abuse. God give him strength and courage, and a very tough hide.

THE HERO PINNED A MEDAL ON ME

There I stood—staring at the rows of medals on the General's chest—too dazzled to speak. Suddenly—"Can that be a package of Beeman's in your hand?" whispered the General. His smile outshone the medals when I managed to stammer, "Y-yes! Have a stick?"

"That flavor's refreshing as a cool shower after a hot march!" the General declared. "Snappy as a band on parade! Give me Beeman's every time for real pep and tang! Miss—you deserve a medal!" And he made me one then and there—out of Beeman's shiny foil!

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IT'S NO SIN TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

BUT IN the little town of Colby, Darnley Carfax discovered that beauty was a most peculiar gift. It caused quite different reactions in a man than in a woman. In the presence of a beautiful girl a man would go all silly like a cat with a catnip mouse. But the same beautiful girl had as much chance with a woman as a radish has of getting into a strawberry shortcake.

It dawned upon her that she might be something out of the ordinary, the night of the High School Commencement when she heard Mrs. Morehouse refer to her in an unmistakable tone as "that Carfax girl." She noted, too, that when she passed the hotel, the traveling men on the stoop stared at her and then whispered. Even Grandpa Carfax said "You be so blasted beautiful that it's probably a-goin to pizen my declinin' years."

Darnley decided that if she really was beautiful, she wanted to know it and to use her beauty. She had nothing but contempt for girls who let their emotions mess up their lives. That would never happen to her. She'd go to New York and not tie up with the first eligible young blade who came her way. But let Clarence Budington Kelland tell you how Darnley as New York's newest sensational beauty was in for a grand awakening.

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Here's a workable plan for training pilots that may develop an effective back log of aviators for America's defense. Best of all, it pays its own way. And many other valuable articles.

ARE MOTHERS NECESSARY?

It seems like blasphemy even to intimate that a boy might get along without a mother's care, but one father had to be two parents and this is how he did it.

STORIES—ARTICLES *Your pick of*

36 exciting features including Tom Gill on Jungle Adventure, Paul Whiteman on Jitterbugs, a Faith Baldwin novel, articles on Office Manners, Family Money—a full 164 pages.

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Flotsam

Continued from page 20

got a week's detention," Steiner said. "Then she was deported. She is in Zürich now and later on she intends to go to Paris. She sent you a letter. Eat your breakfast first; you can read it afterward."

"I'm through."

Steiner smiled sympathetically. "Get him the letter, Lilo. She addressed it to Lilo," he explained, "because she is registered with the police. She has a Nansen passport."

Lilo fetched the letter and Kern tore it open. There were only a few lines. Her address in care of a friend in Zürich; a little about her plans; best wishes for him and he must stay with Steiner in Vienna. Your Ruth.

Much too little, Kern thought. He looked up. Steiner had gone into the wagon, and Lilo was watching him. "You must not be afraid," she said in her slow, slightly harsh German.

"I am not afraid."

"She will survive. I know faces. Ruth will survive. Have no fear."

Kern was on the point of saying that he was not afraid on that account; what he was afraid of was that he would not see her again. But one look at the Russian woman's face, shadowed by an immense sadness, made him stop short. However, she seemed to have read his thought. "It is not bad," she said. "Nothing else is really bad. As long as the other is alive, it is never bad."

KERN was in the shooting gallery loading rifles. Steiner had persuaded him to stay in the Prater as long as he could and he himself realized that it was the best thing to do.

A party of men came into the gallery. Lilo was busy with a crowd of boys and the men approached Kern. "We want to shoot."

Kern loaded a rifle. First the men took a few shots at the clay figures, which they smashed, and at the little glass balls dancing in a jet of water. Then they began to study the list of prizes and called for targets.

The first two men scored thirty and thirty-four points. They won a plush bear and a silver cigarette case. The third, a thick-set man with bristling hair and a heavy, brown shoe brush of a mustache, aimed long and carefully and scored a thirty-four. His friends shouted applause. Lilo glanced over quickly. "Five more shots!" the man ordered.

Kern loaded. With the first three shots the man scored thirty-six points, a twelve each time. Kern picked up one of Director Potzloch's magic bullets. The next shot was a six.

"Hold on!" The man laid down his gun. "There's something wrong here. I made a perfect shot that time."

"Perhaps you trembled a little," Kern said. "It's the same gun."

"I don't tremble," the man answered angrily. "An old police sergeant doesn't tremble. I know the way I shoot."

It was Kern's turn to tremble. A policeman even in plain clothes alarmed him. The man stared at him. "There's something fishy here," he said menacingly.

Kern blanched. He silently handed over the loaded rifle. The sergeant glanced at him again before he aimed. He scored another twelve and laid the rifle down. "Well?"

Kern said nothing. The man moved closer, getting red in the face. "I've seen you somewhere before—"

His friends interrupted him. They were shouting for a free shot. The six was not to count. "You fellows did something to the cartridge!"

Lilo came up and the others began to argue with her. The policeman took no part. He was looking at Kern and thinking hard. Kern met his glance steadily. He remembered all the lessons his turbulent life had taught him. "I'll talk to the director," he said casually. "I have no authority to make decisions."

He was considering giving the policeman his free shot but he could see Potzloch squirming if his family heirloom should be lost. He was caught between Scylla and Charybdis. Very slowly he got out a cigarette and lighted it, forcing his hand not to tremble. Then he turned around and walked across to Lilo.

She saved the situation by proposing a compromise. The policeman should start over again and take five more shots. The others were against the proposal. Lilo had been watching Kern and had noticed that something was wrong. Suddenly she smiled and seated herself on the counter close to the policeman. "Surely a fine fellow like you can shoot just as well a second time."

The policeman preened himself at this flattery. "A man with a hand like that would never be afraid," Lilo said, laying her own fragile hand on the sergeant's thick, reddish-haired one.

"Afraid! I don't know the word." The policeman laughed woodenly. "This is more than we asked for."

He picked up the gun and shot. A twelve. He looked proudly at Lilo. She smiled and motioned Kern to load. He did so. The policeman scored fifty-eight.

"You're the best shot that's been here in years," Lilo said. "Your wife need never be anxious."

"I have no wife."

She looked into his eyes. "I can tell that's only because you don't want one."

He grinned. His friends were raising an uproar. Lilo fetched the picnic basket which he had won. He smoothed his mustache and then suddenly said to Kern, his eyes narrow and cold: "I'm not through with you yet. I'm coming back in uniform." He took the basket, smiling smugly, and went away with his friends.

"Did he recognize you?" Lilo asked quickly.

"Not exactly."

"Go now. It's better not to let him see you again. Tell Steiner. He can lend a hand here."

THE policeman did not come back that day. But Kern was worried.

"I've got to get away," he said to Steiner that evening. "I'm going to get out of Austria. Tonight."

"Where are you heading for?"

"Switzerland. And perhaps farther on from there."

Steiner nodded. "I'm going to move on in a couple of weeks. My passport is safer anywhere than here. I'm slowly getting into hot water. Come along, we'll go to Potzloch."

Director Potzloch was in a rage about the picnic basket. "Worth thirty schillings, young man, at wholesale—" he trumpeted. "You're ruining me."

"He's leaving," Steiner said and explained the situation. "The basket was a necessary sacrifice," he concluded. "Otherwise your family heirloom would have been lost."

This horrid thought made Potzloch pale. Then he brightened. "Well, well, that's different." He paid Kern his wages and led him over to the gallery. "You shall see what sort of a man Potzloch is! Pick out some presents for yourself. As souvenirs. To be sold, of course. Only a fool keeps souvenirs: they embitter your life. You're going to

"I'll take a chance on being an old maid!"

But you take no chances when you serve Ritz! For Ritz is the most popular — the largest selling cracker in America. Here's crunchy, golden goodness that's irresistible. Grand with drinks, salads, milk, soup — glorious right out of the package. But remember — *only* Ritz tastes like Ritz! It has a unique nut-like flavor — a tempting, delicious crispness which is *sealed in* by a special baking process. If you want a cracker that stays *fresh* 'til the last one is eaten — be *sure* that you ask for Ritz! Get a big package from your food dealer today.

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try peddling, aren't you? Pick something out. Use your own discretion."

He disappeared. "Go ahead and do it," Steiner said. "Trash always sells well. Take small, light things. And do it fast before Potzloch changes his mind."

But Potzloch did not change his mind. On the contrary, in addition to the ash trays and dice that Kern had selected, he voluntarily added three little naked goddesses of genuine imitation bronze.

Kern packed his bag. He washed his socks and shirts and hung them up to dry. Then he had supper with Lilo and Steiner.

"Be sad, kid," Steiner said. "You have a right to be. The heroes of ancient Greece wept more often than our silly sentimental modern women. They knew it did no good to hold it back. Our ideal is the impassive courage of a statue. Unnecessary. Be sad and then you'll soon be over it."

"Sadness is sometimes—the last happiness," Lilo said calmly, handing Kern a dish of borsch with cream and some hot piroshki.

Steiner smiled and ran his hand over her hair. "Our melancholy child of the steppes! As for you, young cosmopolite, the last happiness is going to be for the present a good meal. It may sound silly but it's the wisdom of an old soldier. And you're a soldier, don't forget that. You're one of the pioneer citizens of the world. To be without nationality is to be above nationality. But pioneers have to suffer. What you are going through now will some day be a help to thousands. This won't last. In an airplane you can cross ten national boundaries in a day; each needs the other—and all are armed to the teeth with iron and powder against each other. That can't last. You are one of the first Europeans—one of the first pilgrims of a Mayflower of humanity and understanding. Never forget that. Be proud of it."

Kern smiled. "That's all well and good, Steiner; and I believe it too—but what am I going to do tonight when I'm alone?"

KERN took the night train. He chose the cheapest class and the cheapest train and came by roundabout ways to Innsbruck. From there he went on by foot, hoping for a lift. He had no luck. In the evening he went to a small inn and ate an order of baked potatoes—food that was cheap and filling. That night he slept in a haystack.

Next morning he got a ride as far as Landeck. The owner of the car bought one of Director Potzloch's goddesses for five schillings. Toward night it began to rain. He stopped at a little tavern and played tarot with a couple of woodsmen. He lost six schillings. This depressed him so much that he couldn't sleep until midnight.

Next morning he went on. He stopped a car but the driver demanded five schillings fare. It was an Austro-Daimler worth fifteen thousand schillings; even so Kern refused. A peasant, however, gave him a lift in his wagon and presented him with a thick sandwich. He slept that night in the hay.

Next day he climbed the Arlberg Pass. He was nearly exhausted when a policeman overtook him on the heights and arrested him. Nevertheless he had to walk the weary distance back to St. Anton. There they locked him up for the night. He could not sleep for fear they would find out that he had been in Vienna and would send him back there for trial. But next morning they let him go.

This time he sent his valise by freight to Feldkirch; it was because of it that the policeman had spotted him. Two days later he arrived in Feldkirch and recovered the valise. He waited until night, undressed and waded across the Rhine, holding his things above his head. Now he was in Switzerland. He spent two nights walking, hiding by day, until he had got past the danger zone. Then he expressed his valise and soon afterward found a car that took him to Zürich.

It was noon when he arrived, and he decided not to look up Ruth until after dark. He inquired in several Jewish stores about refugee aid societies. Finally he was given the address of a religious group.

"Are you a Jew?" asked the young man who received him. "Have you papers?"

"If I had papers I wouldn't be here," Kern said wearily. "I am a half Jew."

"Religion?"

"Protestant."

"Aha, Protestant. Then I'm afraid we can't do much for you. You see, as a religious community our chief interest is naturally—you understand—in Jews of our faith."

"I see," Kern said bitterly. "I fled from Germany because my father is a Jew. Here you can't help me because my mother is a Christian. Funny world!"

THE young man shrugged his shoulders. "Our means are strictly limited. And all private donations from pious Jews—you understand—are, well, intended principally for Jews."

"I see. Could you at least tell me where I can stay for a couple of days without reporting to the police?"

The young man smiled. "I can't do that; it's against the law. You must go to the police and try to get a permit."

Kern looked at him. "I've had some experience with that sort of thing—"

"Please wait a moment." The young man went out and came back in a few minutes. "This is an exception to our rule but we can help you out to the extent of twenty francs."

"Thank you," Kern said, taking the money. It was the only Swiss money he had and he needed it badly.

He paused for a moment on the street, not knowing where to go. He was afraid of being seen by a detective.

"Well, Herr Kern," said a jeering voice behind him.

He whirled around. An elegant young man of about his own age was smiling at him. "Don't be alarmed; I just happened to be in there," he pointed to the door of the religious society. "And I heard your story. You're here for the first time, aren't you?"

Kern nodded. "That's what I thought. My name is Stern. I can give you a couple of tips, if you like. Let's go and have a cup of coffee."

He led Kern to a little café. "Where did you come from?" he asked.

"From Vienna."

"Then you'll have to change a lot of your ideas. Now listen. You can, of course, apply to the police for a short permit. Without papers your chances of getting it are five per cent; your chances of being deported at once about ninety-five. You want to risk it?"

"No."

"That's what I thought. For you would also be running the risk of being refused the right to enter the country again for anywhere from one to five years or more, according. After that if you're caught it means prison."

"I know," Kern said. "It's the same everywhere."

"All right. You can postpone that by staying here illegally. Of course only until the first time you're picked up. And that's a matter of luck and good management."

Kern nodded. "What are the chances of being allowed to work?"

Stern laughed. "None at all. It's natural enough, too. Switzerland is a small country and has enough unemployed of its own."

"Then it's the same old story; starve

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legally or illegally or get in trouble with the law."

"Precisely!" Stern, replied with cheerful assurance. "Now as to the question of districts. Zürich is hot. The police are very active. In plain clothes, too, which makes it ticklish. Only old-timers can get away with living here. Dilettantes haven't a chance. Just now French Switzerland is good, especially Geneva. Socialistic government. Tessin isn't bad, either, but the towns are too small. How do you work—straight or with trimmings?"

"WHAT *does that mean?*"

"That means do you simply try to get assistance or do you do exactly the same thing under the pretense of peddling something?"

"I intend to peddle."

"Dangerous. Counts as work. Double penalty. *Illegal residence and illegal work.* Assistance, alone, to be sure, can fall under the heading of begging and vagrancy—especially if someone enters a complaint against you."

"A complaint?" Kern asked.

"My dear friend," answered Stern, the expert, in a patiently instructive tone, "a year ago I was denounced by a Jew who had more millions than you have francs. He was outraged because I asked him for money to buy a ticket to Basle. What do you deal in?"

"Soap, perfume *and toilet water,*" Kern said. "I sell books on commission, too, when I can." He appeared a simpleton in his own eyes compared to the worldly Stern.

"Books are bad business. The more worthless the merchandise, the greater the profit. How about addresses? Have you any?"

"What kind of addresses?"

Stern leaned back and looked at Kern in amazement. "God, you're naïve! Addresses of people you can go to, of course. You can't just run around at random from door to door. You'd be laid by the heels in three days."

He offered Kern a cigarette. "I'll give you a number of reliable addresses," he went on. "Three series—orthodox Jews, mixed and Christian. No charge. I myself had to pay twenty francs for my first list. Some of the people, of course, are dreadfully pestered; but at least they won't get you into trouble."

He examined Kern's suit. "Your clothes are all right. You have to be especially careful about that here in Switzerland. On account of the detectives. What I tell you is the concentrated essence of three years' service in the fight for life. Yes, I've grown tough. More than most. My brother couldn't take it. He shot himself a year ago."

For an instant Stern's face was twisted with pain. Then it became calm again. He stood up. "You can spend tonight with me. For a week I have a safe place, a room that belongs to a Zürich acquaintance of mine who is away on vacation. We'll meet here at midnight. That all right?"

"Good Lord, you ask if it's all right! But I'm a stranger. Why are you doing all this for me?"

Stern laughed. "Not from philanthropy. This sort of thing is a matter of course with people who are at the very bottom. Comradeship of those outside the law—almost like that among criminals. Each one of us may be in the same fix tomorrow, and need help himself. Well, then, till twelve!"

He paid for the coffee, gave Kern his hand and went out, self-assured and elegant.

KERN was filled with doubts before he went to see Ruth. He sat on a bench beside the lake and reread again and again the brief letter she had left behind for him. *It wasn't very cheering.* Perhaps she had forgotten him long since or didn't want to see him again. He went up and down the street by the station, looking at the palatial bank building and various other places of business. About seven o'clock he hesitantly started for the address she had given him.

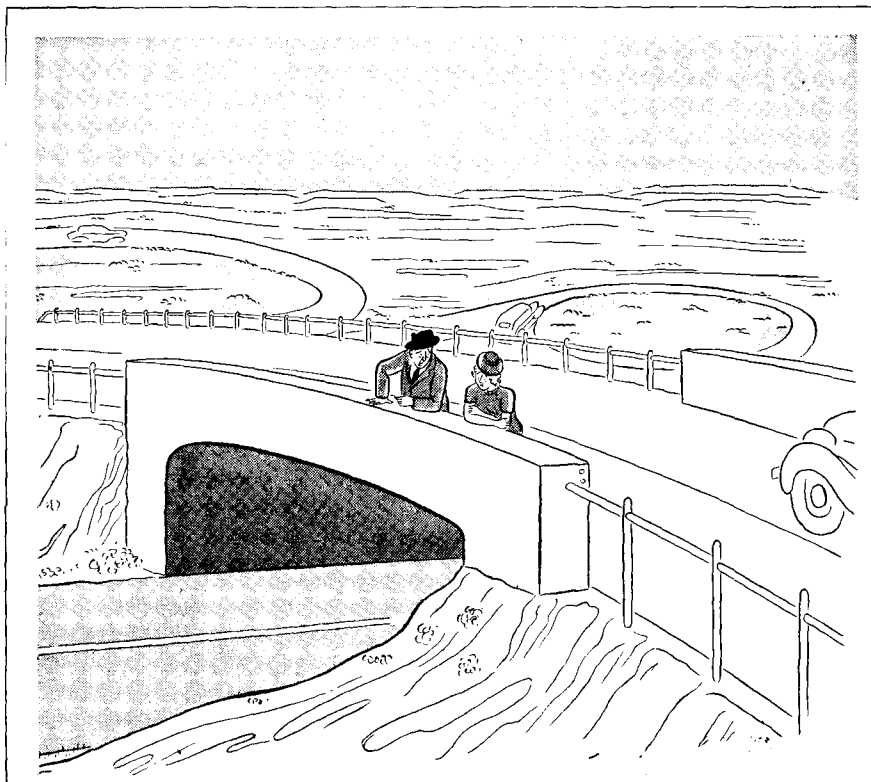
He rang and inquired for her. Even before he received an answer he saw her coming toward him through the dark hall. She stopped in surprise and then ran forward. "Ludwig! Heavens, where did you come from?"

She drew him into a little room with bright wallpaper and white-lacquer furniture. "I was afraid you weren't here any more," he said, awkward from excitement.

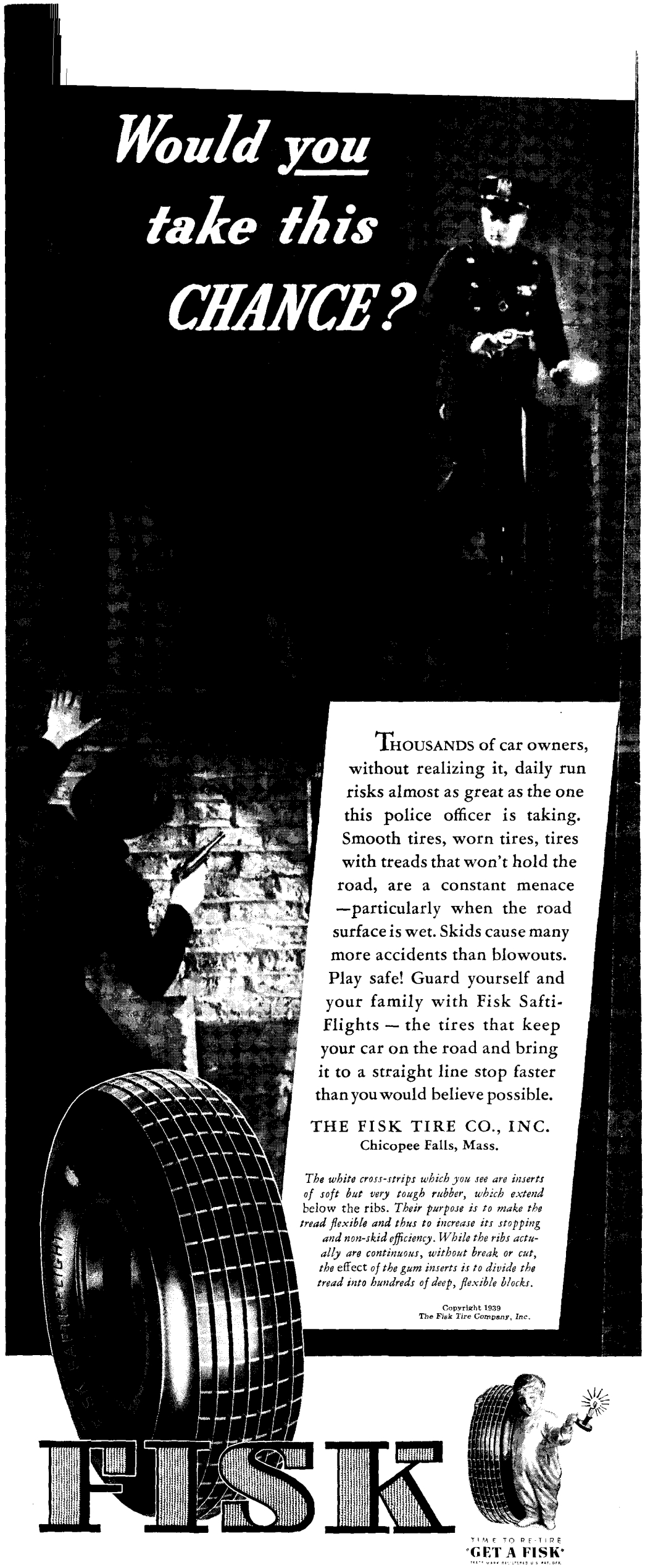
"But I am!" Her eyes sparkled. "Why shouldn't I be here? Why not?"

He looked at her and she seemed to him more beautiful than anything in the world. "It could happen—with us—"

"No, no, it can't happen. Especially



"Tomorrow morning we'll get a fresh start and I'll get on that road if it kills me!" A. JOHN KAUNUS



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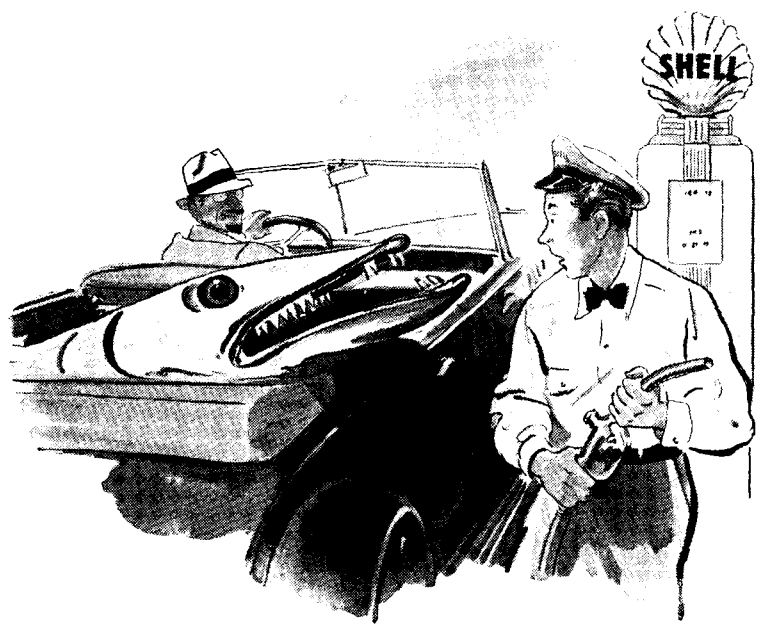

So help me— 'twas a whale!

I'm giving a stranger the *business* the other day—windshield, tires, water, etc. . . .

"This Golden Shell Oil," I tell him, "is a great buy at 25¢. Got everything. *Tough-bodied* so it can take it, an' *fast* flowing so it gets to every moving part—the instant you step on the starter."

I'm about to suggest an oil drain to him when, *whamo,* I come up face to face with the biggest fish I ever saw in my life!

. . . "Yessir," he tells me, "that there fish is a Kelluloo, found only off the Sandwich Islands, 140 fathoms down. Battled him for seven days an' seven nights—finally got him with a depth bomb!"

But I notice some stuffin' stickin' outa one gill.

I call it to my customer's attention an' he breaks down an' admits he's a *taxidermist.* Never seen no more water than in his Saturday-night bath!

Well, it takes all kinds to make a world, but, mister, them Golden Shell facts ain't no fish story.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

not with us!" Her quivering voice had a deep, full ring. "Let me look at you. They beat you up. The criminals!"

"That's all healed long ago. And I did some beating up myself," he said with guilty pride as though he had committed a dangerous robbery.

"Yes. I saw it. And I was to blame. If I'd had any sense you wouldn't have been thrown into prison. Was it bad?"

"It was nothing, really. As a matter of fact, I learned a good deal. French and a couple of other things."

"Let me look at you! You've grown thinner and older."

"Getting older won't hurt. I have always looked too young. But you, you're more beautiful than ever."

"Nonsense! I'm not beautiful. I've been so worried about you."

"Then why didn't you write? Just one short letter—"

"Yes, that's true—" She looked at him in confusion. "I thought I oughtn't to—I've brought you unhappiness and I thought it would be better for you to get along by yourself. And I didn't know whether you still wanted me after all that. I was stupid, crazy. But why didn't you write me?"

"Because I didn't know whether you wanted me to. Your letter was so short and cool. I waited for you to write again. And then I didn't know whether you were still here."

"You waited and I waited. And now we're together. Come, sit down; you're going to stay for a while, whatever the people here may say."

KERN was happy. He hardly recognized Ruth, she was so concerned about him. As never before, she was frankly and tenderly his. It was the first time he had seen her in a comfortably furnished room. She switched on a little electric stove and got out a tea caddy.

"I'll make tea for you. Or would you prefer something else," she asked.

"No, anything is fine that isn't too much trouble."

She smiled. "I haven't anything else."

"I have twenty francs."

"Keep them. I have bread and butter and sausage. We can have supper here. Would you like that?"

"I'd like best of all never to go away. It's wonderful here. I haven't seen anything like it in years. A real home, a real room and you and I. And you getting supper for me. It's a fairy tale, Ruth. Too beautiful to be true. I'm afraid the door will open and a policeman will come in."

She put the tea caddy down and took his head in her hands. "No police come here; none dare come! And if one should I'll protect you. Yes, this time I shall protect you." She drew her black eyebrows together threateningly.

"I have learned a little about boxing," Kern said self-consciously.

"Oh, boxing, boxing! Won't they ever leave us in peace? Won't they ever let us enjoy our little happiness? We're not doing them any harm!"

She took the boiling water and fixed the tea. Then she made sandwiches for Kern and the two sat down to eat at the little white table.

"For someone else this might be just an everyday occurrence," Kern said joyfully, "but for me it's like—what's the greatest piece of luck for people who have a passport and citizenship?"

"I don't know. Perhaps to win the lottery."

"Yes, that's it. Do you think we'll ever have anything like this? A home with two or three rooms and the right to work and to stay in the same place?"

"I don't know." Ruth's eyes were sad. "I can't even imagine it."

"No, you can't really picture it. But perhaps in five or ten years—"

Ruth tossed back her hair. "We won't think about it. We are happy now—"

Kern stayed with Stern for a week; then the Zürich friend returned and the old fears began again. On alternate nights he would sleep in the country and would then go, late the following evening, to some small boardinghouse. In the morning, when it came time to make out a report, he would give a fictitious name, say he was going to return in the evening and then would not return. Once or twice Stern found lodgings for him with acquaintances or other emigrants.

One evening Kern was too tired to go beyond the city limits in search of a place to sleep. He had been sitting on a bench in the grounds of the Hotel Bauer au Lac and he fell asleep there. He awoke to feel himself being shaken.

"Come with me," said the detective. "Have you papers?"

"Yes, of course. But they're at home."

"All right. We'll go together to your home and you can show them to me. Where do you live?"

"I have no papers," Kern said.

"I thought not. You're an emigrant, aren't you? How long have you been here?"

"Arrived today. I didn't know where to go; that's why I've been sitting here."

"Where did you come from?"

"Austria."

"You'll have to come with me."

"What will Stern think of me," Kern asked himself dejectedly, "to let myself be nabbed right in the middle of the city. I'm certainly no professional!" He knew that nothing very much was likely to happen to him. He would be deported, that was all. He had already got through the worst of it—the moment of being arrested. Each time that gave him a numbing shock and a hollow feeling of dread.

At the police barracks a short deposition was taken down and then Kern was placed in the detention room. It was a large hall in which about twenty men were sleeping. Kern was so tired that ten minutes later he too was asleep. About noon he was called up and instructed to sign an order that forbade him to return to Switzerland. He didn't even look to see for how long; but wrote his signature mechanically.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the official.

"To Austria." It was nearest.

They gave him a meal and then an officer took him to the train. He was locked in a compartment and the key given to the conductor. In Buchs the door was unlocked and he was turned over to another official.

KERN had to wait for a while in the station. Near him several day laborers were at work between the rails, replacing ties. One of them looked up at him. "This is what you ought to be doing, Mother's pet," he growled enviously, "instead of strolling around."

"I wish I was," Kern replied.

The workman looked at him angrily. "Watch out or you may have to sometime, my bighearted friend. Guys like you make me sick."

The detective came up, cheerfully blowing clouds of smoke ahead of him from a fragrant cigar. "Let's get going."

It was the old story over again; in the evening the Swiss customs men showed him how to get into Austria; early the next morning the Austrians put him on the same road back into Switzerland. "It's enough to make a man ashamed," said the white-haired Austrian official. "You no longer know whether you're a customs man or a smuggler."

The Swiss picked Kern up an hour after he had crossed the border and took him to the customhouse so that he could be put back across the border that evening. But during the day he had a piece of luck. There was not much to do and some of the officials began to

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play cards. From time to time they needed an extra man and Kern volunteered. They were playing jass, a game in which Steiner had given him very thorough instruction. By noon Kern had won twelve francs; in the afternoon his winnings decreased to three; in the evening they rose again to sixteen. He was given supper and then they played the last round. Kern left with eighteen francs winnings. He waded through the Rhine and went immediately to the Austrian customhouse.

"Why, here he is again," said the white-haired official. "We'll have to send him back right away and not wait until morning; then he can get a little farther into the country during the night."

"Wouldn't you like to play a game of tarot first?" Kern asked.

"Do you know tarot?"

"Of course."

"With you we'd have just the right number, as a matter of fact."

They played until early in the morning. Kern was cautious and cold-blooded and won eleven schillings. "See here," said the officer who escorted him to the border, "there's no reason why we should put ourselves out. You cross here, report to the Swiss and come back this evening and give us a chance to get even. You really owe it to us."

"All right," Kern replied.

HE WENT to the Swiss customhouse and reported that his attempt to get through had been unsuccessful. The officials laughed. "We really ought to take you to the police station for the day."

"I'm not going to run away," Kern said. "I'll give you a chance for revenge at jass."

During the afternoon they had time to play. Kern won six francs more. "This has got to stop right here," declared the officer who put him on his way. "No more coming back. Otherwise we'll have to ask for a raise in pay, you highway robber!"

He took him on a longer, roundabout path and told him to keep well to the left. As soon as he was out of sight Kern turned to the right. It took him a little while to find the Austrian customhouse.

"At last!" shouted the white-haired official as Kern came in. "You're late, Kern! More than an hour late."

Kern made his apologies, and then the battle began. This time the Austrians took him for a ride. They not only won back their eleven schillings but seven in addition. And they were in jubilant mood when they sent him across the border.

Kern remained hidden the whole next day. He had become too well known in the neighborhood of Buchs. It was fine, clear autumn weather. The foliage of the trees was bright gold and brown and on the feathery rowans that bordered a brook hung clusters of red berries. From the edge of the woods where he was lying Kern saw a family of deer emerge. Trustfully grazing, they moved by slow stages across a meadow to the next wood.

You're lucky, he thought. You don't need passports. What have human beings made of the world!

THAT evening he walked to the first railroad station beyond Buchs. He bought a ticket with his winnings at jass and rode to Zürich. It was late when he arrived, but nevertheless he telephoned Ruth from a booth in the station.

"Come up right away," she said. "This instant!"

"But it's midnight."

"This instant, do you hear me?"

She was waiting for him on the stairs.

"Don't look at me, I'm dirty," he said. "I had nothing with me to change into."

She threw her arms around him and hugged him. "If you're dirty I'll run you a bath. You're not going away."

"At twelve o'clock at night?"

"There's no one here. They're all away on a week-end trip and won't be back till tomorrow. The maid's off too."

Kern laughed. "Will I really get a bath? With soap and shower and everything?"

"Even bath salts. Sylvie has some and you shall have a handful."

"The luck I've had recently!" Kern said thoughtfully while hot water poured into the tub. "Suppers, baths and even a little dividend from the customs—I only hope it lasts!"

(To be continued next week)

"If they just don't come home for another week, I think I can finish it" WADE MONROE

WHEN DAD can't go to the mountains with Mother and the kids, *they come to Dad by telephone.* He enjoys familiar voices, shares family adventures, feels much less lonely. And when he does join the rest, he can keep in touch with business the same quick, personal way.

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COLLIER'S

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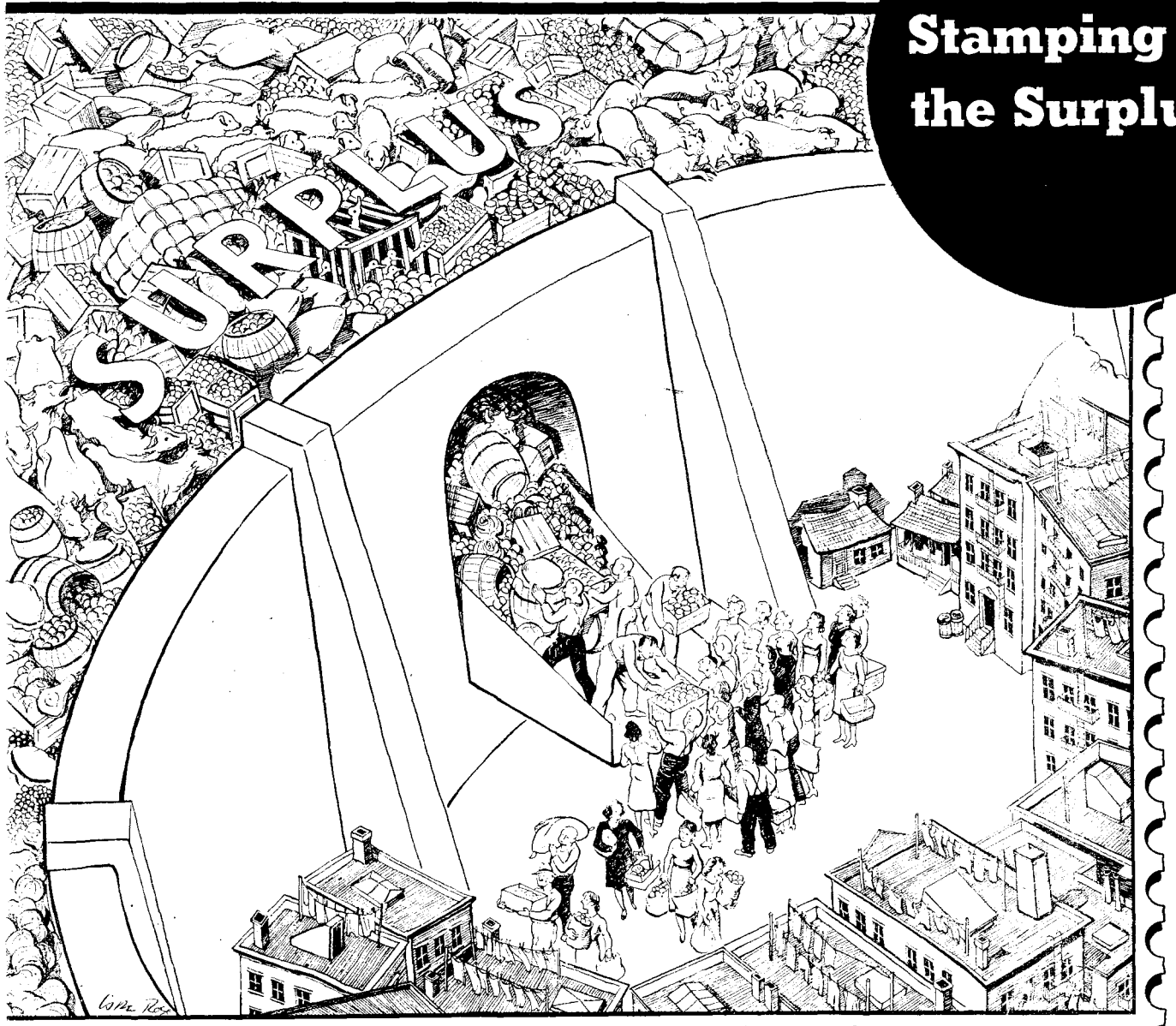
Stamping Out the Surpluses



WE'VE been increasingly excited this spring and summer over Secretary of Agriculture Wallace's food-stamp plan for cutting down surplus farm products by funneling them into the gullets of people who don't normally have sufficiently varied diets.

You've probably heard how well the plan has worked in various cities selected for the experiment by Wallace's Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation—notably Rochester, New York, and Dayton, Ohio.

With variations to meet local conditions, the scheme boils down to this: A limited amount of orange-colored food stamps are issued to relief recipients each week, and charged against their pay checks. These stamps will buy foods or articles commonly sold in food stores, except alcoholic beverages and tobacco. Along with the orange stamps, the reliefer gets some blue stamps, totaling half the value of his orange stamps. The blues will buy foodstuffs on the Department of Agriculture's current "surplus" foods list.

The reliefer does not pay for his blue stamps. They will be paid for by the general taxpayer in the long run if the plan runs long enough, and we don't see why the government should try to kid the public that they won't.

But neither do we see why the public should object. It is believed that to operate the food-stamp plan on a nation-wide scale would (1) cost the taxpayers about $250,000,000 a year, and (2) cut to the vanishing point, at least in normal crop years, most of our present habitual overproduction of foodstuffs. We might still have more wheat than we know what to do with, but our reliefers would eat up our other surpluses, such as those of fruits, meats, vegetables and corn.

They would also wear out a lot of our surplus cotton if the stamp plan should be extended to cotton—something now being discussed.

There are all sorts of possible obstacles, true. Tried out nationally, the plan might develop kinks that didn't turn up in the carefully controlled experiments in a few cities. There is an odor of bread and circuses about the whole business—though ancient Rome was not troubled with farm surpluses, but merely gave the city mobs free food and free shows.

But for all that, the plan has worked in the experimental cities, and worked well. Wallace apparently has muzzled the radical spellbinders who might be expected to talk the food stamps into general disfavor, and has told the SCC to get results if results can be got. All the sales are handled through privately owned grocery shops, which means that the government is in no way competing with private enterprise in the marketing of food.

How about a national tryout for the food-stamp plan this fall and winter? We mean, of course, a tryout safeguarded in every imaginable way against chiselers, grafters, and so on, and with all objectors given every latitude in voicing their objections.

It may be a failure, but experience up to now indicates otherwise. Up to now, it looks as if we've hit on something good—something better, at least, than destroying cotton rows or murdering millions of little pigs—and as if we ought to give the idea a thorough workout.

So You Don't Pay Taxes?

THE press, the radio and to some extent the movies have labored for years and years to hammer home in the American mind the truth that we all pay taxes, whether we see them or not.

Then, after all this labor, Dr. George Gallup polls his famous cross section of Americans on the question: "Do you pay any taxes?" . . . and 25% of those who answer say "No." That's one person in every four. Most of these persons who think they don't pay any taxes are in the lower-income group—earn less than $20 a week.

The fact is that if you earn $20 a week in this country—$1,040 a year if you work every week—you pay out more than $100 a year in taxes. You pay taxes on tobacco, toilet articles and innumerable other merchandise. The taxes are carefully hidden by politicians for the very purpose of making you think you are getting a free ride.

If you are a low-wage earner, you may think gleefully now and then about the heavy chunks that various kinds of government take out of the bigger-money crowd. The truth is that you are stung for about 10% of your income in taxes. And 10% is a pretty thick slice out of anybody's income.

We can see at least three morals in this discovery of Dr. Gallup's that 25% of Americans still think they pay no taxes. They are:

1. That press, radio and movies need not weary of well-doing in harping on the fact that we are all in the same boat as regards taxes.

2. That it's to the little fellow's interest just as much as to the big fellow's to join groups dedicated to keeping taxes down.

3. That these publicity-hound patriots who occasionally sound off about how proud and happy they are to pay their taxes are merely asking the politicians to soak it harder than ever to all of us, little fellows as well as big.

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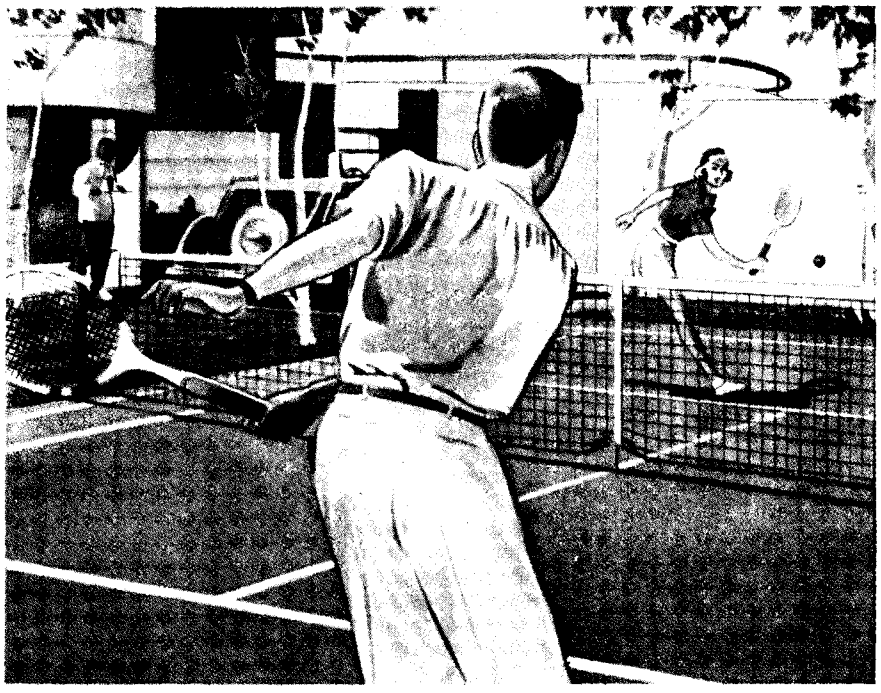
"INFORMATION, PLEASE"

CLIFTON FADIMAN: Gentlemen, use five terms that might be employed by each of the following to get across the idea that Canada Dry is "gingervating":

( ) *A famous tennis player* ( ) *A tired business man* ( ) *A school boy* ( ) *A radio announcer*



JOHN KIERAN: Well, the tennis player might let go with a *volley* to the effect that it was without *fault*, that the pin-point carbonation was a *stroke* of genius and, with proper *service*, the *net* result was "gingervating" Canada Dry.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS: I can hear the tired business man say: "After a heavy lunch, when my energy *curve* shows a decided *drop*, I plan a *recovery program*. I *order* Canada Dry and *profit* by the fact that it's 'gingervating'!"

OSCAR LEVANT: So you want me to "kid" the product? Well, you'll *"marble"* at the *swing* to Canada Dry. And here's why. It *jacks* you up and helps you feel *tops*. *"Tag"* some with you when you go picnicking—it's "gingervating"!

MILTON CROSS: As a radio announcer, I would say, "When your energy *signal* begins to *fade*, the *time is exactly right* to *tune in* on Canada Dry. It's 'gingervating.' Get Sparkling Canada Dry Water in *your program*, too, for drinks with lasting liveliness!"

CANADA DRY

"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

Listen to "INFORMATION, PLEASE!" Canada Dry's smash radio hit. See your local paper for station and time

THIRST-AID AT THE FAIR! Visit the Canada Dry Booth at the New York World's Fair, Food Building North

ONLY **15¢** for the large family size *(plus deposit)*. Slightly more in a few areas due to higher freight, etc.

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"Eagle Eye"

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HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Arthur Noell point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream *of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years,* these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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